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CHRISTIAN

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

FOR

USE IN CHURCHES,

AND FOR

SOCIAL AND FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

BY

A. S. HAYDEN,

Author of "Sacred Music," "The Sacred Melodeon," and "The Hymnist."

CHICAGO:
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PREFACE.

The practical sense of a nation is found in its maxims. In like manner, the hymns and tunes of a people are a very correct standard of the measure and quality of their piety. As this deepens in power and elevates in sweetness, it will seek utterance in a simple style, and in a chaste costume of musical and hymnal language.

It is hoped this work will be appreciated as an effort to promote congregational singing. When the music and the hymn are brought together before the worshiper, it aids and encourages all to unite in this delightful and sanctifying service. The work has been prepared with a direct aim to its use in the public assembly, yet the demands of more private devotions, and especially the family home, have not been omitted.

While the grand old Chorals hold a deserved place, both for their actual merit, and for their cherished religious associations, many tunes, fresh, and of great excellence, from the recent authors, have been brought in to enrich the selection. Tunes have been chosen neither for their age nor their newness. but for their power to reach the heart, and for their ease of performance by public assemblies.

A very full and ample selection of hymns is brought into these pages. quite suitable, it is thought, for the great variety of conditions of spiritual life. It is not presumed that the use of the tunes will be confined to the hymns set on the same page with them, nor yet merely to the hymns here printed. These are often chosen as specimen hymns to guide the taste, and to suggest a wider use of the tunes to other hymns that may be preferred. It is intended, and it is believed the effect of this work will be to render the Hymn Book more useful, by furnishing a good outfit of tunes for nearly all the available hymns in it, of great variety of meters, suitable for hymns of different sentiment, and for most of the practical necessities of Christian worship.

The author is fully sensible of the obligations he is under to many excellent teachers and leaders of music for valuable suggestions and other aid in the preparing of this book. To name them would encumber the page. He takes pleasure in this public acknowledgement to them, and entertains no doubt that they, with him, will prefer the higher satisfaction of a knowledge of this service, unproclaimed to the public ear.

Go forth, my minstrel-oblation. Bring peace whithersoever thou goest:
And may God, through thy minstrelsy, be a blessing to myriads

A. S. H.

NOTE.—The small figures at the right hand corner of hymns indicate their *number* in the "Christian Hymn Book."

A large number of the tunes here used are under copyright, obtained by special stipulation of the proprietors.

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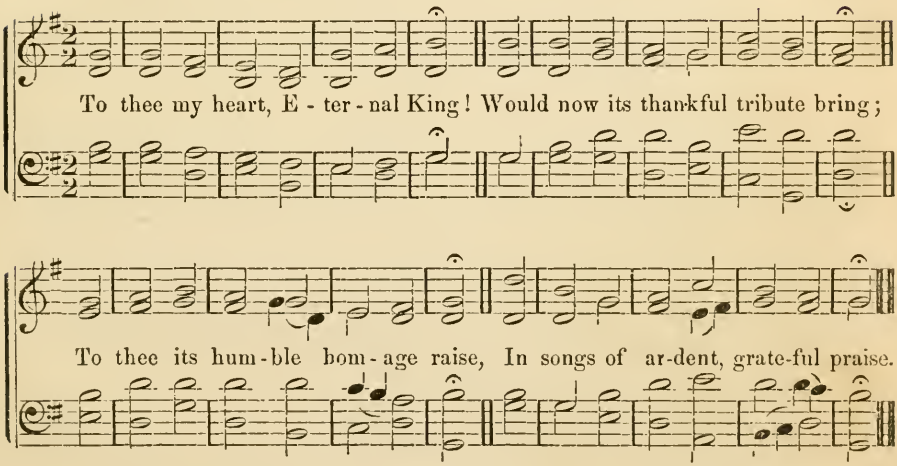
CHRISTIAN HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



1.

Divine love displayed. (2)

1 To thee my heart, Eternal King!
Would now its thankful tribute bring;
To thee its humble homage raise,
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
The richer glories of thy grace.

3 There what delightful truths are given;
There Jesus shows the way to heaven;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the laboring conscience peace;
Raises our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

2.

The Scriptures our light and guide. (5)

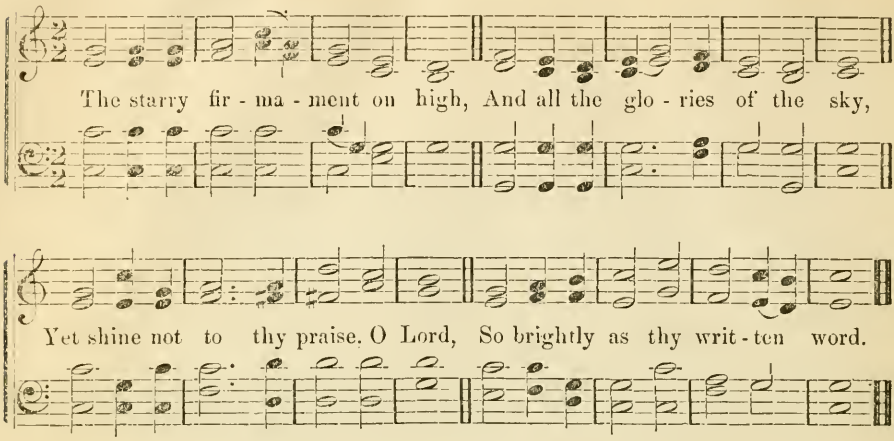
1 When Israel thro' the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God;
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a luster all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrine is divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

ZEPHYR. L. M.



3. *Nature and revelation.* (3)

1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise—
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky—

4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day
When heaven and earth are passed away.

4. *Omnipresence of God.* (27)

1 FATHER of spirits, nature's God!
Our inmost tho'ts are known to thee:
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight thro' trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where naught impure shall enter in.

5. *Strength and peace from the divine word.* (4)

1 THERE is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

2 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls

6. *The Lord reigneth.* PSALM XCVI: 10. (28)

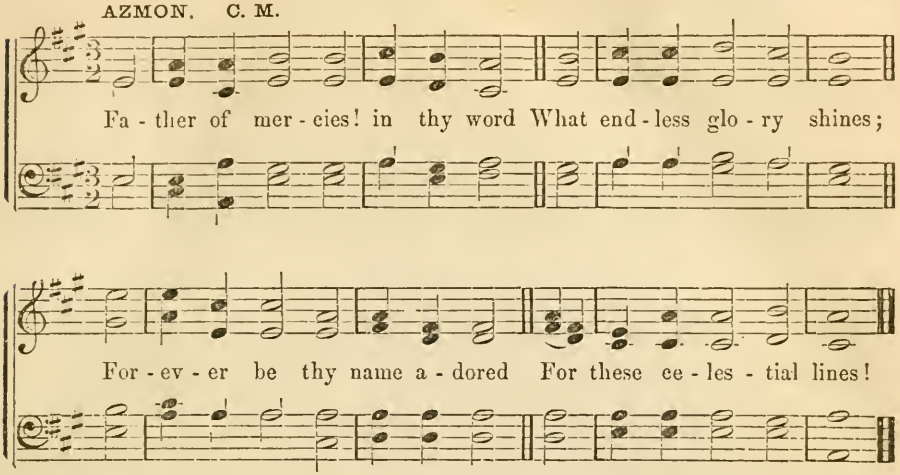
1 JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs:
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join:
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

AZMON. C. M.



7.

Thy testimonies are my delight.
PSALM CXIX : 24. (10)

1 FATHER of Mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines!

2 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor! gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

8.

1 ASSEMBLED round thine altar, Lord,
To lift our hearts in prayer,
To read the pages of thy word,
And learn our duty there—

2 We ask thy Spirit's guiding ray;
Thy presence we implore:
Dear Saviour! teach us how to pray,
And how to love thee more.

3 So shall our worship here below
Resemble that above,
Where saints thy endless glory view,
And sing redeeming love.

9.

Thy word is a lamp.
PSALM CXIX : 105. (9)

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

10.

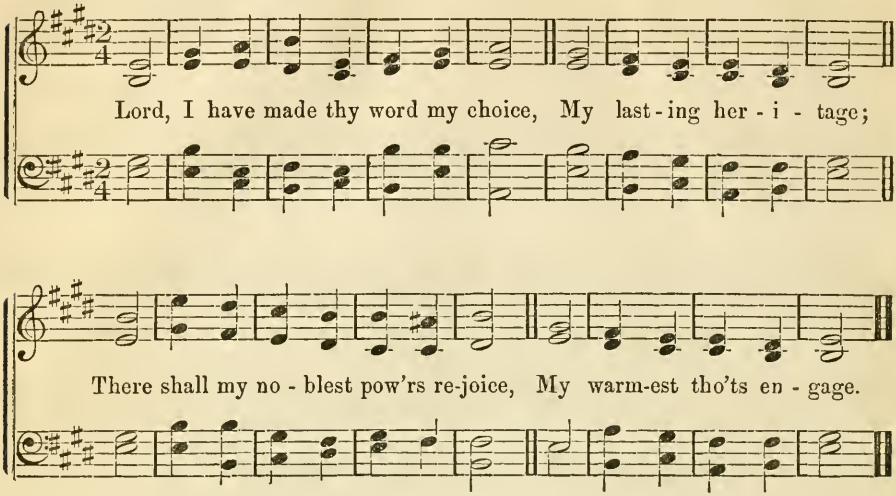
A light unto my path.
PSALM CXIX : 105. (11)

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

DUNDEE. C. M.



11.

Thy law is my delight.
PSALM cxix : 174. (12)

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

12.

Oh, how I love thy law.
PSALM cxix : 97. (14)

1 OH, how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 I wake before the dawn of day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage,
How well employ my tongue;
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

13.

Wherewithal shall a young man, etc.
PSALM cxix; 9. (15)

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

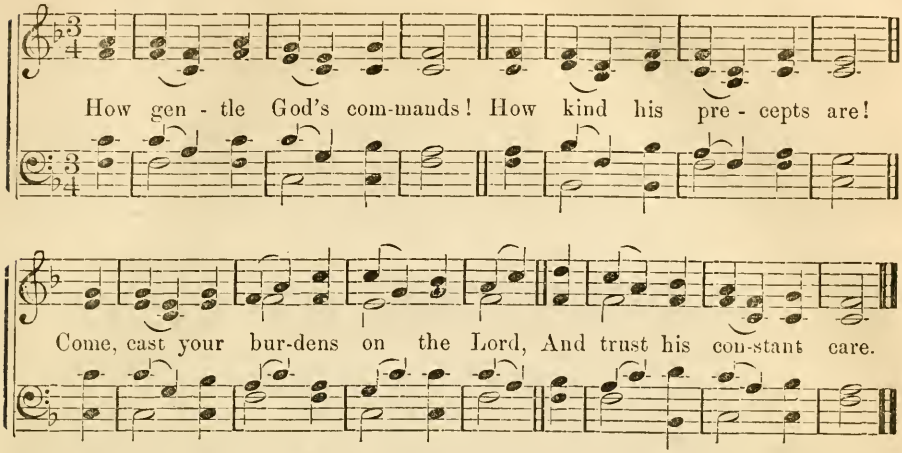
14.

O God, my heart is fixed.
PSALM lvii : 7. (38)

1 O GOD! my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

DENNIS. S. M.



15.

The law of the Lord is perfect.
PSALM xix: 7. (18)

1 O LORD, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

2 Celestial light it sheds,
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts;
Commands our hope and fear:
Oh may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

16.

The books of nature and scripture. (19)

1 BEHOLD! the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God;
And all his starry works, on high,
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land,
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands! rejoice;
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

17.

The Fountain. (96)

1 GOD is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To him my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.

2 The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

3 He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

18.

He careth for you.
1 PETER v: 7. (92)

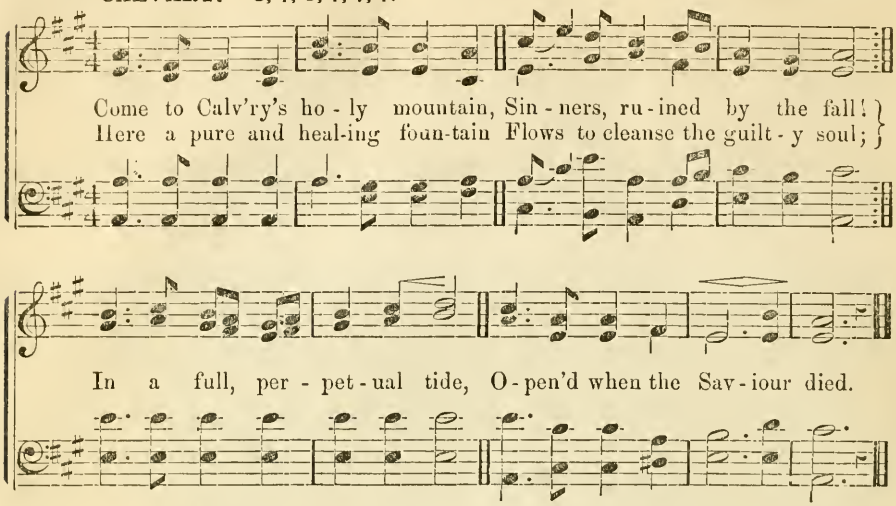
1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

CALVARY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.



19.

Invitation. (1319)

1 COME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain,
Flows to cleanse the guilty soul;
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty find remission,
Here the lost a refuge find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live for ever,
'Tis a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful—he will never
Break the cov'nant, sealed in blood;
Signed, when our Redeemer died,
Sealed, when he was crucified.

20.

Sweet it is to trust in thee (1206)

1 THRO' the day thy love hath spared us,
Wearied, we lie down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest.
Father! thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Wandering in the land of strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers:
In thy love we all repose.
Father! thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

21.

(22)

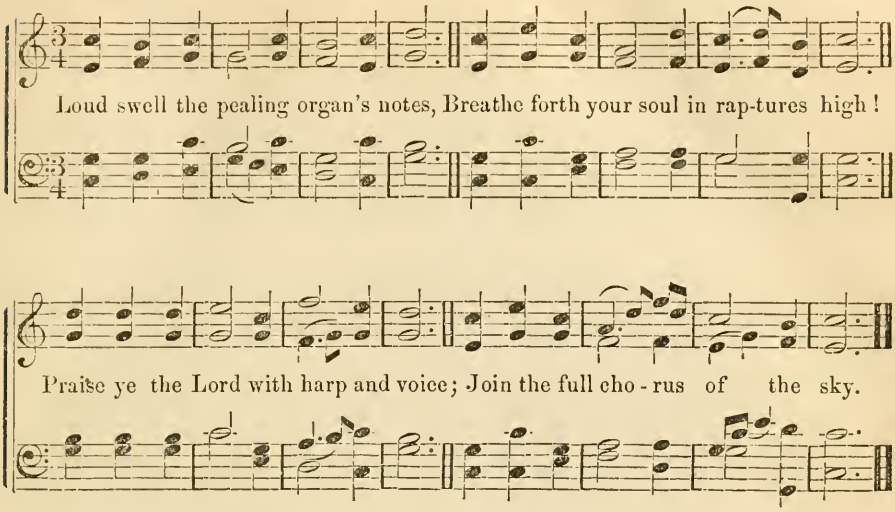
1 PRECIOUS bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life and pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I want no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys,
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines here I find,
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield,
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield;
While the scripture truths are sure
From his malice I'm secure.

MENDON. L. M.



22. *Eternity of God.* (25)

1 Ere mountains rear'd their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live,
Where life and bliss shall never end.

23. *The heavens declare the glory of God.* Psalm xix: 1. (43)

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

24. *Praise of God peculiarly due from man.* (48)

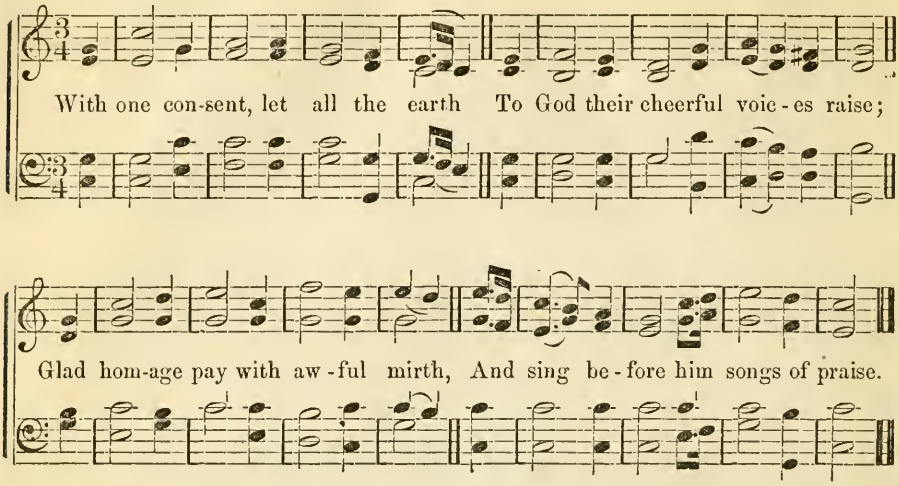
1 There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.

2 The birds that rise on soaring wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general pæan raise.

3 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim?
No; let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.

4 And nature's debt is small to mine;
Thou bad'st her being bounded be,
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

WINCHESTER. L. M.



25.

Psalm c. (29)

1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh! enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

26.

The all-seeing God. (32)

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty hight!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

27.

Psalm cxxxix. (33)

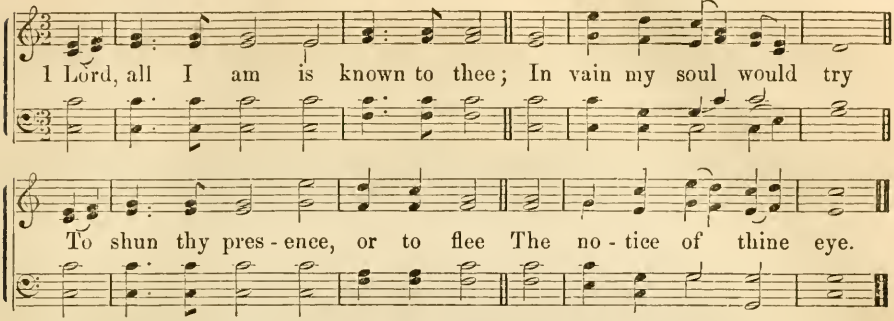
1 LORD thou hast formed mine every part,
Mine inmost thought is known to thee;
Each word, each feeling of my heart,
Thine ear doth hear, thine eye doth see.

2 Though I should seek the shades of night.
And hide myself in guilty fear,
To thee the darkness seems as light,
The midnight as the noonday clear.

3 The heavens, the earth, the sea, the sky,
All own thee ever present there;
Where'er I turn, thou still art nigh,
Thy Spirit dwelling everywhere.

4 Oh may that Spirit, ever blest,
Upon my soul in radiance shine,
Till, welcomed to eternal rest,
I taste thy presence, Lord divine!

HEBER. C. M.



28. *Lord, thou hast searched me, etc.* PSALM CXXXIX: 1. (35)

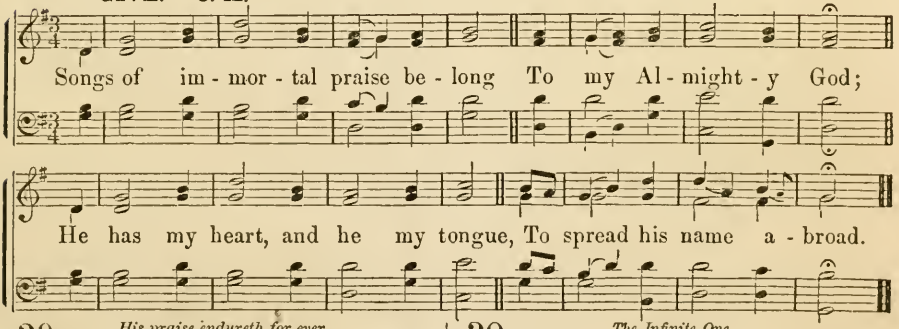
1 LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-observing eye surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou knowest all I mean.

4 Oh, let thine arms surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

GIVE. C. M.



29. *His praise endureth for ever.* PSALM CXI: 10. (37)

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has [wrought;
How glorious in our sight;
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame,
How wise the Eternal Mind;
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure;
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

30. *The Infinite One.* (39)

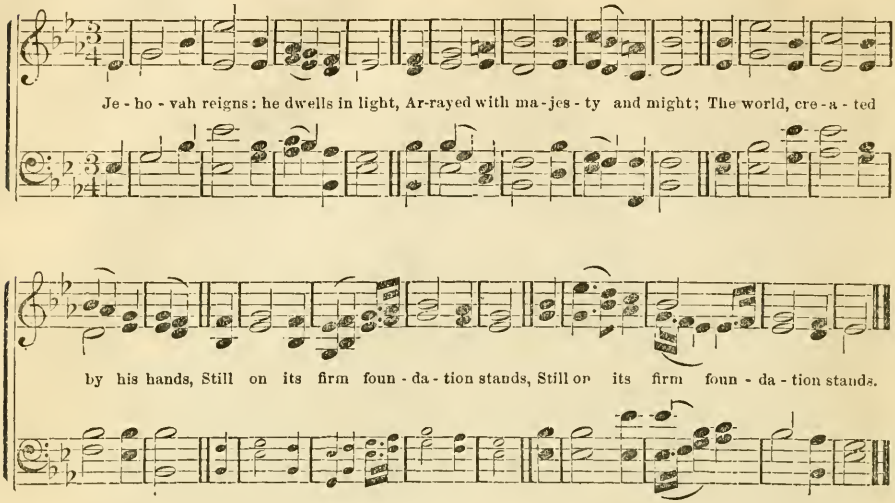
1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou,
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

4 Great God! how infinite art thou,
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

ROTHWELL. L. M.



31. *He is clothed with majesty.* PSALM xciii: 1. (44)

1 JEHOVAH reigns: he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.

3 For ever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

32. *All thy works praise thee.* PSALM cxiv: 10. (45)

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
God the Creator and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne;
Tune high your harps, and spread the [sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

3 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Nations, pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna, from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

33. *Be thou exalted, O my God.* (64)

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky, [storm.
And saves me from the threat'ning

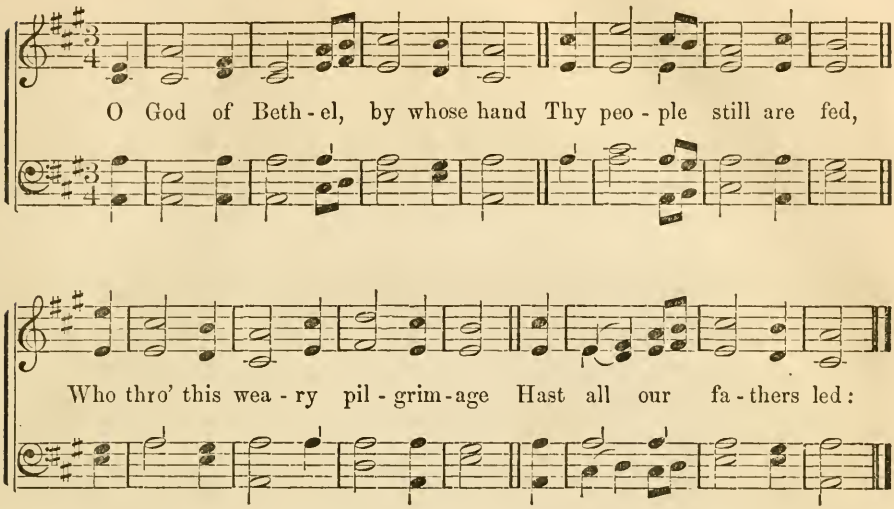
3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

34. *Who is like unto thee, O Israel?* DEUT. xxxiii: 29. (71)

1 WITH Israel's God, who can compare?
Or who, like Israel, happy are?
Oh, people saved by the Lord,
He is our shield and great reward.

2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
We are secure from foes and harms;
In vain their plots and false their boasts—
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts!

AVON. C. M.



35. *God of Bethel.* GEN. xxviii: 19-22. (73)

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led—

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

2 Through each succeeding path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

36. *God the trust of his saints.* (74)

1 O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Unsent by thee no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of Providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretch'd and pow'rful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of ev'ry day.

4 For such compassion, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassion I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

37. *Our dwelling place in all generations.* PSALM xc. (75)

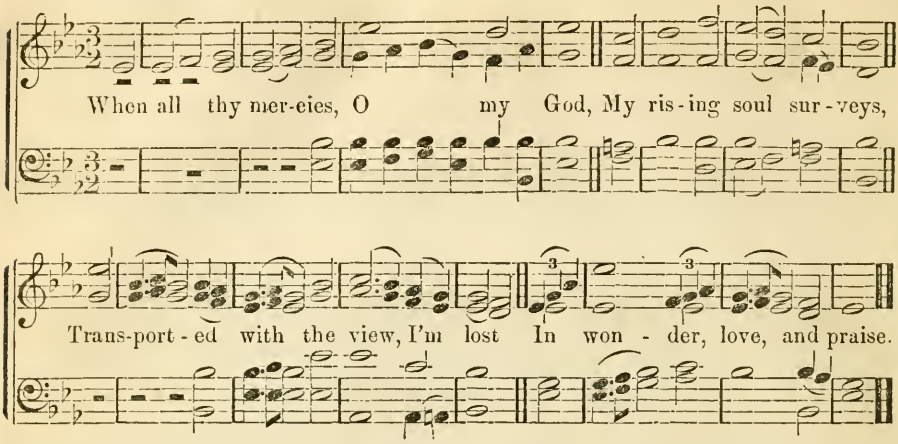
1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

GENEVA. C. M.



38.

Gratitude. (78)

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

4 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But Oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

39.

The God of my life. (81)

1 Father of mercies! God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transcient scene,
And crown each passing year.

3 In all thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

4 Then may I close my eyes in death,
Redeemed from anxious fear:
For death itself, my God, is life,
If thou be with me there.

40.

1 Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand;
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That trusts th' Almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well,
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ the Lord is gone.

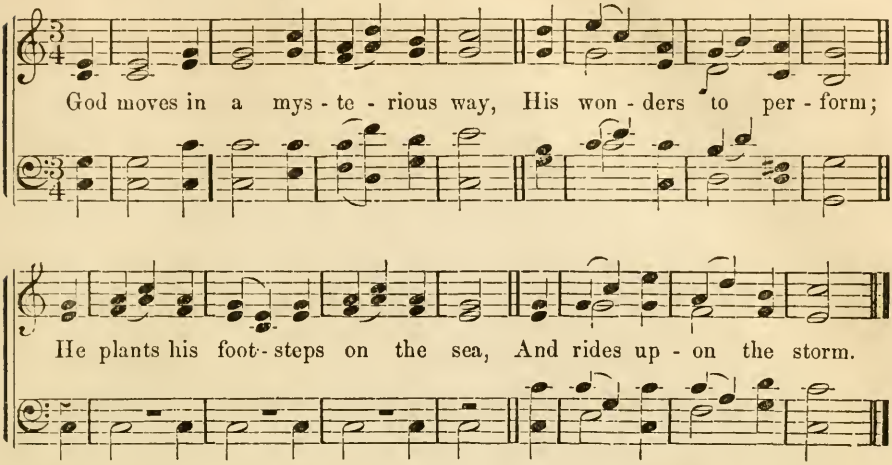
41.

1 To thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord
A grateful song I'll raise,
Oh let the humblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

3 Lead on, dear shepherd! led by thee
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above
And praise thee better there.

CHIMES. C. M.



42. *Thy judgments are a great deep.* PSALM XXXVI: 6. (79)

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

3 You fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

43. *His tender mercies are over all his works.* PSALM CXLV: 9. (83)

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;—
A spring whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun moon and stars thy love attest
In ev'ry golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There, pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted up,
That we might reign in heaven.

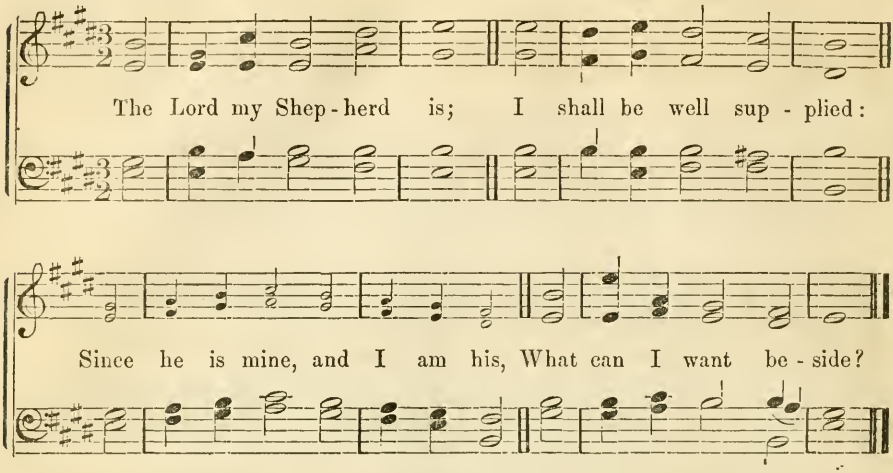
44. *Just and true are thy ways.* REV. XV: 3. (85)

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives,—supremely good,—
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

DOVER. S. M.



45.

Psalm xxiii. (94)

1 THE Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I can not yield to fear, [shade,
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
My shepherd's with me there.

46.

His mercy endureth forever.
PSALM ciii. (95)

1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sheep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

47.

All we like sheep have gone astray.
ISAIAH liii: 6. (258)

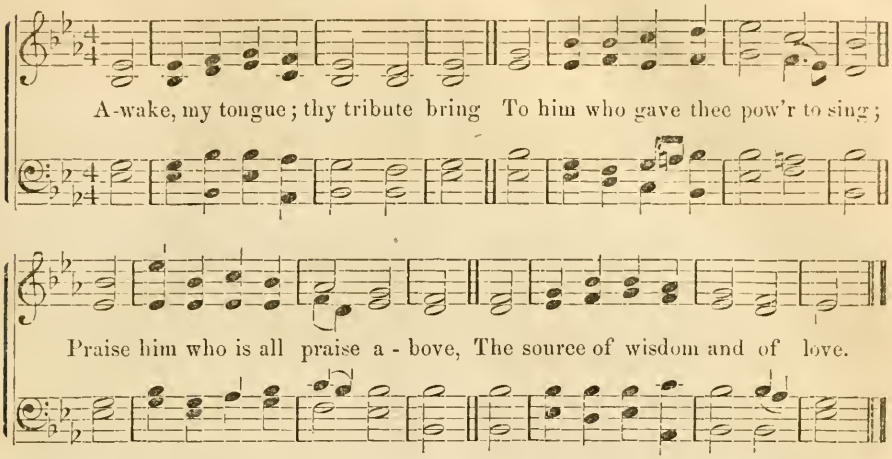
1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head.

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God has raised his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And made him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.



48.

God only wise. (105)

1 AWAKE my tongue; thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, Oh, what grace!
Its wonders, Oh, what thought can trace!
Here, wisdom shines for ever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

49.

"*What is man?*" PSALM viii. (109)

1 LORD, what is man! Extremes how wide
In this mysterious nature join!
The flesh to worms and dust allied,
The soul immortal and divine.

2 Divine at first, a holy flame
Kindled by heaven's inspiring breath;
Till sin, with pow'r prevailing, came;
Then follow'd darkness, shame, and death.

3 But Jesus, Oh amazing grace!
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obeyed and suffer'd in our place.
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth and walks with God!

5 And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be!
With honor, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.

6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
While wond'ring angels round him throng
And swell the chorus of his love.

50.

Genesis iii: 15. (118)

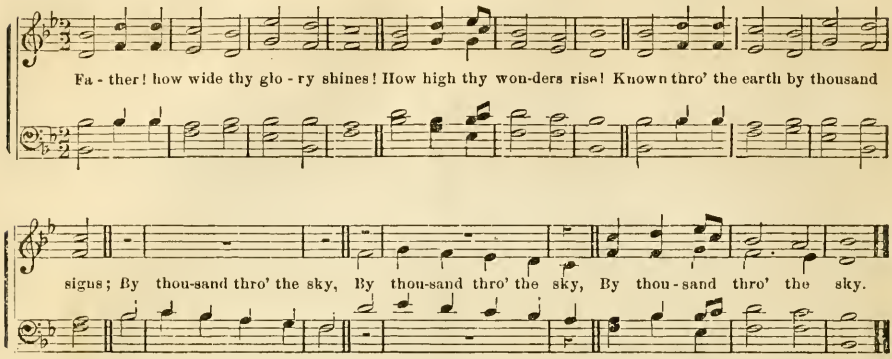
1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2 Abrah'm, the saint, rejoie'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold,
This great fulfiller of the law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design and ceas'd—
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance join
To pour their witness on his head:
Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
And own thee as the promised seed

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.



51.

Nature and grace. (111)

1 FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
There motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms,

4 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rent awe.
We love and we adore;
The brightest angel never saw
So much of God before.

52.

Impending judgments.

1 COME let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword
And gives us time to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy seat
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe;
Oh let thy merits plead above
While we implore below.

53.

"He giveth us the victory."

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine,
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

54.

God's pavilion.

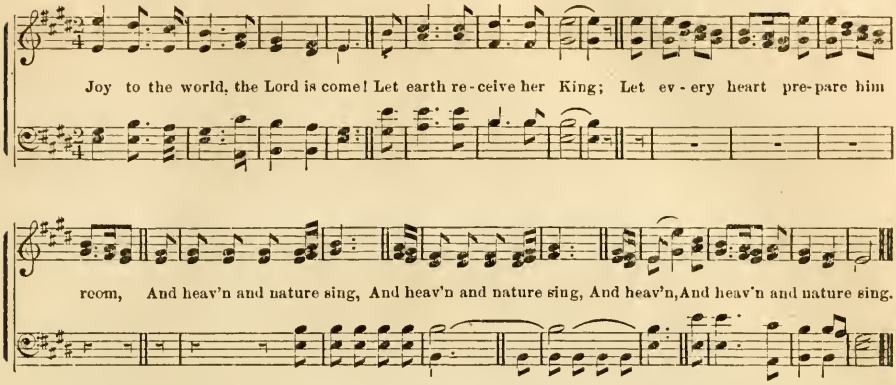
1 Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat;
Forever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet.

2 In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow;
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

3 "Seek ye my face;" without delay
When thus I hear thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say—
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred, fail,
My God! remember me.

ANTIOCH. C. M.



55. *Joy to the world.* (125)

1 JOY to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

56. *The Advent.* (124)

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

57. *Isaiah* ix: 6. (122)

1 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

58. *Mortals, awake.* (121)

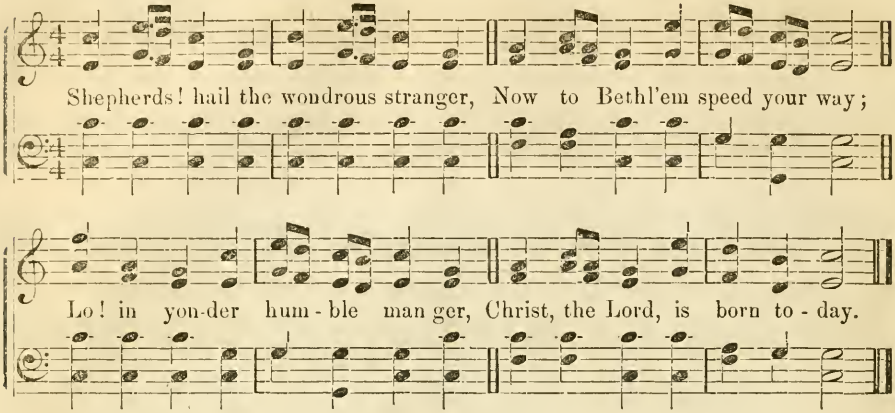
1 MORTALS! awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.

3 With joy the chorus we'll repeat.
"Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die!"

4 Hail, Prince of Life! forever hail!
Redeemer—brother—friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



59. *Shepherds hail the wondrous stranger.* (133)

1 SHEPHERDS! hail the wondrous stranger,
Now to Bethl'em speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day.

2 Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode;
Rapturous news for every nation:
Now, behold the Son of God.

3 Love eternal moved the Saviour,
Thus to lay his radiance by;
Blessings on the Lamb forever;
Glory be to God on high.

60. *Hark! what mean those holy voices?* (135)

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wond'rous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory to the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him—
'Glory be to God most high!'"

61. *Christ, the Saviour, born.* (136)

1 HAIL, thou long expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long-desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,—
Born a child, yet Christ our King,—
Born to reign in us for ever,—
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

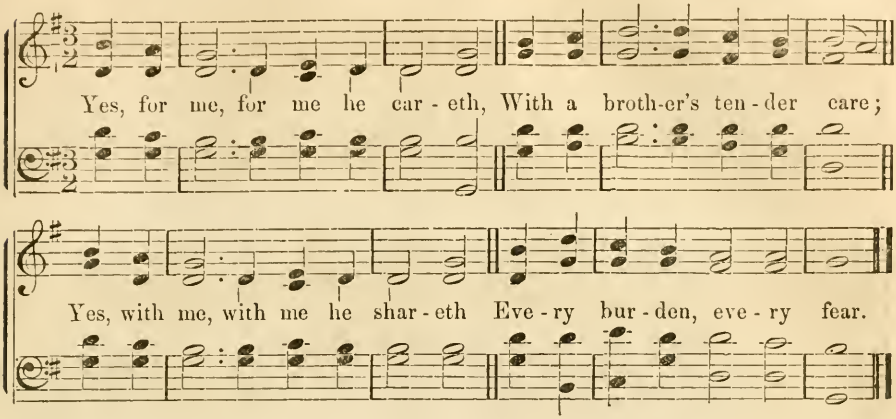
62. *Thou art worthy.* (205)

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

2 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

3 Now, ye saints, his pow'r confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

HAWKES. 8s & 7s.



63.

The Elder Brother. (99)

1 YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes ev'n me, ev'n me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding.
Constant in untiring love.

64.

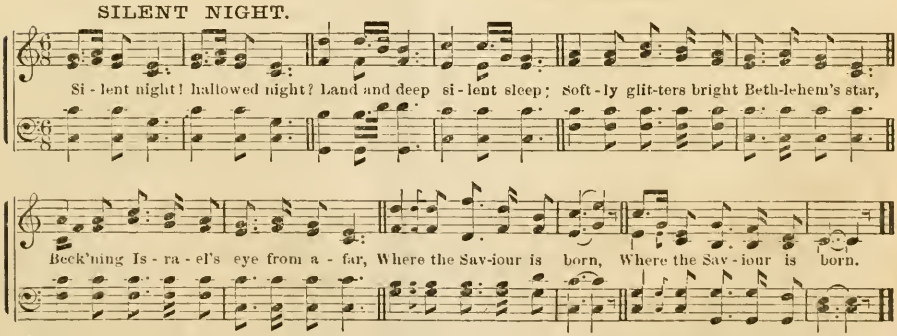
"God is light and love." (116)

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss he grants and woe he lightens;
God is light and God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever:
Worlds decay and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is light and God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
His unchanging goodness proves;
From the cloud his brightness streameth:
God is light, and God is love.

SILENT NIGHT.



65.

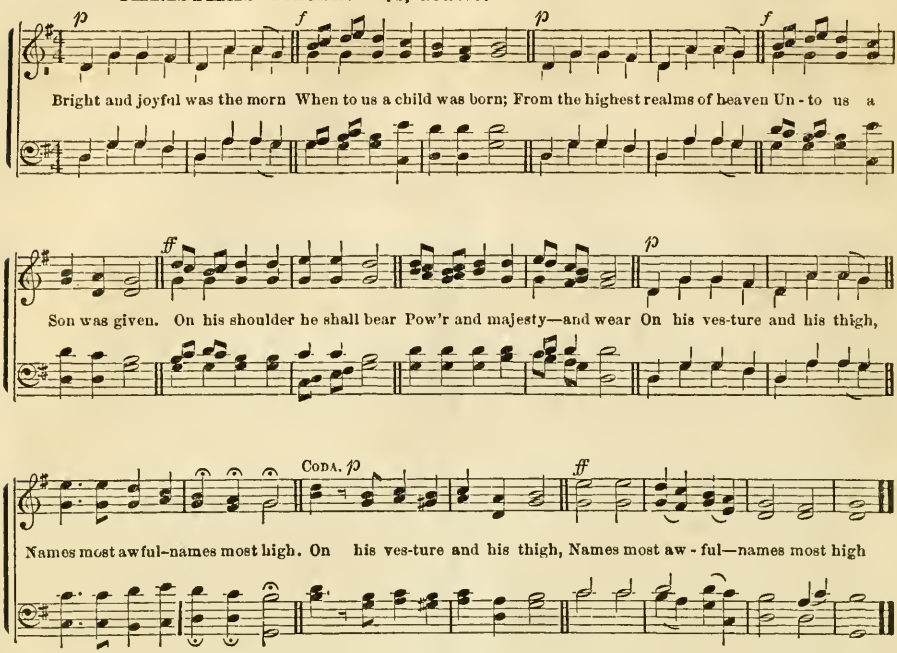
Silent night. (131)

1 SILENT night! hallowed night!
Land and deep silent sleep;
Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
Beck'ning Israel's eye from afar
Where the Saviour is born.

2 Silent night! hallowed night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Fraught with tidings of boundless delight:
Christ the Saviour has come.

3 Silent night! hallowed night!
Earth, awake, silence break,
High your anthems of melody raise,
Heaven and earth in full chorus of praise:
Peace for ever shall reign.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. 7s, double.



66. *"The Wonderful."* (127)

1 Bright and joyful was the morn
When to us a child was born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear,
Pow'r and majesty—and wear
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful—names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

67. *"Christ is born in Bethlehem."* Luke ii. (126)

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

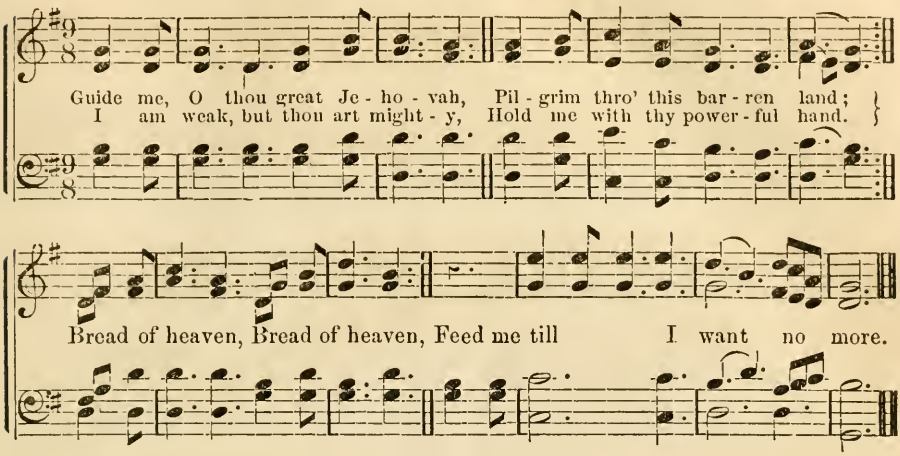
3 See, he lays his glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Vailed in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

5 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

6 Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!—
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled!"

BERRY. 8s, 7s & 4s.



68.

"Jehovah my strength." (115)

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

69.

"Praise the King of heaven." (101)

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same for ever:
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise him! praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

3 Father-like he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise him! praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore him:
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise him! praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

70.

Come and worship. (137)

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

FENNOR. 11s & 10s, double.

FINE.

Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid: }
Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where the in-fant Re - deem - er is laid. }
D. C. An-gels, a - dore him, in slum-ber re - clin - ing, Ma - ker, and Mon-arch, and Sav-iour of all.

D. C.

Cold, on his cra-dle, the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;

71.

Hail the blest morn.

(138)

1 HAIL the blest morn! when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger;
Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends!

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and off'rings divine;
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer earth's richest oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

72.

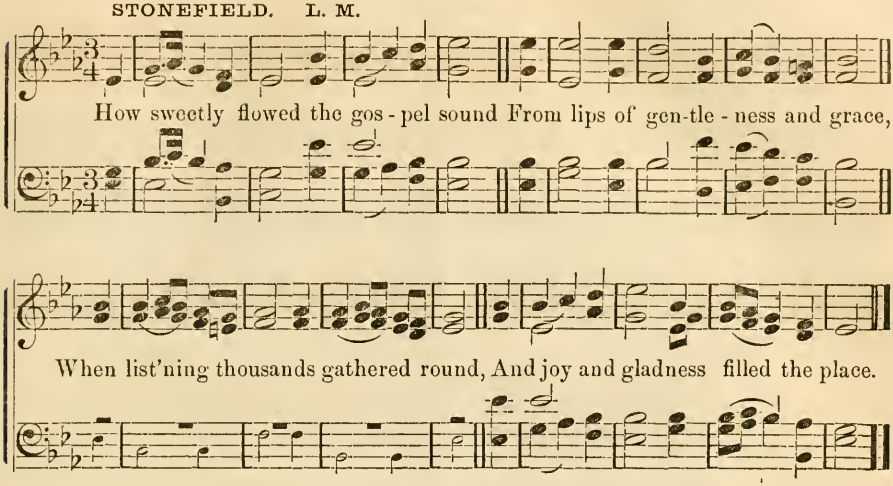
The day of joy.

(1284)

1 WAKE thee, O Zion! thy mourning is ended;
God—thine own God—hath regarded thy prayer:
Wake thee, and hail him in glory descended,
Thy darkness to scatter—thy wastes to repair.

2 Wake thee, O Zion! his spirit of power
To newness of life is awaking the dead;
Array thee in beauty and bring the glad hour
That brings thee salvation, through Jesus who bled.

STONEFIELD. L. M.



73.

His teaching. (141)

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heav'n he came, of heav'n he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

74.

His miracles. (145)

1 Behold the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth the Holy Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies: the heav'ns in mourning stood;
He rises by the power of God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bears credentials so divine.

75.

His example. (146)

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine;
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the judge shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

76.

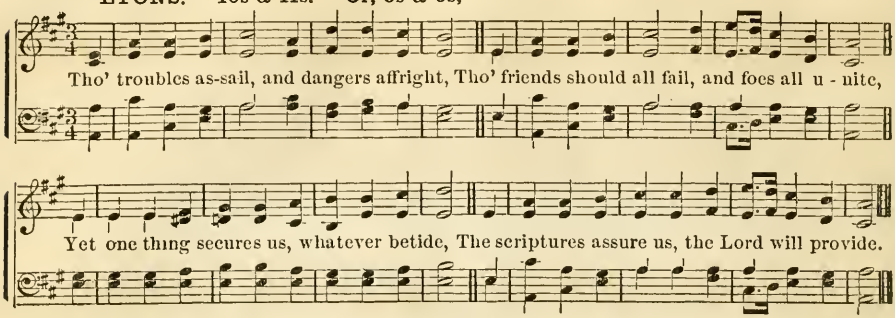
"He so loved the world." John iii; 16. (147)

1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name and live:
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

LYONS. 10s & 11s. Or, 5s & 6s,



77. *"Jehovah Jireh."* GEN xxii: 14. (100)

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide.
The scriptures assure us, The Lord will provide.

2 We may, like the ships, by tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps but can not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, The Lord will provide.

3 No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim;
But since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide—
The Lord is our power—The Lord will provide.

4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

78. *God glorious.* (102)

1 OH, worship the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love—
Our shield and defender, the ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

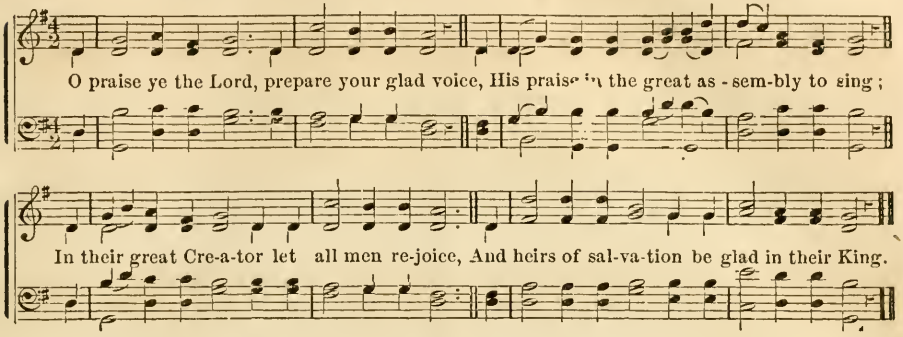
2 Oh tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

79. *"Preach the word."* 2 TIM. iv: 2. (474)

1 YOU servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name all victorious of Jesus extol:
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 Christ ruleth on high, almighty to save:
And still he is nigh—his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

"O PRAISE YE THE LORD." 10s & 11s.



80.

"Oh praise ye the Lord."

1 Oh praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore,
In loud swelling strains his praises express;
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned his people shall sing,
To God, who defence and plenty supplies,
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

81.

Oh tell me no more.

(841)

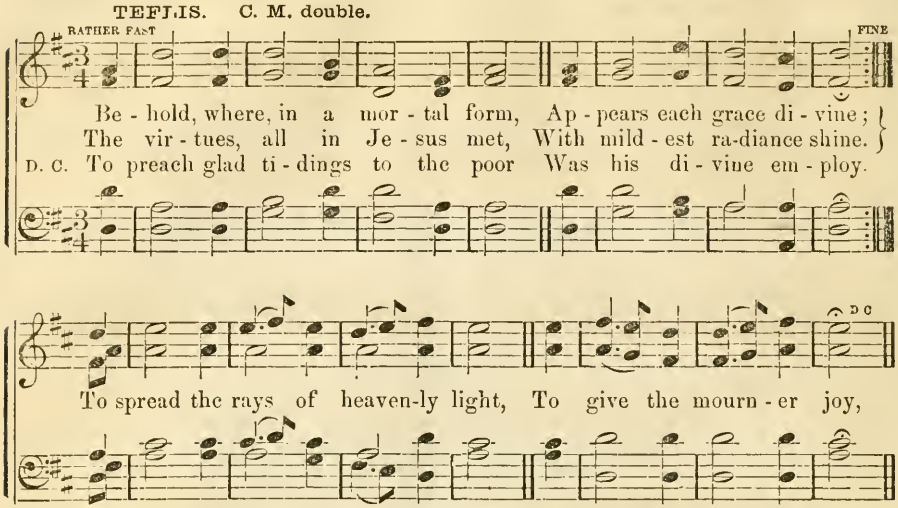
1 Oh tell me no more of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in glory shall live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow;
What light, strength and comfort—go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions, I feel Christ within,
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I can not tell why.

5 But this do I find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind,
So this is the race I'm running, through grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.



82.

"He went about doing good." Acts x : 38. (149)

1 Behold, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

2 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.
In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

83.

"He made himself of no reputation." Phil. ii : 7. (155)

1 He came not with his heaveuly crown,
His scepter clad with power;
His coming was in feebleness,
The infant of an hour;
An humble manger cradled, first,
The Virgin's holy birth,
And lowing herds surrounded there
The Lord of heaven and earth.

2 He came, not in his robes of wrath,
With arm outstretched to slay;
But on the darkling paths of earth,
To pour celestial day;
To guide in peace the wand'ring feet,
The broken heart to bind,
And bear upon the painful cross,
The sins of human kind.

3 And thou hast borne them, Saviour meek!
And therefore unto thee,
In humbleness and gratitude,
Our hearts shall offered be;
Our contrite hearts, an offering, Lord,
Which thou wilt not despise,
Our souls, our bodies, all be thine,
A living sacrifice!

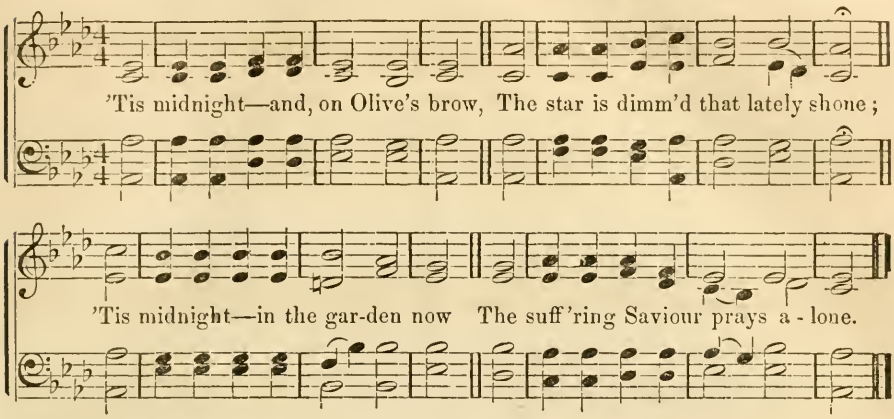
84.

O lead us gently on. (773)

1 Father of love, our Guide and Friend,
Oh, lead us gently on.
Until life's trial time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won!
We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God!

2 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:
Or, if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure!

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.



85. *The midnight agony.* (159)

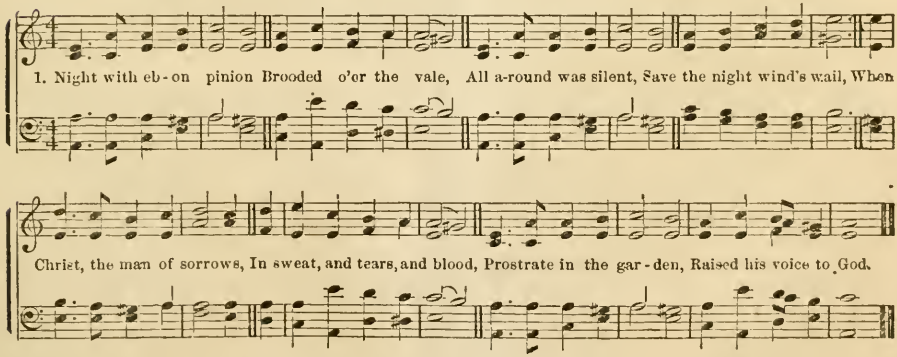
1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all remov'd,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple, whom he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt.
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

"NIGHT WITH EBON PINION."

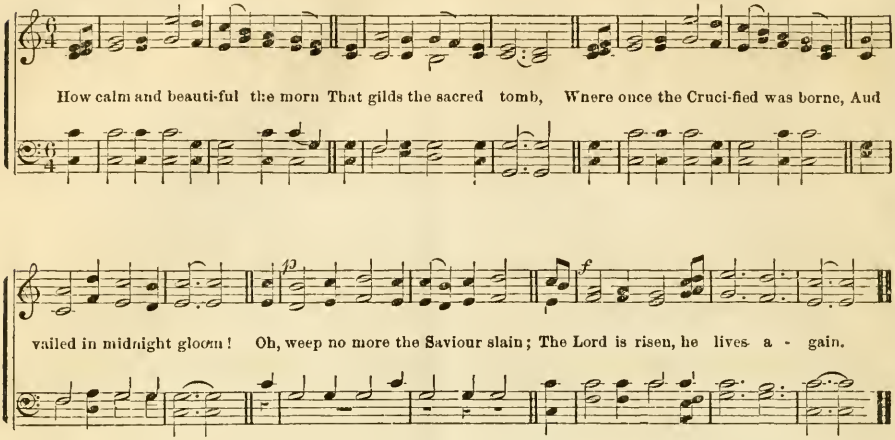


86 *Christ in the Garden.* (163)

2 Smitten for offenses
Which were not his own,
He, for our transgressions,
Had to weep alone.
No friend with words to comfort,
Nor hand to help, was there.
When the meek and lowly,
Humbly bowed in prayer.

3 Abba, Father, Father!
If indeed it may,
Let this cup of anguish,
Pass from me, I pray.
Yet, if it must be suffered,
By me, thine only Son,
Abba, Father, Father,
Let thy will be done.

CALM. C. H. M.



87. *"The Lord is risen."* (186)

1 How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And vailed in midnight gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—he is not here;"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain:
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away,
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh! weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,—
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die:
Since he has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

88. *Agony in the Garden.* (165)

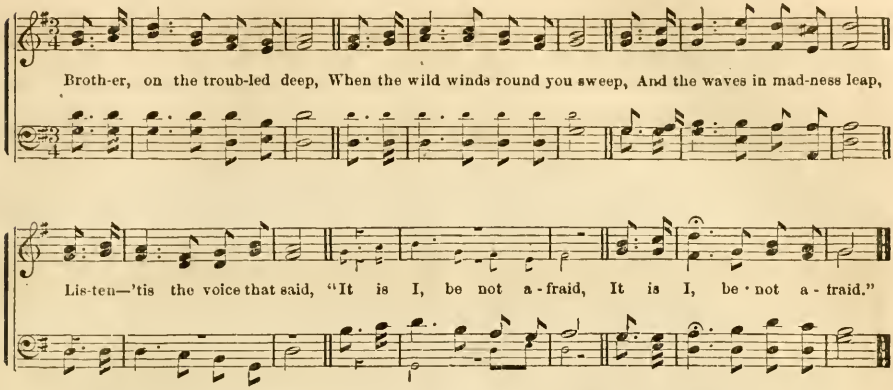
1 He knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden shade,
On that dread agony;
The Lord of high and heavenly birth
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 He knew them all,—the doubt, the strife
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

3 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead;
But there was sent him from on high,
A gift of strength for man to die.

4 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow, way?
How, but thro' him that path who trod:
Save, or we perish, Son of God."

IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID. 7s. 6 lines.



89.

"It is I, be not afraid."

1 BROTHER, on the troubled deep,
When the wild winds round you sweep,
And the waves in madness leap,
Listen, 'tis the voice that said—
"It is I, be not afraid,
It is I be not afraid."

2 When the storm has died away,
And the sun with cheering ray,
Now illumes the prosperous way,
Trust, oh, trust in him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid,
It is I be not afraid."

3 Brother, far away from home,
Restless as the wave's light foam,
When temptations round you come,
Pray for strength to him you said—
"It is I, be not afraid,
It is I be not afraid."

4 Brother, when death draweth near,
And your spirit shrinks in fear
From its portals damp and drear,
Trust your soul to him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid,
It is I be not afraid.

90.

His example in suffering. (162)

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall:
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

91.

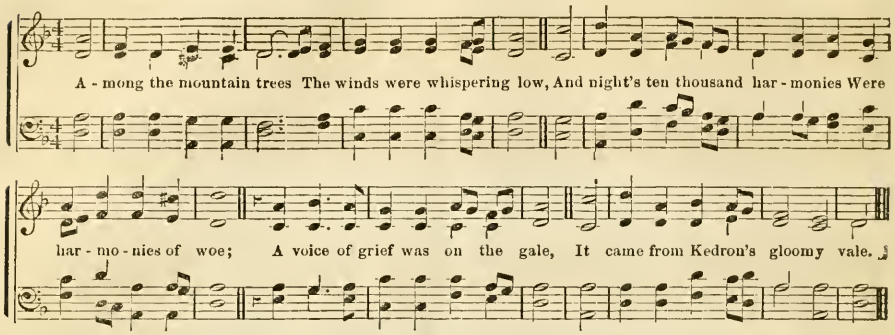
"Draw near with a true heart." HEB. 10: 22. (576

1 HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn work of prayer;
Grant that while we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to thee;
Let thy presence here be found.
Breathing peace and joy around.

2 Lord, when we approach thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known:
Thus may we be taught to call
Humbly on the Lord of all.
And with reverence and fear
At thy footstool to appear.

3 Teach us, as we breathe our woes,
On thy promise to repose;
All thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace;
And with confidence depend
On a gracious God and Friend.

THE BETRAYAL. S. H. M.



92.

The Betrayal. (166)

1 AMONG the mountain trees,
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of woe;
A voice of grief was on the gale,
It came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

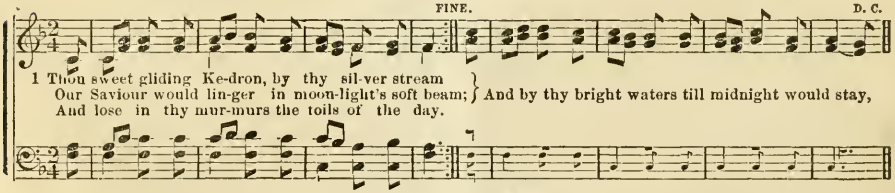
2 It was the Saviour's prayer
That on the silence broke,
Imploring strength from heav'n to bear
The sin-avenging stroke,
As in Gethsemane he knelt,
And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

3 The fitful starlight shone
In dim and misty gleams,
Deep was his agonizing groan,
And large the vital streams
That trickled to the dewy sod,
While Jesus raised his voice to God.

4 The chosen three that staid,
Their nightly watch to keep,
Left him through sorrows deep to wade,
And gave themselves to sleep:
Meekly and sad he pray'd alone;
Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's banks
The reckless traitor came,
And heavy on his bosom sank
The load of guilt and shame;
Yet unto them that waited nigh
He gave the Lamb of God to die.

KEDRON. 11s.



93.

Thou sweet gliding Kedron. (167)

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels beholding, amaz'd at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

3 Oh garden of Olives! thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet;
Oh give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

OLIVET. L. M.

With gentleness.

From Cal-va-ry a cry was heard, A bit - ter and heart-rend-ing cry:

My Saviour! eve-ry mournful word, Be-speaks thy soul's deep ag - o - ny.

94.

The bitter cry. (168)

1 From Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry:
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou could'st bear, nor once re-[pine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died that we might never die.

5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
Oh! let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

95.

"Behold the Man." (171)

1 Behold the Man! how glorious he!
Before his foes he stands unawed,
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the Man! by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemn'd,
A Man of suffering and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! he stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! though scorn'd below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

96.

Darkness and light. (172)

1 He dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness vails the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

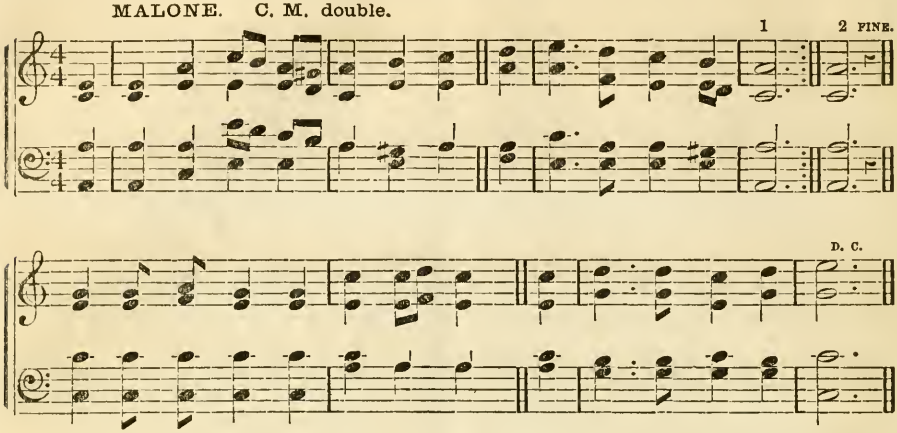
2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

4 Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

5 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting? [grave?"
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting

MALONE. C. M. double.



97.

He conquered when he fell. (174)

1 We sing the Saviour's wond'rous death—
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finished, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finished, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
His praises to record;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise!

98.

His condescension. (173)

1 And did the holy and the just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust
That guilty man might rise!

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high;
Surpassing mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying rebel's place,
And suffer'd in our stead;
For sinful man—O wond'rous grace
For sinful man he bled!

4 O Lord! what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy most precious blood?
By this are sinners sav'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

99.

The dying penitent. (176)

1 As on the cross the Saviour hung,
And groan'd, and bled, and died,
He look'd with pity on a wretch
That languish'd by his side.

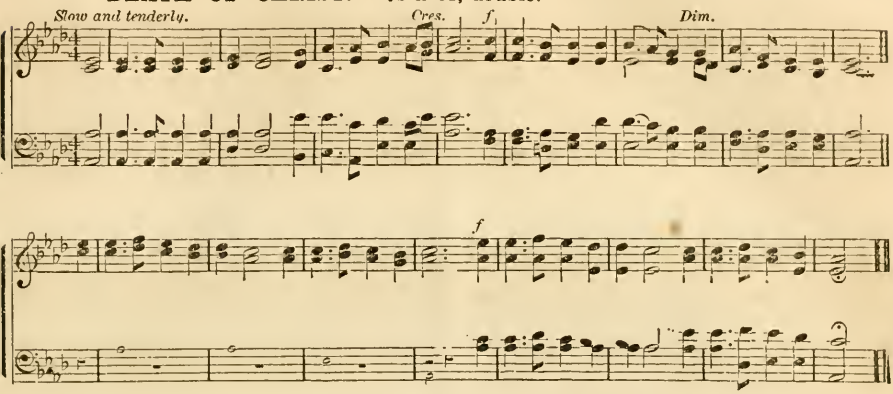
2 The dying thief in Jesus saw
A majesty divine;
While scoffing Jews around him stood,
And ask'd him for a sign!

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine, he said;
'Tis thine o'er men to reign:
Thy wond'rous works thy lordship prove;
These pains thy love proclaim:

4 Honors divine await thee soon,
A sceptre and a crown:
With shame thy foes shall yet behold
Thee seated on a throne.

5 Then, gracious Lord, remember me!
Is not forgiveness thine?
My crimes have brought me to thy side,
Thy love brought thee to mine!

DEATH OF CHRIST. 7s & 6s, double.



100. *"Surely he hath borne our griefs."* (177)

1 Oh sacred head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down—
Oh sacred brow, surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown:
Once on a throne of glory,
Adorned with light divine,
Now all despised and gory,
I joy to call the mine.

2 On me, as thou art dying,
Oh, turn thy pitying eye!
To thee for mercy crying,
Before thy cross I lie.
Thine, thine the bitter passion;
Thy pain is all for me;
Mine, mine the deep transgression;
My sins are all on thee.

3 What language can I borrow
To praise thee, heav'nly Friend,
For all this dying sorrow,
Of all my woes the end?
Oh, can I leave thee ever?
Then do not thou leave me;
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near when I am dying;
Then close beside me stand;
Let me, while faint and sighing,
Lean calmly on thy hand:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From thee shall never move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—in thy love.

101. *The cross—"the power of God."* (543)

1 I saw the cross of Jesus
When burdened with my sin;
I sought the cross of Jesus
To give me peace within:
I brought my soul to Jesus;
He cleans'd it in his blood;
And in the cross of Jesus
I found my peace with God.

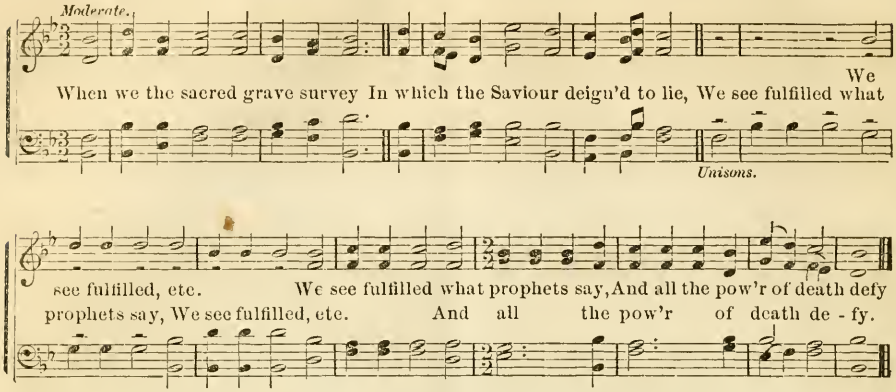
2 I love the cross of Jesus—
It tells me what I am;
A vile and guilty creature,
Saved only through the Lamb.
No righteousness, no merit,
No beauty can I plead;
Yet in the cross I glory,
My title there I read.

3 I clasp the cross of Jesus
In ev'ry trying hour,
My sure and certain refuge,
My never-failing tower.
In every fear and conflict,
I more than conqueror am;
Living I'm safe, or dying,
Through Christ the risen Lamb.

4 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace and safety
Till life itself depart.
And then in strains of glory
I'll sing thy wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter,
And death is known no more.

These hymns may be sung to Webb. pg. 171.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.



102. "*He rose—according to the Scriptures.*" 1 Cor. xv: 4. (180)

1 When we the sacred grave survey,
In which the Saviour deign'd to lie,
We see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death.
Sure pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

3 Our surety freed declares us free,
For whose offenses he was seized:
In his release our own we see,
And joy to see Jehovah pleas'd.

4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Then, though in dust we lay our head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
Our flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave!

103. "*Lift up your heads, ye gates.*" Psalm xxiv. (195)

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates!
You everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene!
He claims those mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in!

4 Who is the King of glory?—Who?
The Lord, who all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates!
You everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory?—Who?
The Lord, of boundless might possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
Lord over all, for ever blest.

104. "*The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.*" Psalm xxiv. (196)

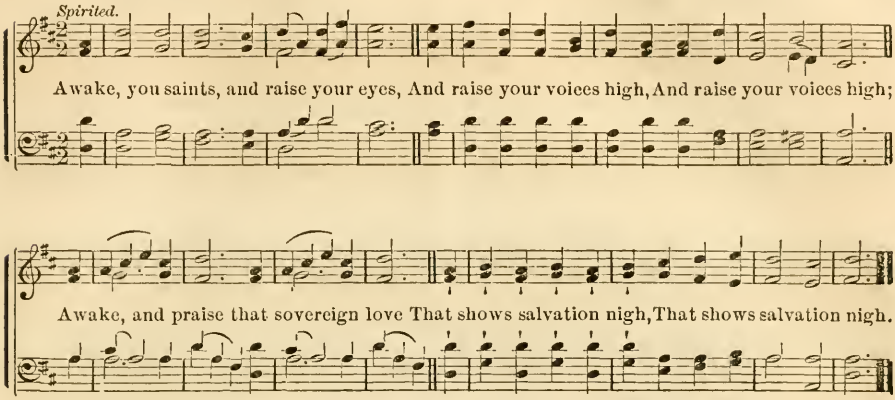
1 Lift up your heads, ye gates! and wide
Your everlasting doors display;
Ye angel-guards, like flames divide,
And give the King of glory way.

2 Who is the King of glory?—he,
The Lord omipotent to save;
Whose own right arm, in victory, [grave.
Led captive death, and spoiled the

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates! and high
Your everlasting portals heave;
Welcome the King of glory nigh: [ceive.
Him must the heaven of heavens re-

4 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord of hosts; behold his name!
The kingdom, power, and honor due,
Yield him, ye saints, with glad acclaim!

KENDELL. C. M.



105. *To them that look for him.* HEB. ix: 28. (815)

1 AWAKE, you saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 You wheels of nature, speed your course,
You mortal pow'rs, decay;
Fast as you bring the night of death,
You bring eternal day.

106. "*He hath begotten us to a lively hope.*" 1 PETER: i 3. (182)

1 BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though the first man's sin requires
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And can not fade away!

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall take us home.

107. "*Now is Christ risen from the dead.*" 1 COR. xv. 20. (183)

1 BLEST morning! whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising Lord;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

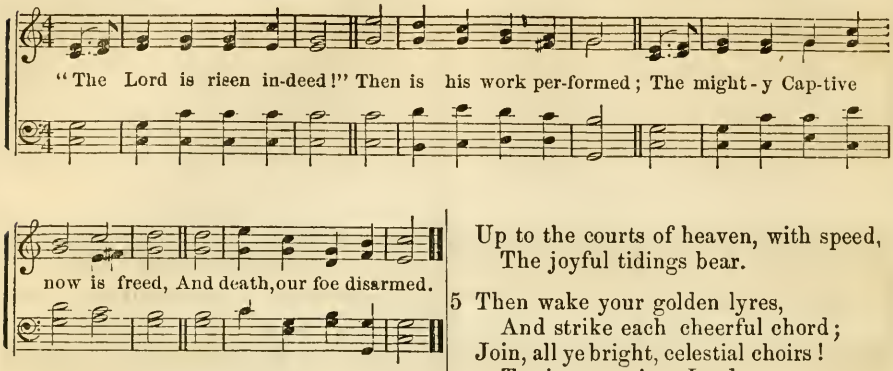
2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord, in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

LABAN. S. M.



108.

Redemption completed. (187)

1 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then is his work performed;
The mighty captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
The grave has lost its prey:
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

4 The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Attending angels! hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs!
To sing our risen Lord.

109.

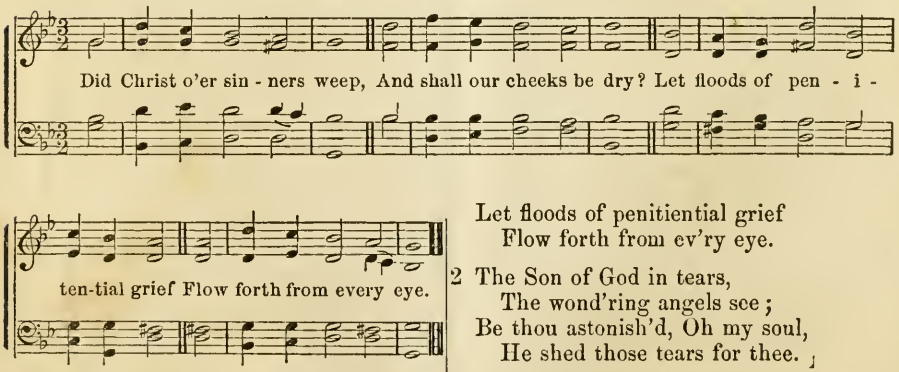
"*Seen of angels.*" 1 Tim. iii: 16. (259)

1 Beyond the starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
Yon heaven of heavens, with living light,
Our great Redeemer fills.

2 Around him angels fair,
In countless armies shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail Prince of life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love,
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."

AYLESBURY. S. M.



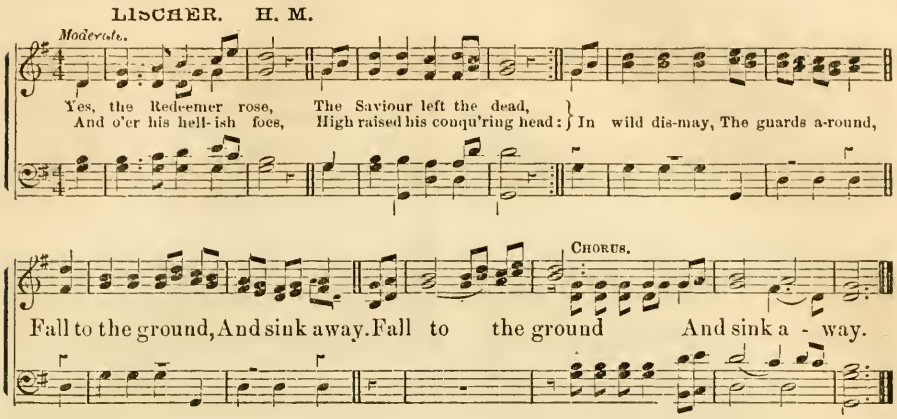
110.

"*He beheld the city and wept over it.*" Luke xix: 41. (161)

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Flow forth from ev'ry eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, Oh my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep.
Each sin demands a tear,
In heav'n alone no sin is found
And there's no weeping there.



111. *"Thou reigning Son of God."* (188)

1 YES, the Redeemer rose:
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er his hellish foes
High raised his conqu'ring head:
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high
What music fills the air:
Their anthems say,
Jesus who bled
Has left the dead—
He rose to-day!

4 You mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry,
Jesus who bled
Has left the dead
No more to die!

5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us by thy blood;
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou reigning Son of God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain
Beyond the skies.

112. *"Gird on thy sword, O most mighty!"* PSALM 45: 3. (609)

1 GIRD on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord!
To wage thy holy war,
Before his wheels, in glad surprise,
Ye valleys, rise, and sink, ye hills.

2 Fair truth and smiling love,
And injured righteousness,
Under thy banners move,
And seek from thee redress;
Thou in their cause shalt prosperous ride,
And far and wide dispense thy laws.

3 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace—
The grace that captures all.
The world shall know, great King of kings,
What wondrous things thine arm can do.

4 Here to my willing soul
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display;
My heart. thy throne, blest Jesus! see,
Bows low to thee, to thee alone.

HENDON, 7s.

Moderate.

Angels roll the rock a- way; Death! yield up thy mighty prey; See! the Saviour leaves the tomb Glow-ing with im- mor-tal bloom. Glowing with immortal bloom.

113.

The stone rolled away. (189)

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise:
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes,
See him high in glory rise!
Ranks of angels, on the road,
Hail him—the incarnate God.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount thy throne—
Boundless empire is thine own.

5. Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres:
Raise, O earth! your noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

114.

"Christ, the first fruits." (190)

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens! thou earth reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

6 King of glory, Fount of bliss,
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

115.

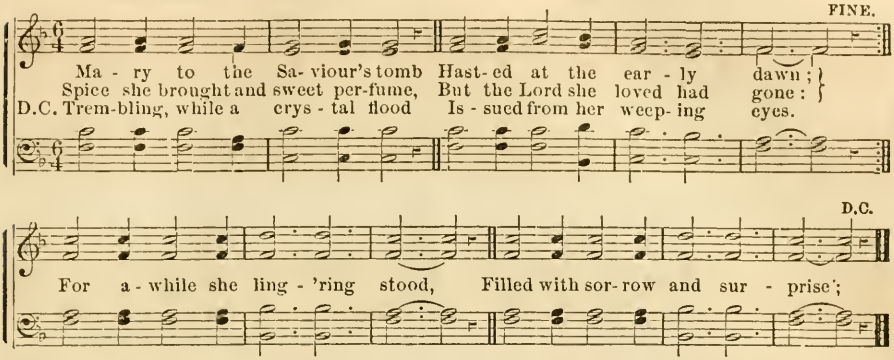
The Resurrection. (191)

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.



116.

Mary at the tomb. (192)

1 MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone:
For a-while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 Jesus who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came her drooping heart to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved:
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
She her heavy griefs forgot,
For she found him still the same.

3 And her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make—
Turning darkness into day;
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

117.

"*What could have been done.*" ISAIAH 5: 4. (305)

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all this flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

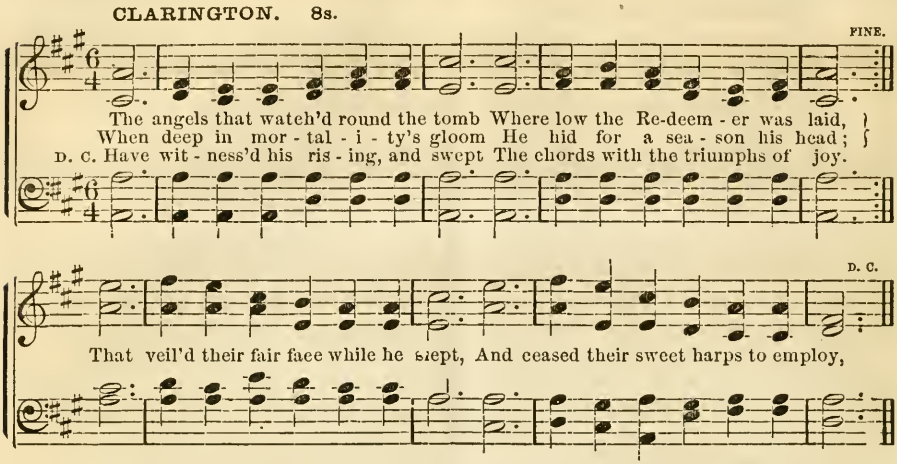
2 Turn, he cries, O sinner, turn!
By his life your God hath sworn
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive:
If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near!
He has left you naught to fear;
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands
All day long he spreads his hands:
Cries, "You will not happy be,
No, you will not come to me:
Me who life to none deny—
Why will you resolve to die?"

118.

1 When along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubts and fear;
Jesus, to thy feet we flee;
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gate of heaven:
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking us, thy pilgrims, home:
Jesus, then we all shall be
Ever, ever, Lord, with thee!



119.

"He hath abolished death." 2 Tim. i: 10. (193)

1 The angels that watched round the tomb
Where low the Redeemer was laid,
When deep in mortality's gloom
He hid for a season his head;

2 That veil'd their fair face while he slept,
And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,
Have witness'd his rising and swept
The chords with the triumphs of joy.

3 You saints, who once languish'd below,
But long since have enter'd your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.

4 The grave in which Jesus was laid
Has buried my guilt and my fears;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

5 Oh sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west,
The last ling'ring ray of its sun!

6 Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

7 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart strings shall break,
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

8 No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave,
The sunbeam of life, as it sets,
Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

120.

"The darkness is passed." 1 John ii. 8. (194)

1 Behold, the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave;
His rising removes all our fears,
And shows him almighty to save.

2 How strong were his tears and his cries,
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect was his sacrifice,
Who rose though he suffered for sin.

3 The man that was crownéd with thorns,
The man that on Calvary died,
The man that bore scourging and scorns,
Whom sinners agreed to deride—

4 Now blesséd for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crownéd his head; [slain.
Heav'n sings of the Lamb that was

5 Believing, we share in his joy;
By faith, we partake in his rest;
With this we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be blest.

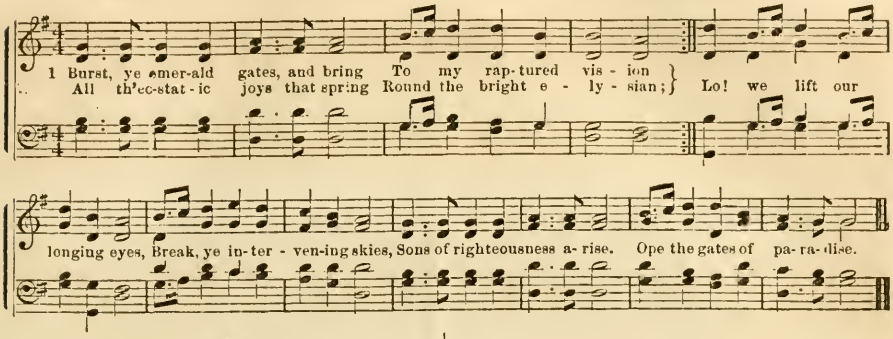
121.

"The first and the last." Rev. i: 11. (658)

1 This Lord is the Lord we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

MERDIN. 7s. 6s. & 7s.



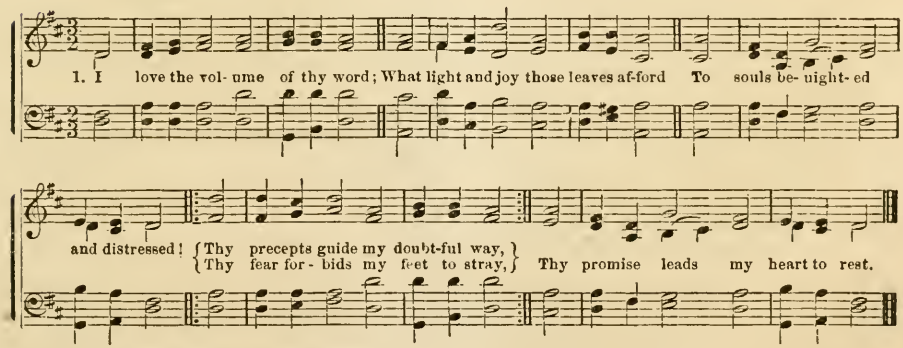
122.

PSALM 45. (202)

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Trumpets loud resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven resounding with the theme.

3 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

NASHVILLE. L.P.M.



123.

"The entrance of thy word giveth light." PSALM 119. 130. (8)

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering [eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

124.

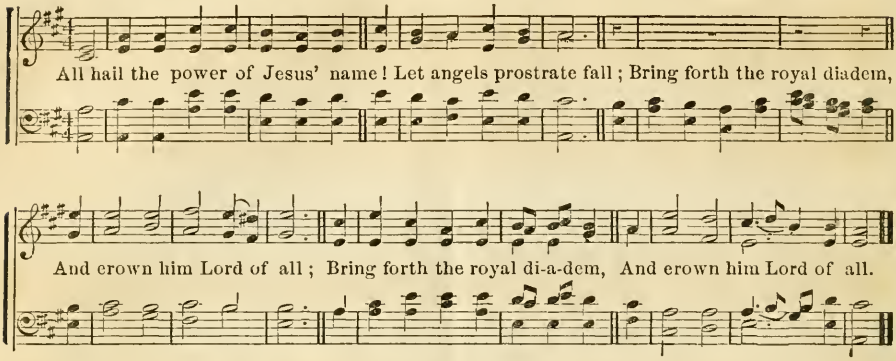
PSALM 146. (72)

1 I'LL praise my maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
And immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train.
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
He sends the laboring conscience [peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

CORONATION. C. M.



125.

(203)

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 You Gentile sinner's ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love.
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

126.

"Sit thou at my right hand."

(204)

1 Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy saving grace.

3 Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

127.

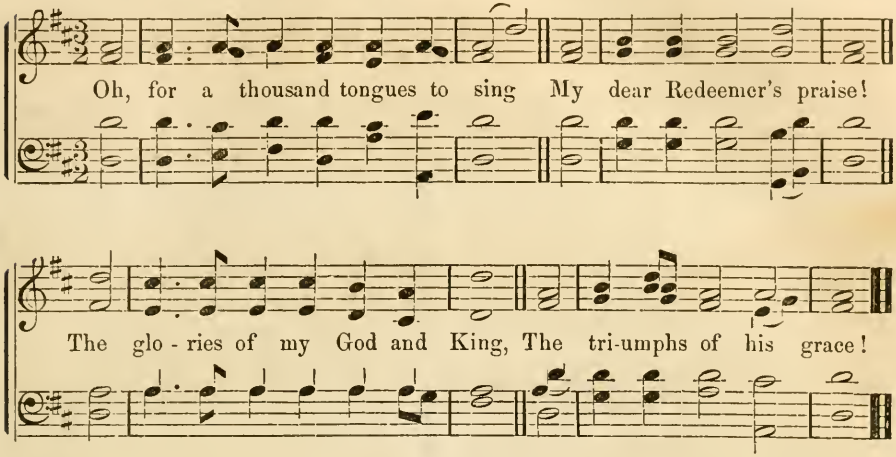
1 Blest Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

MASON'S CHANT. C. M.



128.

1 Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 Hosanna to the Lord be given
In loudest, noblest strains!
Hosanna in the highest heaven!
Our great Redeemer reigns!

129.

"Worthy the Lamb." (206)

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us!

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
On earth, in air, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high.
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

130.

"They shall speak of the glory." Psalm cxlv: 11. (230)

1 Come, you that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in the earthly courts we view
The beauties of our king,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate our strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 Oh for the day, the glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

AMI. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Bold and spirited.

Look, ye saints— the sight is glor-ious; See the Man of Sor-rows, now; } Crown him,
From the fight re-turned vic - to - rious, Eve - ry knee to him shall bow; }

Crown him, Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow, Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.

131.

"King of kings." Rev. xix: 16. (207)

1 Look, ye saints;—the sight is glorious;—
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious:
Every knee to him shall bow.
Crown him! crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concert rings.
Crown him! crown him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.
Crown him! crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's name.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

132.

"The Lord is in his holy temple." Hab. ii: 20. (711)

1 God is in his holy temple,
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit,
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy,
Lord of hosts, our Lord, appear.

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat:
Saints, rejoice! and sinners, tremble!
Each prepare his God to meet:
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at his feet

3 Hail him here with songs of praises,
Him with prayers of faith surround;
Hearken to his glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound;
Blesséd, blesséd,
They who know the joyful sound.

4 Though the heaven, and heaven of heav-
Oh thou Great Unsearchable! [ens,
Are too mean to comprehend thee,
Thou with man art pleased to dwell;
Welcome, welcome.
God with us, Immanuel.

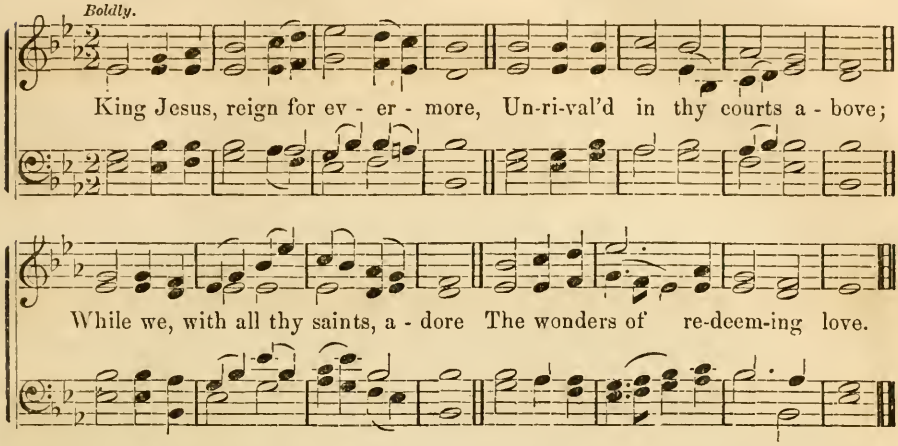
133.

"The voice of mercy." (316)

1 Hear, Oh, sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,—
Ere the hand of Justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, Oh sinner! to the Saviour,—
Seek his mercy, while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish, if you stay.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



134. "*Of his kingdom there shall be no end.*" LUKE i: 33. (208)

1 KING Jesus, reign for evermore,
Unrival'd in thy courts above;
While we, with all thy saints adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heav'nly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till with the vast unnumbered throng
We join in heav'n's triumphant song—

4 Till with pure hands and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love
In everlasting strains above.

135. "*All nations shall serve him.*" PSALM lxxii: 11. (209)

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise.
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

136. "*Let the whole earth be filled with his glory.*" PSALM lxxii: 19. (213)

1 GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

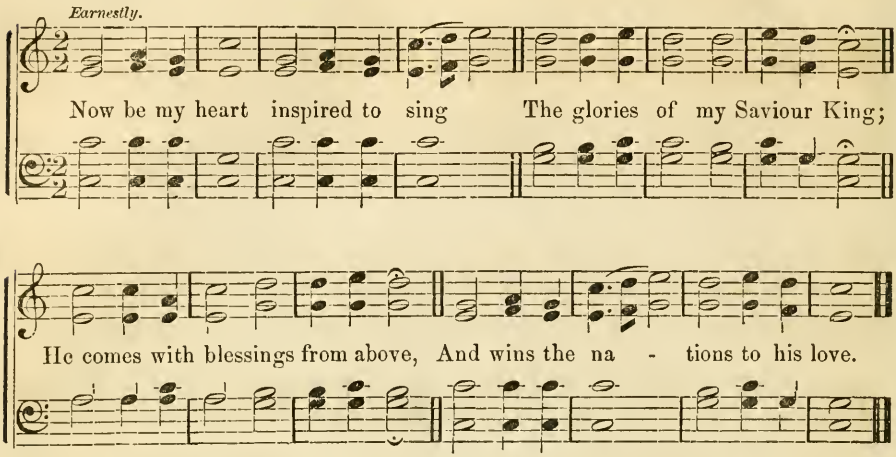
2 Thy scepter well becomes his hands;
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light;
And desserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

SESSIONS. L. M.

Earnestly.



137. *"My heart is inditing a good matter."* PSALM xlv: 1. (211)

1 Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 Thy throne, O Lord, for ever stands;
Grace is the scepter in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy thy delight.

3 Let endless honors crown thy head;
Let every age thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know thy word,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

138. *"I know that my Redeemer liveth."* JOB xix: 25. (212)

1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

139. *"The Lord is King."* (214)

1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
Oh earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

140. *"He hath the keys of hell and of death."* REV. i: 18. (218)

1 HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell;
The spacious world unseen is his,
The sov'reign power becomes him well.

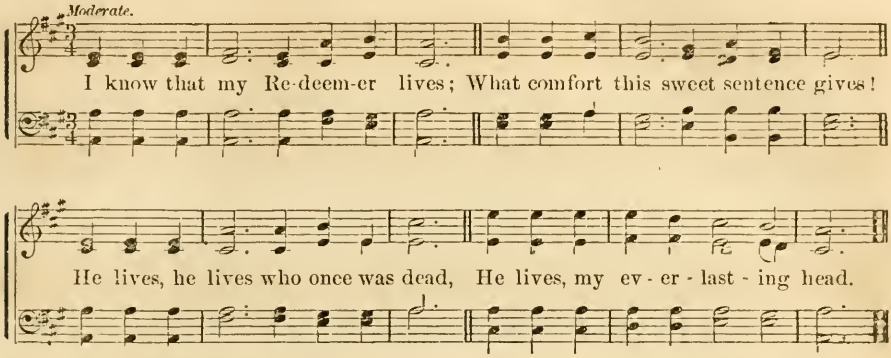
2 In shame and anguish once he died;
But now he lives for ever more;
Bow down, you saints, around his seat,
And all you angel bands adore.

3 Live, live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends,
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule our mortal lives,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 For ever reign, victorious King! [known,
Wide through the earth thy name be
And call our longing souls to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

PATHWAY. L. M.



141. *"My Redeemer liveth."* Job xix: 25. (219)

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head!

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.

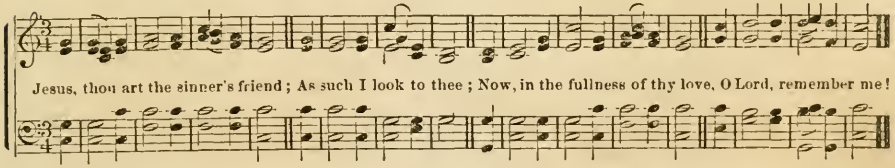
3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

6 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same!
Oh the sweet joy the sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives!

PRAYER. C. M.



142. *"Remember me."* (241)

1 Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
Oh Lord, remember me!

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy promises,
And then remember me.

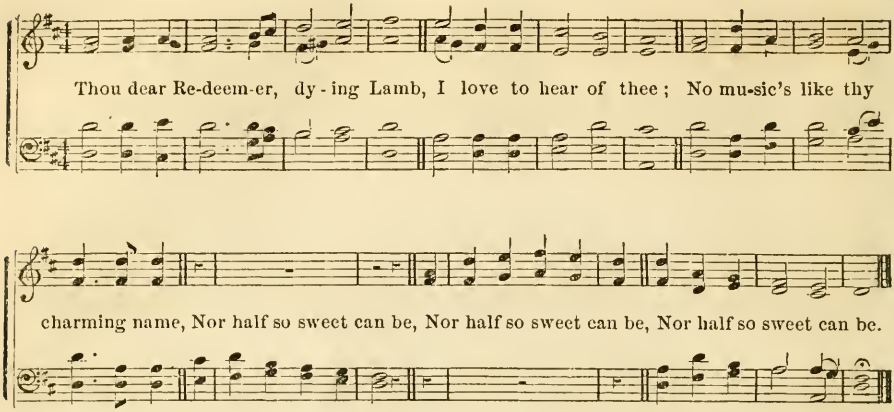
3 Thou mighty Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me!

4 I own I'm guilty—own I'm vile;
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace;
Oh Lord, remember me!

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me!

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, Oh my great Redeemer, Lord,
I pray remember me!

VICTORY. C. M.



143. "*Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb.*" (231)

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 Oh, may I ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

144. "*A merciful and faithful High Priest.*" HEB. ii: 17. (233)

1 COME, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He enter'd heav'n with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 On earth he wash'd our guilt away
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 What though while here we oft must feel
Temptation's keenest dart,
Our tender High Priest feels it too,
And will appease the smart.

4 Cloth'd with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

5 Nor time nor distance e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

6 Oh may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to wear his name!
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our lips his praise proclaim!

145. "*Consider—the High Priest.*" HEB. iii: 1. (235)

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

2 Though rais'd to heav'n's exalted throne
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crown'd—

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the weakest Christian say
That he has lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Have molder'd down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy lov'd name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

Animated.

1 Be - hold the glo-ries of the Lamb, A - midst his Father's throne; Prepare new honors

May end here. || *CODA. When sung—firm.*

for his name, And songs be - fore un-known. And songs be - fore un - known.

146 "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*" Rev. v. 12. (236)

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

SWEET. C. M.

Animated.

1 With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove;

His heart is full of ten - der - ness, His bo - som glows with love.

147. *Christ a "merciful High Priest."* (228)

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

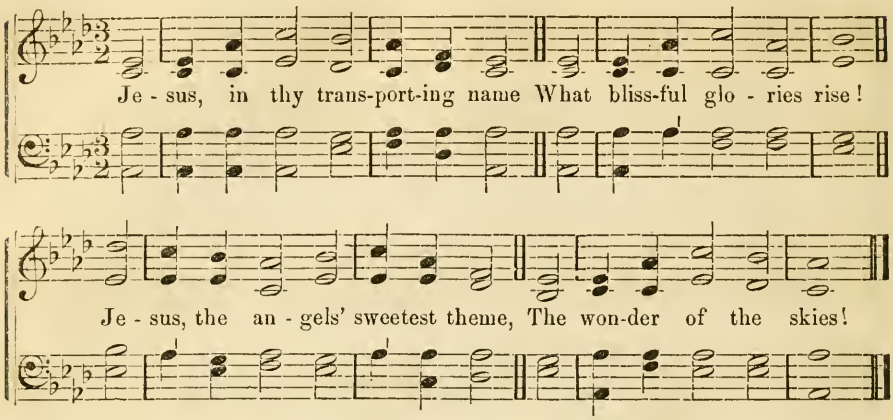
148. "*The bright and morning star.*" Rev. xxii: 16. (229)

1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

3 Oh haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads.
The Christian's destined way.

EVAN. C. M.



149. *"He died for our sins."* 1 Cor. xv: 3. **(238)**

1 Jesus, in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme—
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
To bear our sins and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile rebellious foes?

4 Victorious love! can language tell,
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour!

5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
Oh take this heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine!

150. *The "Name above every name."* **(239)**

1 The Saviour! Oh what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich profusion flow;
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

4 Oh the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Blest Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

5 On thee, alone, my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all,

151. *"He suffered, the Just for the unjust."* 1 Pet. iii: 18. **(240)**

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

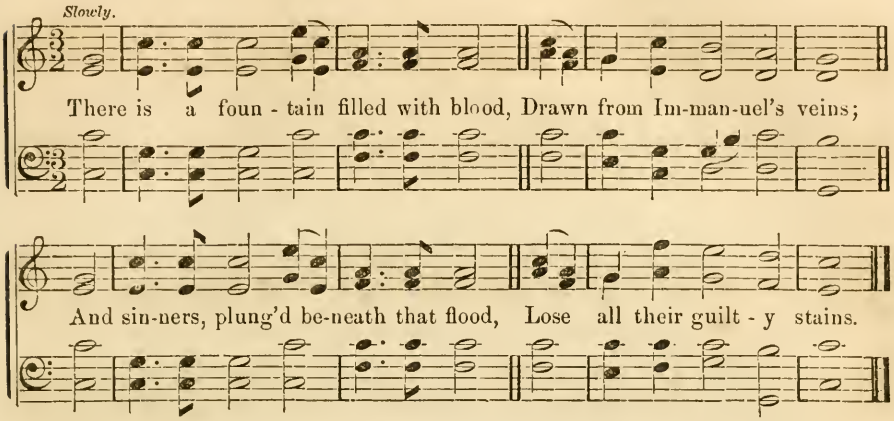
2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God's own Son was crucified
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.



152. "*A fountain for sin.*" ZECH. xiii: 1. (253)

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Oh Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power.
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

153. "*Altogether lovely.*" (251)

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That all the earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath,
And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

154. "*He shall save his people from their sins.*" MATH. 1: 21. (252)

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

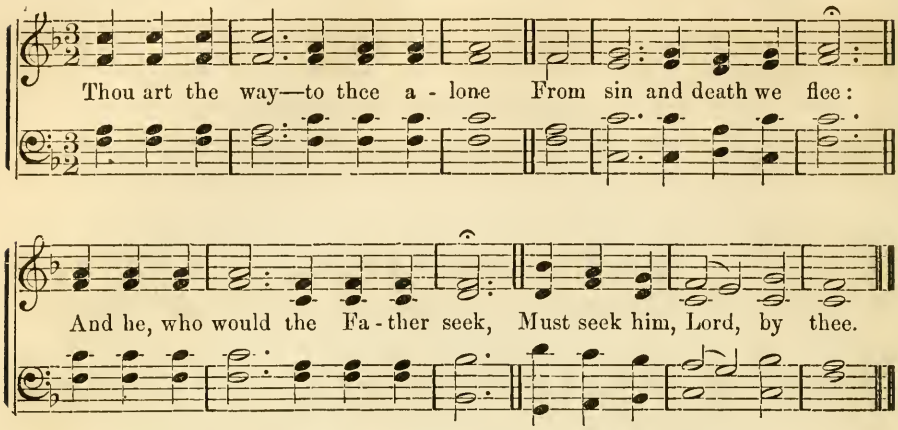
2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O! amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled.
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

DODD. C. M.



155. *"The true and living Way."* (248)

1 THOU art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb.
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

156. *"Chief among ten thousand."* (250)

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he, than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

157. *"Blessed are all they that trust in him."* PSALM ii: 12. (249)

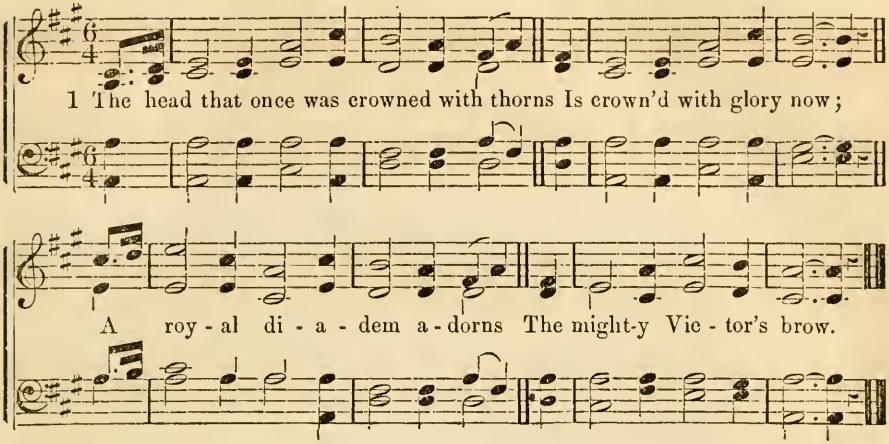
1 MY Saviour! my almighty Friend!
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

MAITLAND. C. M.



158.

HEB. ii: 9.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.

3 Jesus, the joy of all above!
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him:
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

159.

"The shadow of a great rock."
ISAIAH xxxii: 2. (246)

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The Lord of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With sure, unerring skill,
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sov'reign will.

3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
In yonder worlds above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun.
Beat heavy on their head.
To this high Rock for rest they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

5 How glorious he, how happy they
In such a gen'rous friend,
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

160.

"Ye are complete in him."
COL. ii: 10. (247)

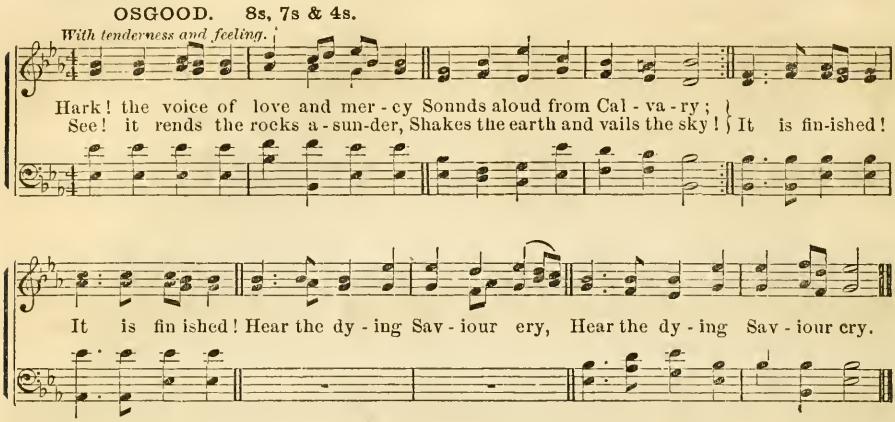
1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear!

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!



161.

"It is finished." JOHN xix: 30. (178)

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and vails the sky!
It is finish'd!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! Oh what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finish'd!
Saints, from this your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, you seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

162.

"Friend of sinners. (263)

1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
Hallelujah!
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood!
But this Saviour died, to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God;
Hallelujah!
Reconcil'd in him to God.

3 When he liv'd on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same;
Hallelujah!
He rejoices in the same.

163.

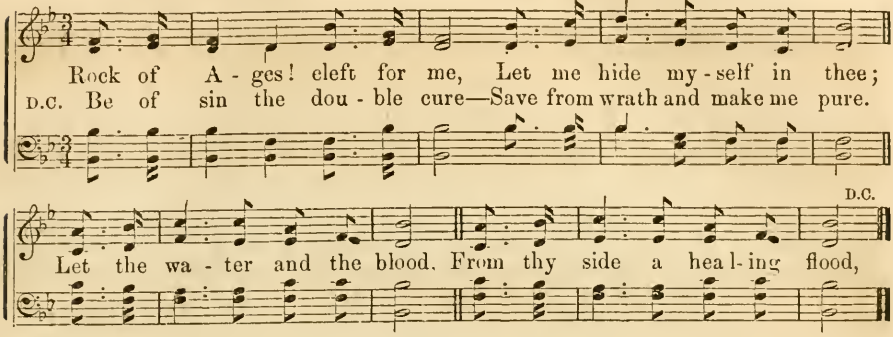
Mount Zion. PSALM CXXV: 1. (464)

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion kept by pow'r divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine
Happy Zion,
What a favor'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heav'n and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s.



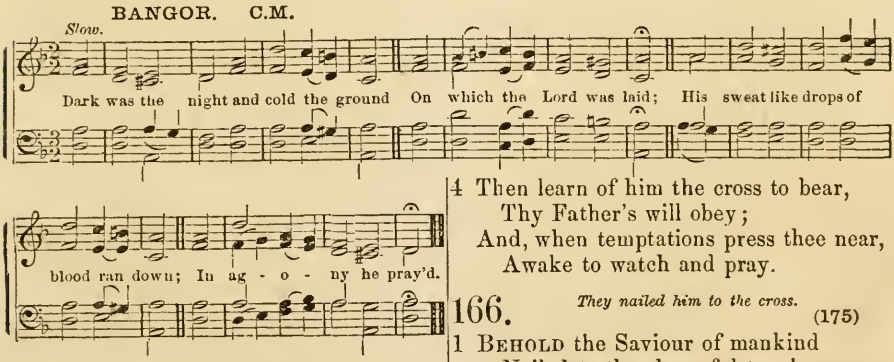
164.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

BANGOR. C.M.



165.

The bitter cup. (160)

1 Dark was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid:
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he pray'd.—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow,
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

166.

They nailed him to the cross. (175)

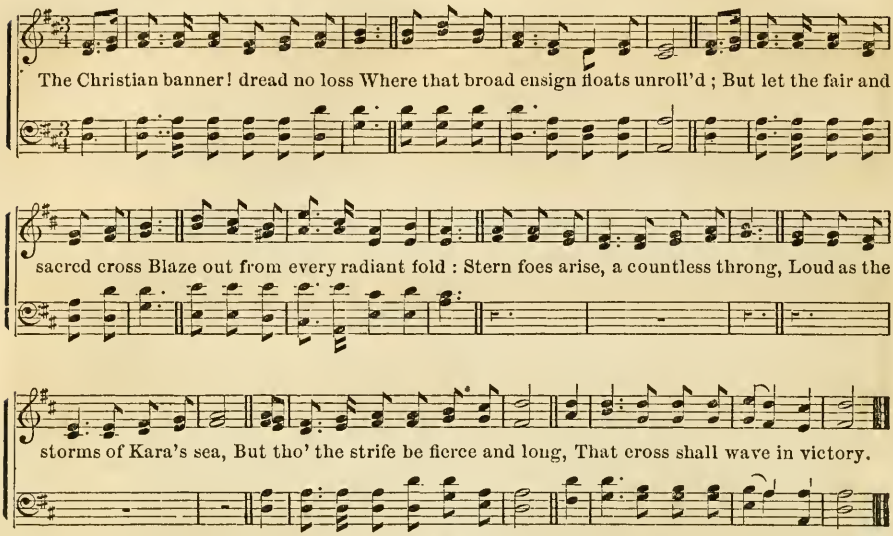
1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me.

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See—how he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon from death he'll rise again,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain—
Was ever love like thine?

DEVOTION. L. M. double.



167. *"The Christian banner."* (266)

1 THE Christian banner! dread no loss
Where that broad ensign floats unroll'd,
But let the fair and sacred cross
Blaze out from every radiant fold :—
Stern foes arise, a countless throng,
Loud as the storms of Kara's sea,
But though the strife be fierce and long,
That cross shall wave in victory.

2 Sound the shrill trumpet, sound, and call
The people of the mighty King,
And bid them keep that standard all
In martial thousands gathering ;—
Let them come forth from every clime,
That lies beneath the circling sun,
Various, as flowers in that sweet clime
Where flowers are, in heart, but one.

3 Soldiers of heaven! take sword and shield,
Look up to him who rules on high,
And forward to the glorious field,
Where noble martyrs bleed and die ;—
Press onward, scorning flight or fear,
As deep waves burst on Norway's coast,
And let the startled nations hear
The war-shout of the Christian host.

4 Lift up the banner :—rest no more;
Nor let this righteous warfare cease,
Till man's last tribe shall bow before
The Lord of lords, the Prince of Peace:
Go! bear it forth, ye strong and brave,
Let not those bright folds once be furled,
Till that high sun shall see them wave
Above a blest but conquered world.

168. *The gate of heaven.* (983)

1 OUR Father God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret Majesty ;
Yet whereso'er our spirits bend
In rev'rent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy Spirit there.

2 Lord! be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven ;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up ;
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn of him, to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

3 Here may the sick and wandering soul,
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave ;
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That thy true shrine's a loving heart,
And thy best praise a holy life!

WARE. L.M.

In chanting style.

Triumphant Zi- on! lift thy head From dust and dark-ness, and the dead!

Though humbled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Sa-viour's strength.

169. *"Put on thy strength, O Zion."* Isaiah 52: 1. (591)

1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread:
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

170. *"The Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a banner."* Isaiah 59: 19. (267)

1 Fling out the banner! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide:
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant folds,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified.

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
We conquor only in that sign.

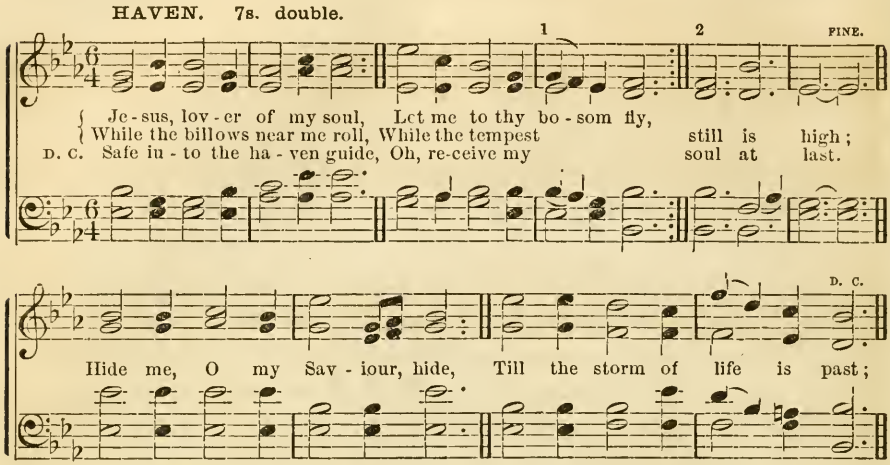
171. *Pentecost.* Acts 2. (269)

1 Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the beloved disciples met;
And on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
The power to kill the power to save,
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 The Greeks and Jews, the learned and rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.



172.

"A covert from the storm." Isaiah iv: 6. (262)

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, Oh my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, Oh leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Righteousness;
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
Thou art full of love and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

173.

Hear us when to thee we cry. (578)

1 Saviour, when in dust to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee:
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus look with pitying eye,
Hear our humble, earnest cry.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Listen to our humble cry.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save:
Dying, ris'n, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

SHIRLAND. S.M.

Glowing.

Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way;

His beams through all the na - tions run, And light and life con - vey.

174. *Power of God's word.* (271)

1 Behold, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word:
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

175. *"How beautiful are thy feet."* Rom. 10: 15. (270.)

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blesséd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

176. *The gospel call.* (301)

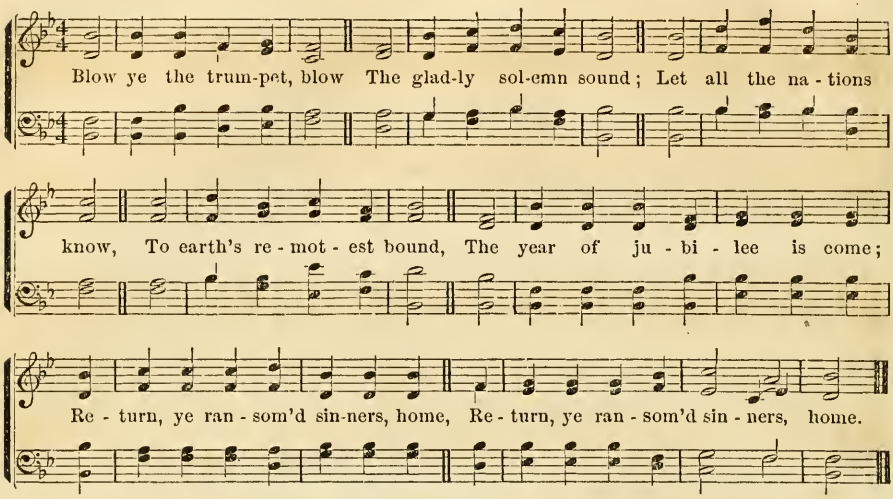
1 Ye trembling captives! hear;
The gospel-trumpet sounds;
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth, the jubilee's release,
With eager rapture claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all his willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

LENOX. H. M.



177.

The year of jubilee. (273)

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

178.

"Declare among the people his doings." Psalm ix: 11. (670)

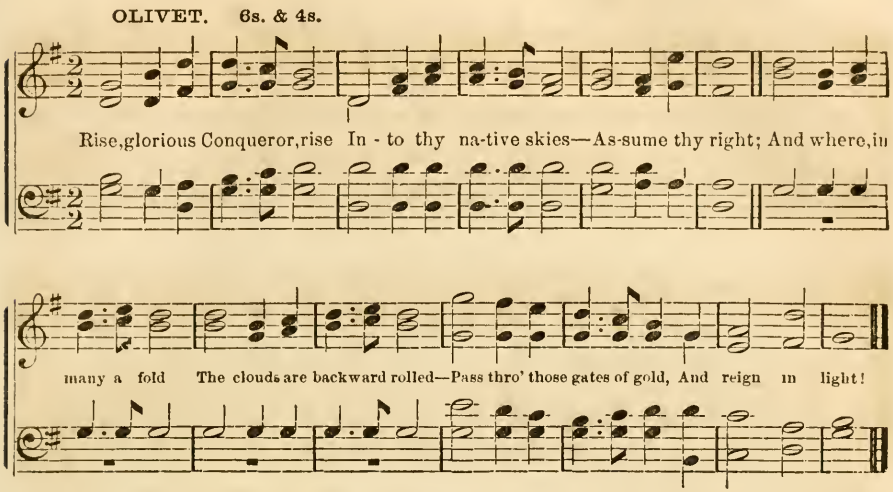
1 Come, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest pow'rs exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above and all below
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What angels could not do:
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, all thoughts surpass

3 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, Oh who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conq'ror rode,
And reigns on high the Son of God.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.



179.

"Rule thou, in the midst of thine enemies." PSALM 110: 2. (201)

1 RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into thy native skies—
Assume thy right;
And where, in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train;
Praises all heaven inspire,
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant go
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years—
Claim for thine own the spheres
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

180.

"Holding forth the word of life." PHIL. 2: 16. (275)

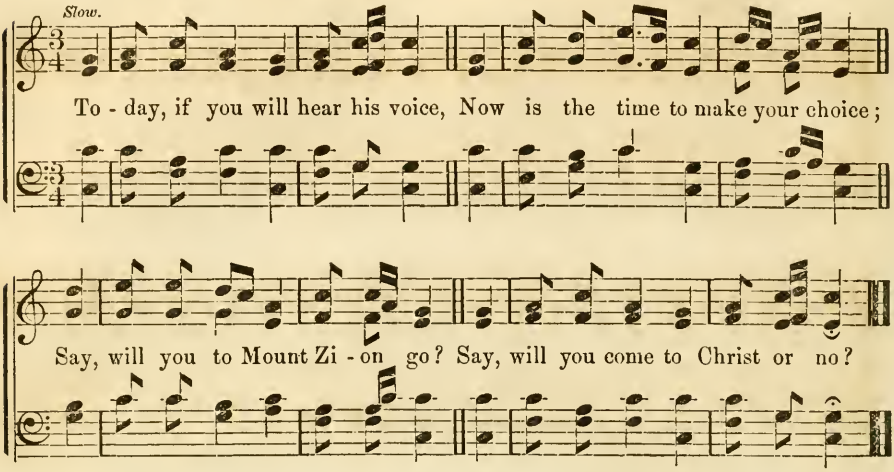
1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
Tell from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Far over sea and land,
Go at your Lord's command;
Bear ye his name;
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door;
Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love;
Jesus who reigns above
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,
Jesus their Lord.

DEVOTION. L. M.



181. *"To-day, if you will hear his voice."* HEB. iv: 7. (279)

1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign.

3 Make now your choice, and halt no more;
He now is waiting for the poor:
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

4 Fathers and sons for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

5 Once more we ask you in his name,
We know his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

182. *"Come unto me."* MATT. xi: 28. (278)

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, Come to me!

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, Come to me!

3 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee!
To heaven direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; Come to me!

4 Oh voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to me!

183. *An evening expostulation.* (280)

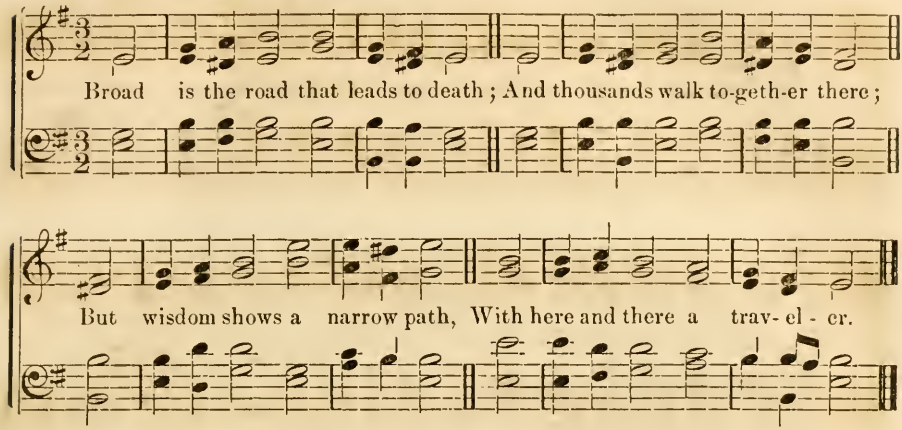
1 OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eye against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time; Oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blesséd Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

WINDHAM. L. M.



184. *The broad and narrow way.* MAT. 7. 13, 14. (283)

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death;
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let my hopes be not in vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
This, hypocrites could ne'er attain;
This, false apostates never knew.

185. ECCLESIASTES 9: 10. (284)

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
O hasten, sinner to return!

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust must lie;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground;

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
O may we all receive thy grace,
And see with joy thy smiling face.

186. *"Come, for all things are now ready."* LUKE 14: 17. (285)

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
You need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.

2 Hark! 'tis the Saviour's gracious call,
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou—
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all you souls by sin oppressed,
You weary wanderers after rest;
You poor and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message, as from God, receive—
You all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to call in vain.

5 This is the time—no more delay;
The Saviour calls you all to-day:
O may his call effectual prove!
Accept the offers of his love!

CYPRESS. C. M.

1 If I must die, O! let me die With hope in Je - sus' blood—

The blood that saves from sin and guilt, And rec - on - ciles to God.

187.

2 If I must die, then let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change the fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refined.

3 If I must die—and die I shall—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

188.

"Let him return unto the Lord." ISAIAH 55: 7. (288)

1 RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return!
He hears thy humble sigh!
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return!
The Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return!
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

189.

"That whoso believeth might not perish." JOHN 3: 15. (291)

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose;
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Humbly I'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.

5 I can not perish if I go;
I am resolved to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

190.

"Incline your ear and come." ISAIAH 55: 3. (289)

1 THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear:
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

LYRA. C. M.

Slowly and Reverentially.

Dear Fa - ther, to thy mer - cy seat My soul for shel - ter flies;

'Tis here I find a safe re - treat When storms and tempests rise.

191. PSALM cxlv: 18. (1309)

1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

192. *"Let him that is athirst come."* REV. xxii: 17. (290)

1 OH! what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound!

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose,
And drink, with thankful hearts.

4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

193 *"In this mountain shall the Lord," etc.* ISAIAH xxv: 6. (294)

1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delights afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heav'n.

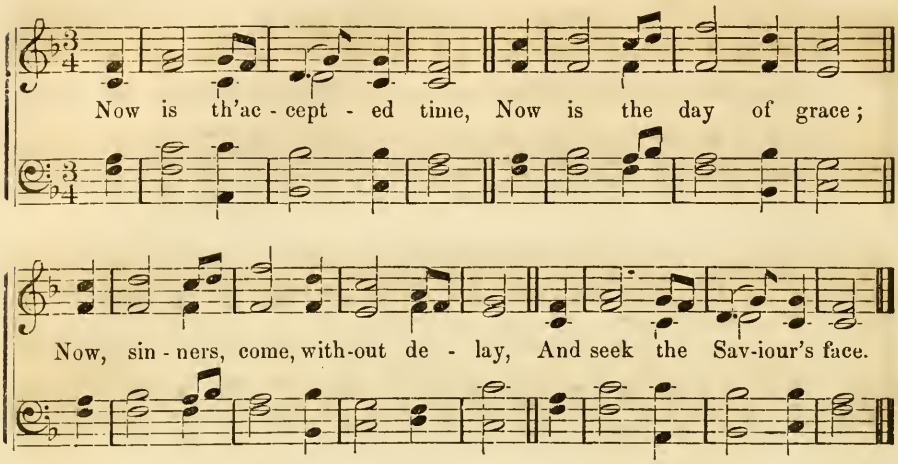
3 You hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreat,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way
Around the board appear.

5 Yet are his heart and house so large,
That millions more may come:
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready: come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



194. *"Now is the accepted time."* 2 Cor. vi: 2. (297)

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And ev'ry promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

195. *"Now is the day of Salvation."* 2 Cor. vi: 2. (298)

1 Now is the day of grace;
Now to the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."

2 The Father bids you speed;
Oh, wherefore then delay?
He calls in love; he sees your need;
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, Oh, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

196. *"Give me thy heart."* Prov. xxiii: 26 (299)

1 Give to the Lord thine heart;
In him all pleasures meet:
Oh, come and choose the better part,
Low at the Saviour's feet.

2 Hear, and your soul shall live;
His peace shall be your stay—
Peace, which the world can never give,
Can never take away.

197. *"Where shall the ungodly appear?"* 1 Pet: iv: 18. (300)

1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

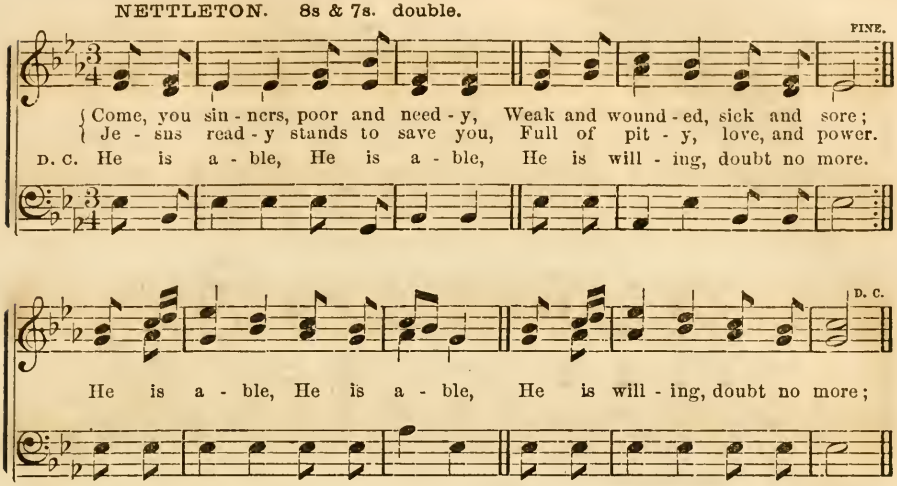
3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners! seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye can not bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 Come! take his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform thy oft-repeated vow,
And render him thy heart.

6 Repent! return! receive
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth we live,
We live with God in heaven.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. double.



198. *"Look unto me and be saved."* ISAIAH xlv: 22. (312)

1 COME, you sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

3 Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the rising Lord, ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners now his love proclaim.

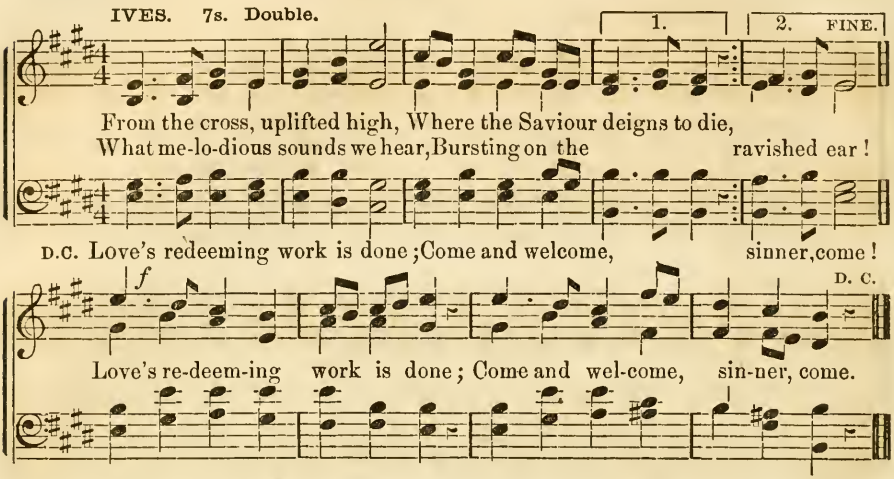
199. *"He that hath ears let him hear."* MATT. xiii: 9. (314)

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, Oh how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:
Oh how gracious!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Will you not receive the message—
Listen to the joyful word;
And embrace the news of pardon
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

4 O ye angels, hov'ring round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heav'n;
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.



200.

Come and welcome. (303)

1 FROM the cross, uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On thy pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam—
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

201.

"*My peace I give unto you.*" JOHN 14: 27. (309)

1 YE who in his courts are found
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and hopeless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View his bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the Kings of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

202.

"*Lord, save me.*" MAT. 14. 30. (390)

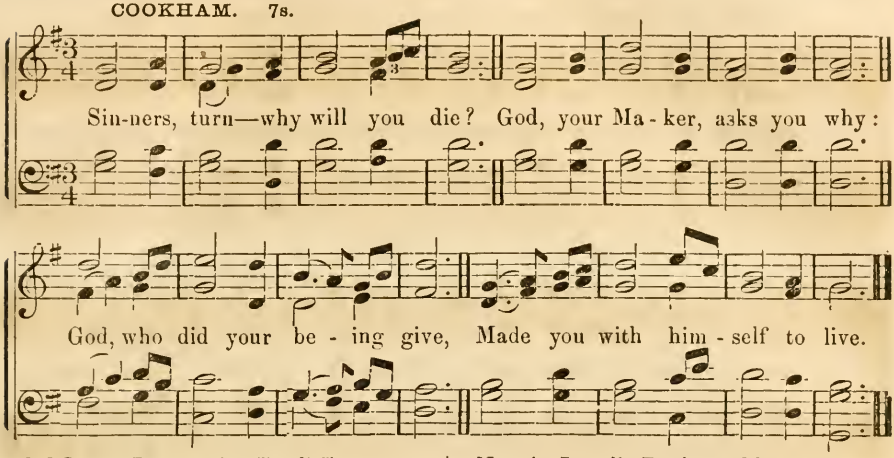
1 JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, O save, my sinking soul!

2 Never bowed a martyred head,
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown!
To thy cross and sacrifice,
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair;
Lord, thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine—forever thine—I am,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

COOKHAM. 7s.



203. *"Turn ye,—why will ye die?"* EZEKIEL xviii: 31. (304)

1 SINNERS turn—why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn—why will you die?
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He, who died that you might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—you ransom'd sinners—why
Will you slight his grace and die?

4 Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Oh! you dying sinners, why—
Why will you for ever die?

204. *"Fullness of Christ."* (307)

1 BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt oppress'd,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste:
Turn to God, Oh turn and live,
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wander'd far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.

5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

205. *"The night is past."* 1 JOHN ii: 8. (310)

1 WEEPING sinners, dry your tears;
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you his salvation sing.

2 Peace he brings you by his death,
Peace he speaks with ev'ry breath;
Can you slight such heavn'ly charms?
Flee, Oh flee to Jesus' arms.

206. *Earnest entreaty.* (306)

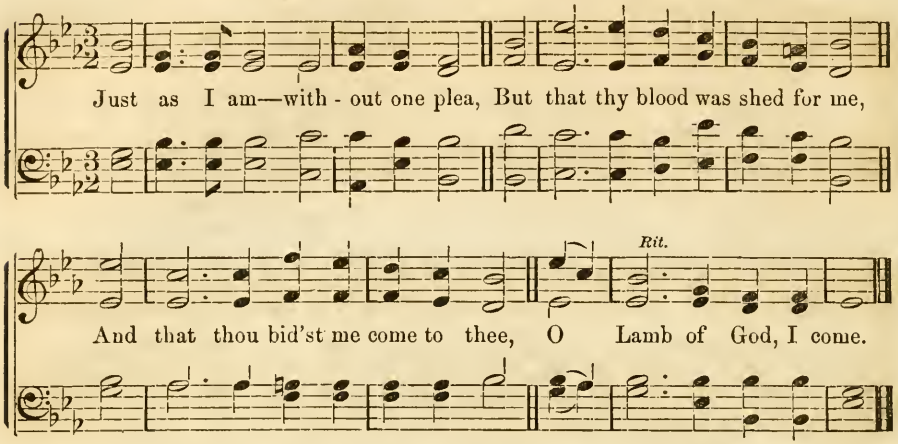
1 HASTE, Oh sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Wisdom warns thee from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.

3 Haste, Oh sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Death may thy poor soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

JUST AS I AM. 8, 8, 8, 6.



207. *Just as I am.* (343)

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each [spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am. though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

208. *"If any man thirst let him come unto me."* JOHN vii: 37. (318)

1 BURDENED with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;
O weary sinner, come!

2 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!

3 Come hither bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come!

4 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come:"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come! [come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

209. *The unseen Friend.* (371)

1 O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bidd'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing [scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

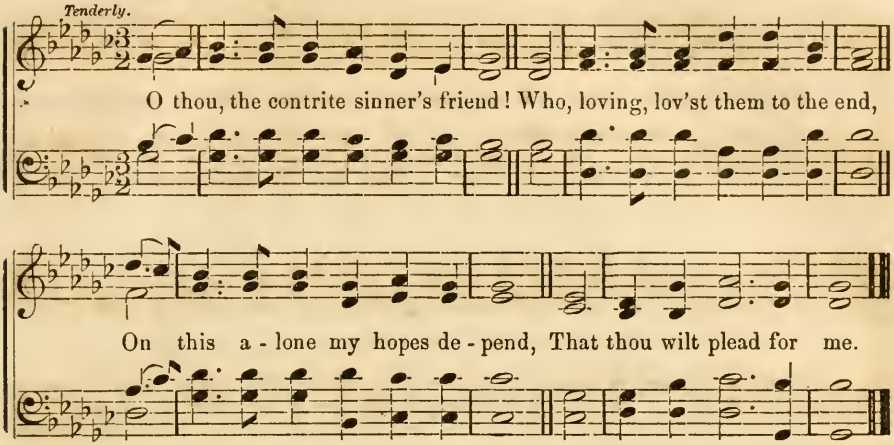
2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone [grown,
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'er-
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
So safe. so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

THE SINNER'S FRIEND. 8s & 6s.



210. *The sinner's Friend.*

1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's friend!
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

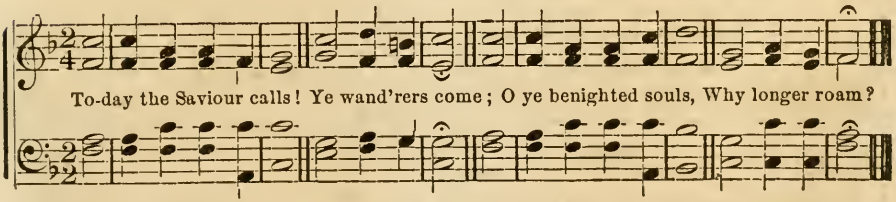
3 When I have err'd and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, Oh, plead for me.

5. And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heav'nly day,
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast wash'd them all away;
Oh, say thou plead'st for me!

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.



211. *To-day the Saviour calls.* (323)

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wand'rers, come:
O, ye benighted souls
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls,
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away:
'Tis mercy's hour.

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. Peculiar.

1 All you that are wea - ry and sad—come! And you that are cheerful and glad—come!

In robes of hu - mil - i - ty clad—come! The Saviour invites you to - day, to - day.

212. "*The Spirit and the Bride say come.*" Rev. xxii: 17. (321)

2 Let youth in its freshness and bloom—come!
Let man in the pride of his noon—come!
Let age on the verge of the tomb—come!
Let none in his pride stay away.

3 Let the halt, and the maimed, and the blind—come!
Let all who are freely inclined—come!
With an humble and peaceable mind—
Away from the waters of strife. [come!

4 The Spirit and Bride freely say—come!
And let him that heareth it, say—come!
And let him that thirsteth to-day—come!
And drink of the fountain of life.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s.

1 { Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dismay, } Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's
{ Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day; } [room:
D. C. Child of sin and sor-row, Hear, and o - bey.

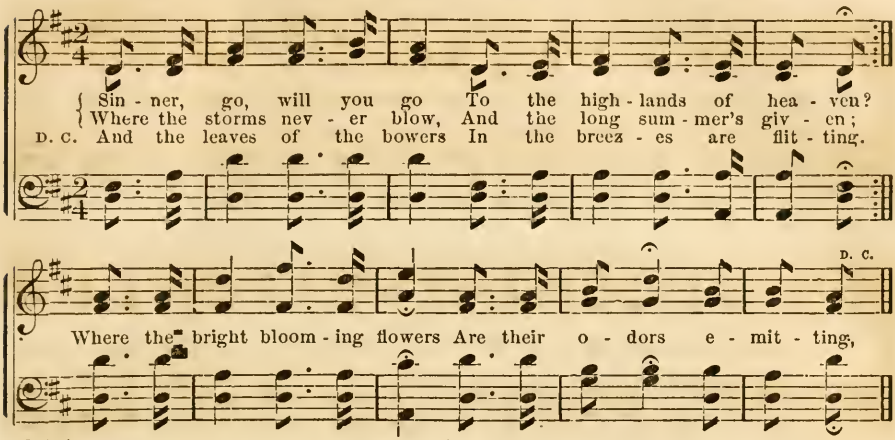
213. "*The garment of praise.*" Isaiah lxi: 3. (322)

2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow help from [on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow—
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee!
Through that long to-morrow, eternity!
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

4 Child of sin an sorrow, lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on [high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

THE SINNER'S INVITATION. 6s & 7s.



214.

The land of promise. (327)

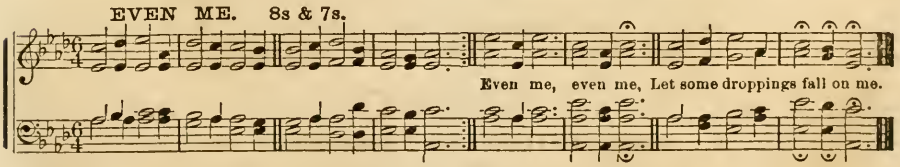
1 SINNER, go; will you go
To the highlands of heaven;
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;
Where the bright, blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting;
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending.
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing.

3 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow

4 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receeding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And for ever cease pleading.

EVEN ME. 8s & 7s.



215.

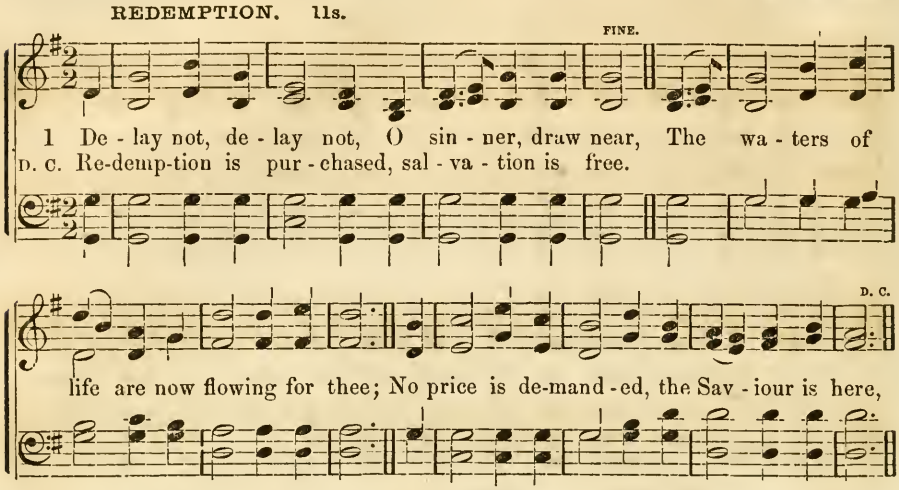
"Even me."

1 LORD, I hear of show'rs of blessings,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me:
Even me, etc.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me:
Even me, etc.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me:
Even me, etc.

4 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, Oh, bless me:
Even me, etc.



216.

Delay not.

(330)

2 Delay not, delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord?
A fountain is open'd; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not! O sinner, to come;
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, entreats thee to come;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

5 Delay not, delay not! the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade:
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What pow'r, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

217.

"*Repent and turn.*"
EZEKIEL xviii: 30.

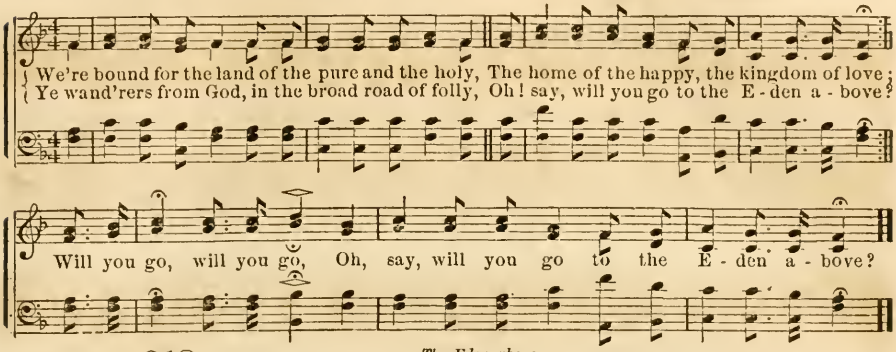
(329)

1 O TURN you! O turn you, for why will you die
When God in his mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says Come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away:
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
The streams of salvation are flowing most free.

3 Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive;
Oh, how can you question, since you now believe?
Since sin is your burden, why will you not come?
He now bids you welcome—he now says there's room.

THE EDEN ABOVE. P. M.



218.

The Eden above. (331)

1 We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

2 In that blesséd land neither sighing nor anguish,
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified move.
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

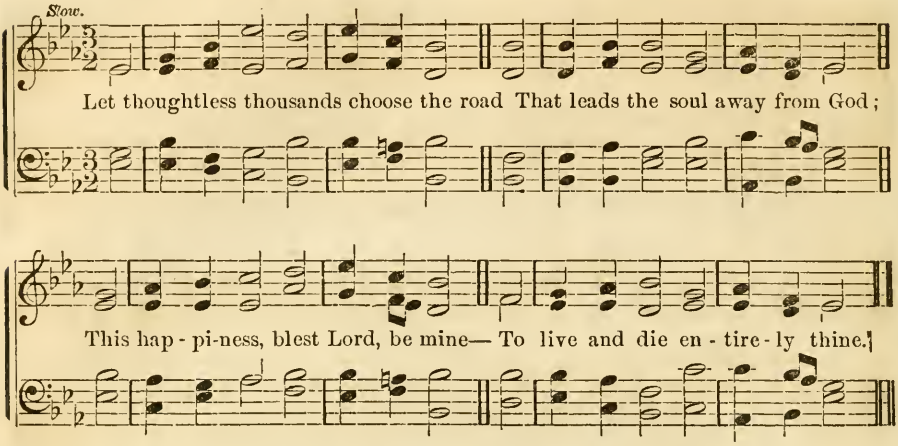
3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

4 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished;
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

5 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go;
Oh yes, we will go to the Eden above.

6 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
Oh come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

WELLS. L. M.



219. *Christ the soul's portion.* (338)

1 Let thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, blest Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him my life, my all receive;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.

3 Christ is my everlasting all;
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my every want supply
In time and through eternity.

4 Soon will the Lord, my Life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

220. *God calling yet.* (339)

1 God calling yet!—shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet!—shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still: can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet!—and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still!—my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I can not stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart!

221. *Christ the Redeemer and Judge.* (340)

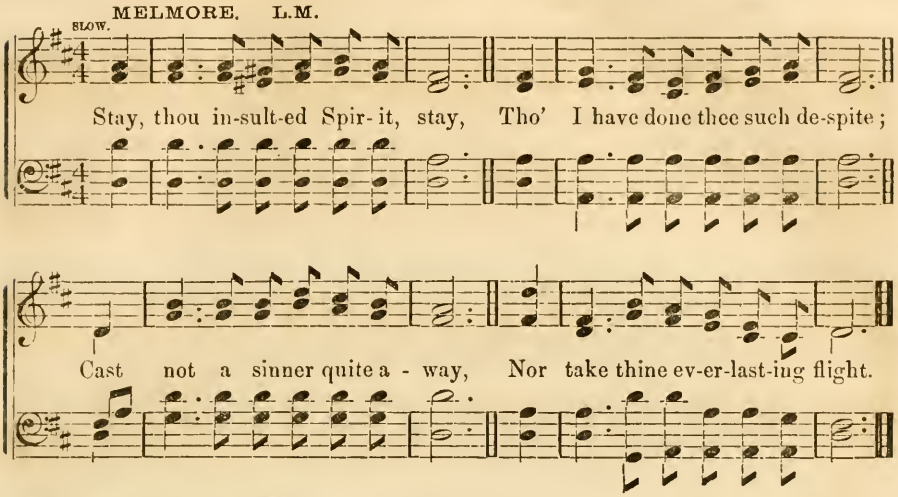
1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he who cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed;
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.



222.

"Grieve not the Spirit."

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,

3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
O, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

223.

"The contrite heart." (346)

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

224.

"The love of Christ constraineth." 11 Cor. 5 : 14. (345)

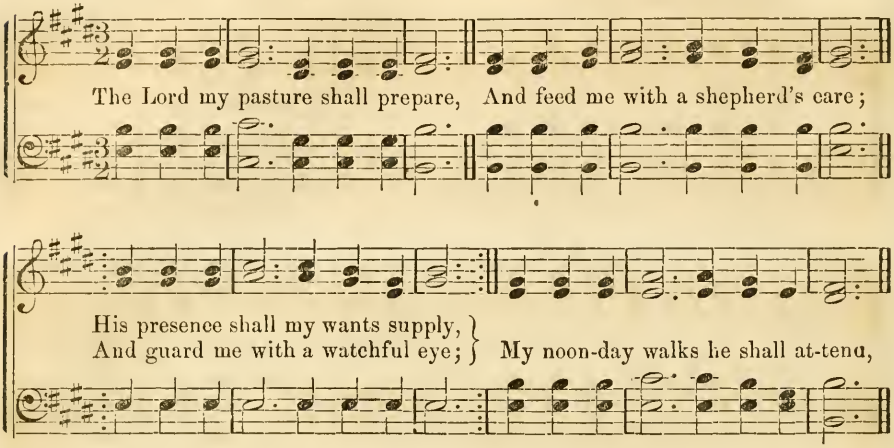
1 Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.

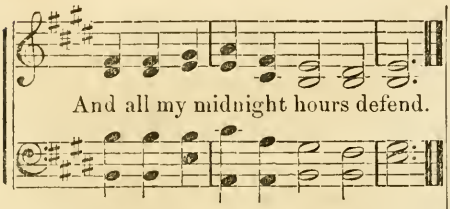
2 For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
The Lord of Life, the Saviour dies;
What love! what mercy! how divine!
Jesus, and can I call thee mine?

3 Repentant sorrows fill my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart;
O, may my future life declare
This sorrow and the joy sincere.

4 Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

BACA. L. M. 6 lines.





225. PSALM xxiii. (70)

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

226. "*A very present help in trouble.*" PSALM xl: 1. (224)

1 STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Support by thy almighty hand,
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thine arm my sure defense,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

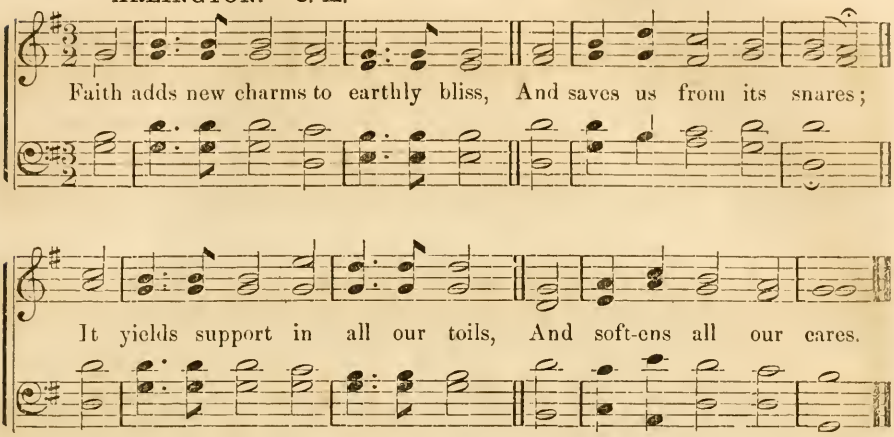
2 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
O, Saviour, in that trying hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

227. "*Come unto me all ye that labor.*" MATT. xi: 28. (350)

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
Oh, hear, believe, and bless the Lord!

ARLINGTON. C. M.



228.

Power of faith. (352)

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss
And saves us from its snares;
It yields support in all our toils
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Unveiling wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

229.

"*Increase our faith.*" LUKE 17 : 5. (353)

1 OH for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God:—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

230.

A living faith. (354)

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

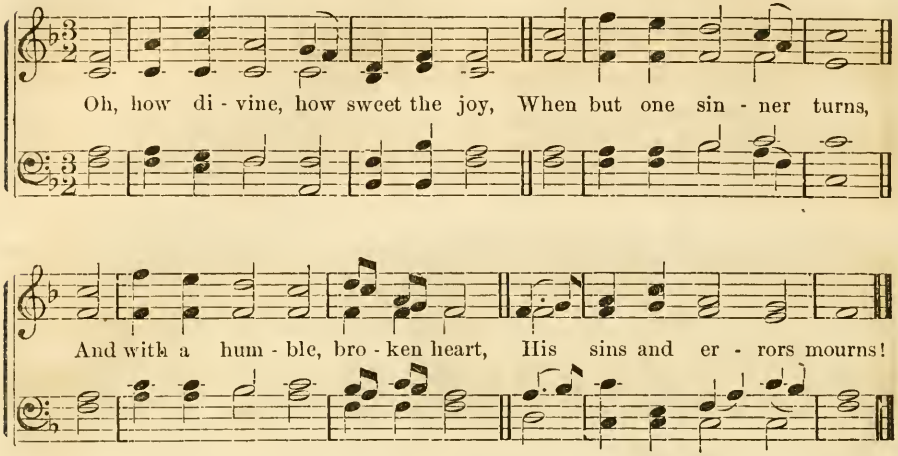
2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead!
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 Faith must obey our Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God requires us still
To walk in all his ways.

5 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.



231. *"There is joy over one sinner that repenteth."* LUKE xv: 7. (358)

1 OH how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with a humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

3 Well pleas'd the Father sees, and hears
The conscious sinner's moan:
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

232. *The heart's surrender.* (359)

1 WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake—
To thee, I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.

3 Oh may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide
I give it all to thee.

233. *"Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath"* LUKE xiv: 33. (360)

1 AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord! for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls! while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

234. *A plea for mercy.* (361)

1 MERCY alone can meet my case,
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me?—No!
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.

3 To thee, thee only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe—
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

OZREM. S. M.

With tenderness.

To - mor - row, Lord, is thine, Lodg'd in thy sove - reign hand;

And if its sun a - rise and shine, It shines by thy com - mand.

235. *"Boast not thyself of to-morrow."* PROV. xxvii: 1. (302)

1 TO-MORROW, Lord! is thine,
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The agéd and the young.

4 One thing demands our care.
Oh, be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

236. *Yielding.* (365)

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer! take, Oh take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below

237. *God's mercy to the penitent.* (366)

1 SWEET is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal;
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Thy presence shall restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Lord, let my steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast blessed.

PLEYEL'S HYMN, 7s.

Flowing.

Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me?

I who strayed so long a - - go, Strayed so far, and fell so low!

238.

"Father, I have sinned." LUKE, xv, 18. (367)

1 Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low!

2 I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate and wild;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!

3 I, who spurned his loving hold,
I, who would not be controlled,
I, who would not hear his call,
I, the wilful prodigal!

4 I, who wasted and mis-spent
Every talent he had lent;
I, who sinned again, again,
Giving every passion rein!

5 To my Father can I go?
At his feet myself I'll throw,
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

6 See, my Father waiting stands;
See, he reaches out his hands;
God is love! I know, I see,
Love for me—yes, even me.

239.

Sighing for home. (368)

1 People of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblessed:
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

240.

"We walk by faith." 2 COR., v. 7.

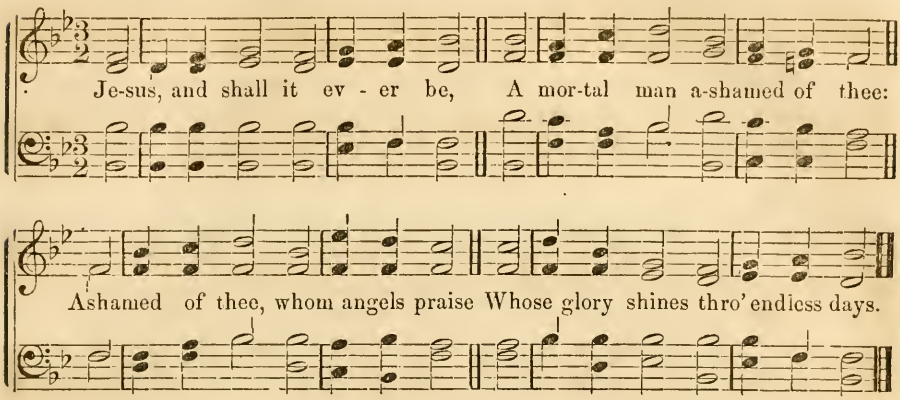
1 Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?
Who, O God! my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blesséd Father, gracious One!
Thou hast sent thy only Son:
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die.

4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

HEBRON. L. M.



241. *Ashamed of Jesus.* (373)

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let morning be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And Oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

242. *"Follow thou Me."* (375)

1 Jesus my all to heaven has gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His path I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long had been,
That I had not been saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul—I am the way.

5 Then glad I came to him, blest Lamb!
And made confession of his name;
Myself alone had I to give:
Nothing but love did I receive.

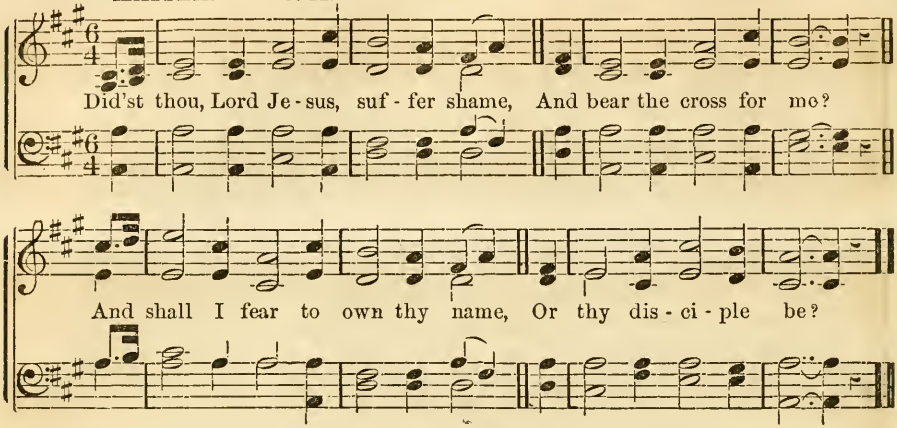
6 Now will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—Behold the way to God.

243. *Grace.* (106)

1 My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

2 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

MAITLAND. C. M.



244. *Glorying in the cross.* (355)

1 DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
Oh let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with love divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour, ever near,
Will guide thee in the way.

5 Oh how my soul would rise and run
At this transporting word;
Nor any painful suff'rings shun
To follow thee, my Lord.

6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

245. *"Hinder me not."* GEN. xxiv: 56. (380)

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, you much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through trials and through suff'rings too,
I'll go at his command:
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
Hinder me not—come, welcome death—
I'll gladly go with thee.

246. *"He that is ashamed of me and of my word."* MARK viii: 38. (381)

1 ASHAM'D of Christ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought;
Shall we disown that friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

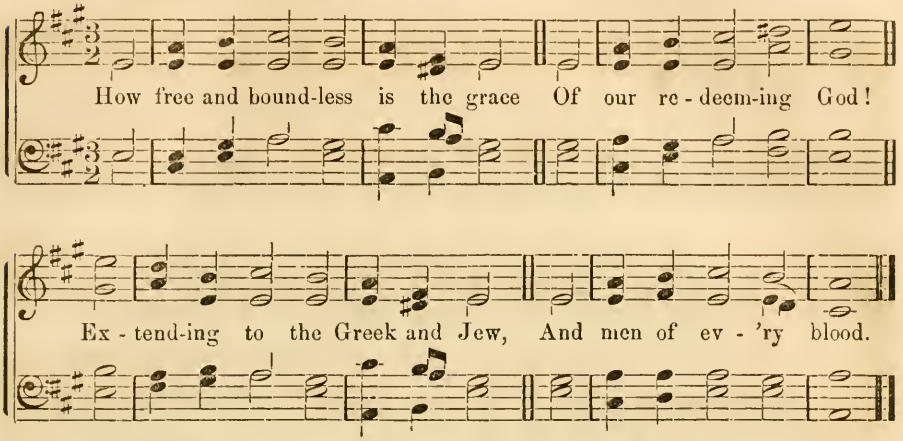
2 With the glad news of love and peace
From heav'n to earth he came;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

3 To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.

4 Each faithful foll'wer Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear—their death
Is precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honor this!
Who nobly suffers for him now
Shall reign with him in bliss.

CHELMSFORD. C. M.



247. *"For there is no difference."* ROM. x: 12. (287)

1 How free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God!
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood.

2 Come, all you wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

3 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

248. *"Lord, if thou will."* MATT. viii: 2. (383)

1 O LORD, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood!
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God!

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

249. *"The Holy Spirit descended."* LUKE iii: 22. (384)

1 MEEKLY in Jordan's flowing stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So may the Spirit come to-day
To our baptismal scene:
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs:
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

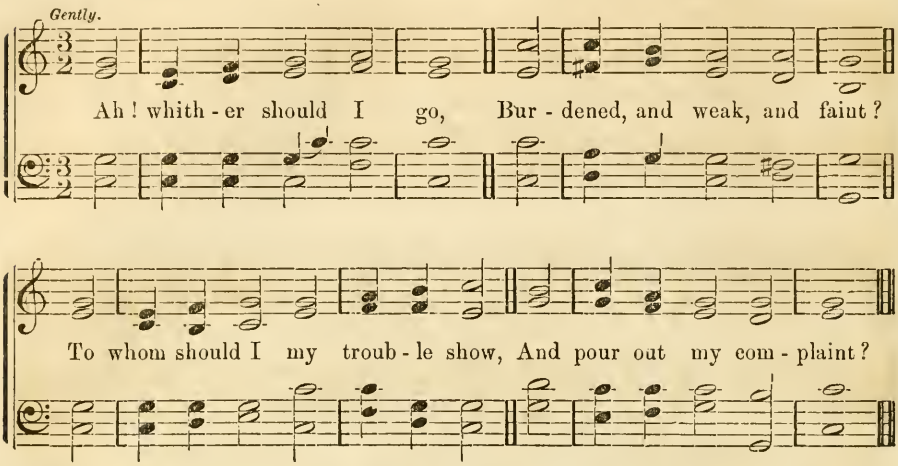
250. *"I come to do thy will."* HEB. x: 7. (385

1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"To do thy will, O Lord!"
At Jordan's flood, behold! he seals,
The sure prophetic word.

2 Hark! a glad voice—the Father speaks,
From heaven's exalted hight;
"This is my Son, my well belov'd,
In whom I do delight."

3 No more we'll count ourselves our own,
But his in bonds of love;
Oh! may such bonds for ever draw
Our souls to things above.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



251.

1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened, and weak, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why should I delay?
He calls the sinner home,—
I come to him to-day.

3 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy saving power display;
Into its darkest chambers shine
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe; in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith to me
Oh let it, Lord, be done!

5 In me is all the bar
Which thou wouldst fain remove:—
Remove, remove it hence afar,
O God, thou God of love!

252. *"You shall find rest for your souls."* Matt. xi: 29. (364)

1 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

2 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

3 Lord! at thy feet I fall;
I long to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

253. Matt. iii: 16. (386)

1 Come and behold the place,
Where once your Saviour lay;
Confess that he is Lord of all,
And humble homage pay.

2 Laid in the watery grave,
He quickly rose again;
Buried with him, we too shall rise,
And endless life obtain.

3 Now may the Spirit crown,
With tokens of his grace,
The solemn service of this day,
And bid us go in peace.

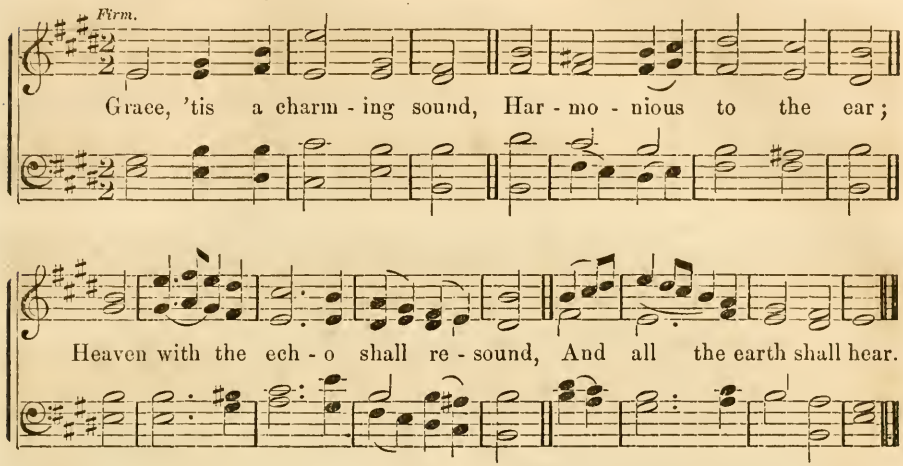
254. *"Thus it becometh us."* Matt. iii: 15. (389)

1 With willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod,
We love th'example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely;
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
Oh, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

WATCHMAN. S. M.



255. *"By grace are ye saved."* EPH. ii: 8. (405)

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led our wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

256. *"I will write my law in their hearts."* HEB. viii: 10. (418)

1 GREAT source of life and light!
Thy heavenly grace impart,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, and write
Thy law upon my heart.

2 My soul would cleave to thee;
Let naught my purpose move;
Oh, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love!

3 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
Oh, let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer!

4 Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

257. *"Blessed are they that hunger."* MATT. v: 6. (703)

1 HUNGRY, and faint and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh! hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

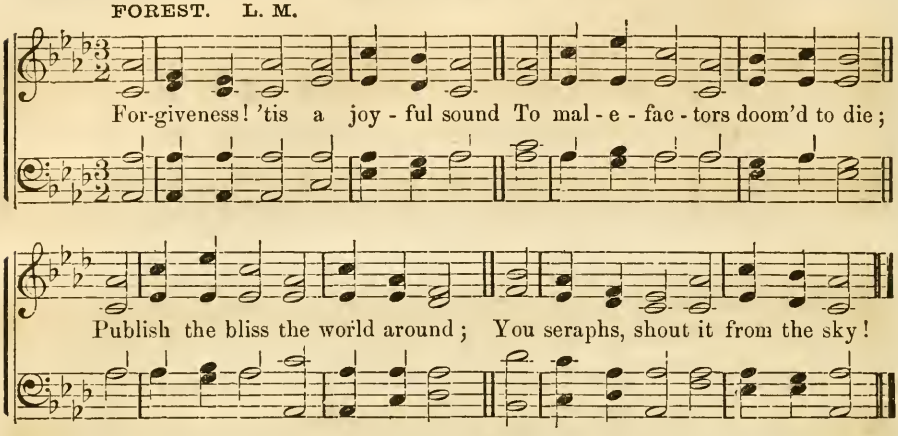
258.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way
And let me rove no more.

FOREST. L. M.



259. *The joys of pardon.* (395)

1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doomed to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
You seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, outmeasuring every crime;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 For this stupendous love of heav'n,
What grateful honors shall we show!
Where much transgression is forgiv'n
Let love in equal ardors glow.

4 By this inspir'd, let all our days
With gospel holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

260. "*Blessed is the man whose sin is covered.*" ROM. iv. 7. (396)

1 EARTH has a joy unknown in heav'n—
The new-born joy of sins forgiv'n!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
O angels! never dimm'd your sight.

2 You saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
You know where morn exulting springs,
And ev'ning folds her drooping wings.

3 Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands you fulfill;
Or, thron'd in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

4 Loud is the song—the heavn'ly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

5 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
You on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine shall bear.

261. *Self-dedication.* (397)

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased alone by blood divine;
With full consent I yield to thee,
And own thy sovereign right to me.

2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all:
Lord, let me live and die to thee—
Be thine through all eternity.

262. *Organization of a Church.* (483)

1 LORD, bless thy saints assembled here,
In solemn cov'nant now to join;
Unite them in thy holy fear,
And in thy love their hearts combine

2 O give this church a large increase
Of such as thou wilt own and bless;
Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace,
And clothe them with thy righteousness.

3 Make her a garden wall'd with grace,
A temple built for God below,
Where thy blest saints may see thy face;
And fruits of thy bless'd Spirit grow

ORIEL. L. M.

Slow and gentle.

1 O love di-vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear.

On thee is cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while thou art near.

263. *God ever near.* (66)

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
Oh love divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

264. *The Beatitudes.* (411)

1 Bless'd are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the glowing coals of strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

5 Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
Glory and joy are their reward.

265. *In Christ.* (412)

1 God of my life! thy boundless grace,
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place
Father! I come, I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
Saviour! I come, I come to thee.

266. *"Our life is a vapor."* James iv: 14. (426)

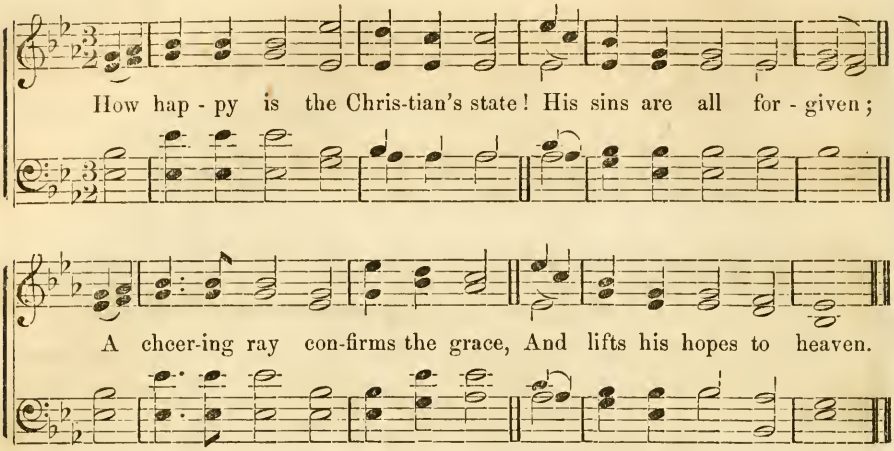
1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears;
If God be ours we're traveling home.
Though passing through a vale of tears.

LOVE. C. M.



267. "*Not as the world giveth.*" JOHN xiv: 27. (402)

1 How happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiv'n;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If to prevent his wand'ring steps
He feels the chastn'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

268. "*I was blind, but now I see.*" JOHN ix: 25. (403)

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

269. "*Newness of life.*" ROM. vi: 4. (404)

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my home in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet Oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 Oh, what a blesséd hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heav'nly powers,
And ante-date that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

5 Oh, would he all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.

6 On him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

ZANESVILLE. C. M.

Firm and steady.

In - fi - nite ex - cel - lence is thine, Thou love - ly Prince of Grace!

Thy un - cre - at - ed beau - ties shine With nev - er - fad - ing rays.

270.

Christ—"all in all." (237)

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and praise ascend
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread,
And purest joys abound.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

271.

Peace in the storm. (414)

1 LORD, in whose might the Saviour trod
The dark and stormy wave.
And trusted in his Father's arm,
Omnipotent to save;—

2 When thickly round our footsteps rise
The floods and storms of life,
Grant us thy Spirit, Lord, to still
The dark and fearful strife.

3 Strong in our trust, on thee reposed,
The ocean path we'll dare.
Though waves around us rage and foam
Since thou art present there.

272.

"*We have left all.*" MATT. xix: 27. (416)

1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

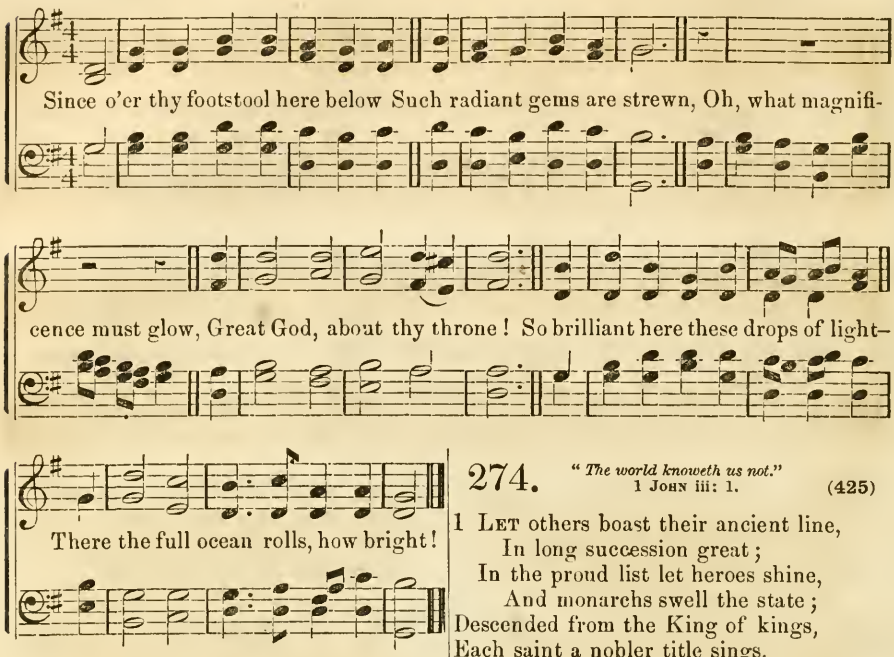
3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child;
It cheers me through this "little while,'
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 It bids my trembling heart rejoice,
It dries each rising tear,
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust and never fear.

5 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

6 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

CORONATION. C. H. M.



273.

The ineffable glory of God. (55)

1 Since o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky—
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

3 The dazzling sun at noonday hour—
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine;
What, then, the day where thou dost shine!

4 Oh, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light

274.

"The world knoweth us not." 1 John iii: 1. (425)

1 Let others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

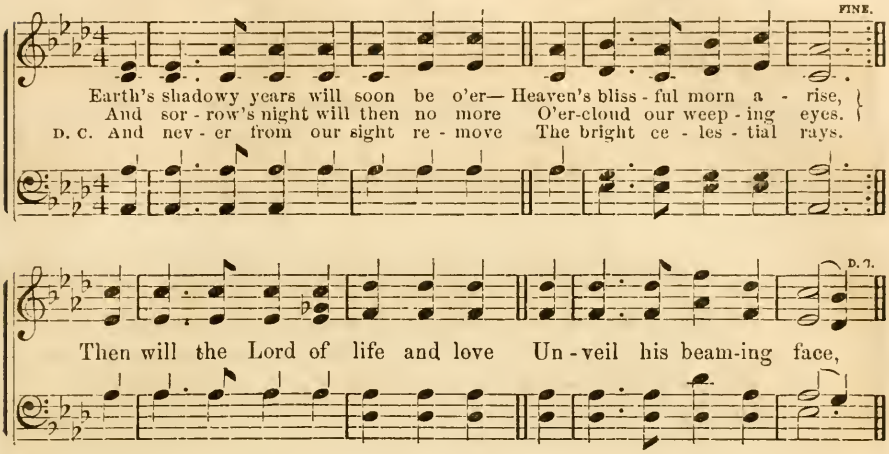
2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Scepters and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their luster in my eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honors here I crave,
Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives;
With him I, too, shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain;
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.

5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou, too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough!—I wait th' appointed day—
Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away!

WILLOW DALE. C. M. double.



275.

1 EARTH'S shadowy years will soon be o'er,
Heav'n's blissful morn arise,
And sorrow's night will then no more
O'ercloud our weeping eyes.

2 Then will the Lord of life and love
Unveil his beaming face;
And never from our sight remove
The bright celestial rays.

3 The precious jewels Jesus sent
To be our solace here,
Were only for a season lent,
They're shining brighter there.

4 And we shall soon their lovely forms
In glorious robes behold:
Shall sing with them in angel's songs,
With harps of shining gold.

5 In that blest place no loved ones part:
No mourning there, no sighs;
For God himself will gently wipe
All sorrow from their eyes.

6 There everlasting peace and joy,
And transport shall be thine;
Praise shall our utmost powers employ,
In melody divine.

276.

The land of promise. (428)

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love.
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

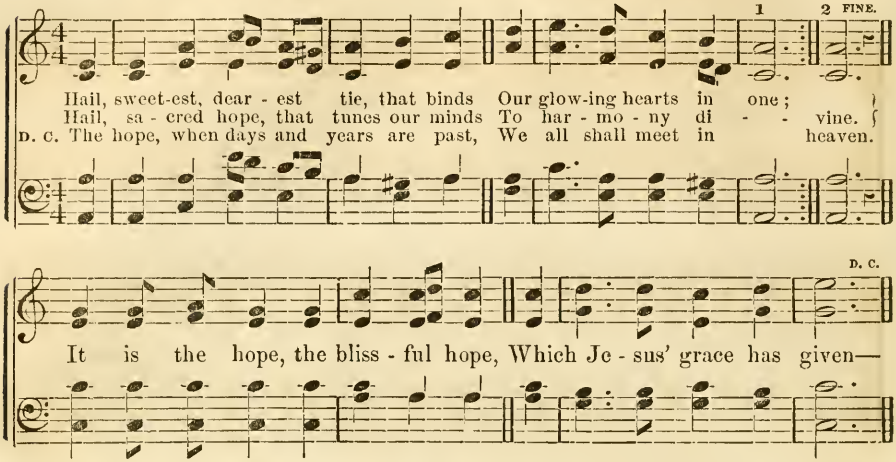
277.

"Crying Abba, Father." GAL. iv: 6. (415)

1 FATHER! I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine;
And let the Spirit of thy Son,
Fill this poor heart of mine.

2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, my Father, God!
With an unwavering tongue.

BLISSFUL HOPE. (MALONE.) C. M. double.



278. *We all shall meet in heaven.* (430)

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven

3 From eastern shores, from northern lands,
From western hill and plain,
From southern climes, the brother-bands
May hope to meet again;
From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

4 No lingering look, nor parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
Oh sacred hope! Oh blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

279. *The heavenly Canaan.* (431)

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And east a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

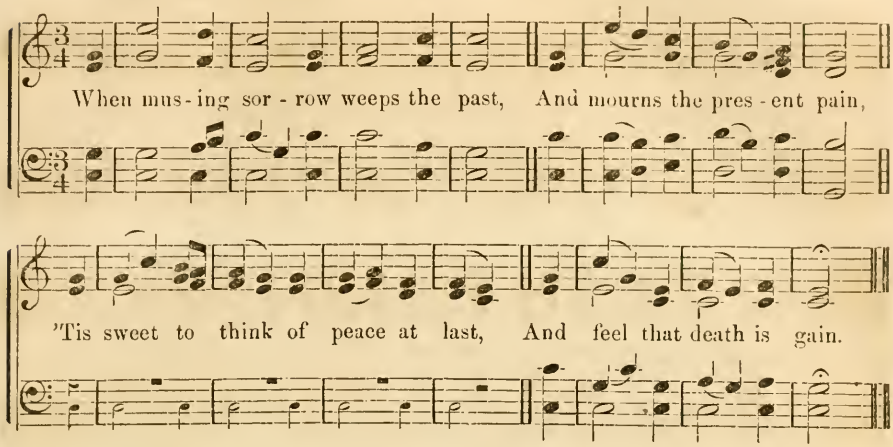
4 All o'er these wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And seatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

MILLMER. C. M.



280. *Hope in trouble.* (432)

1 When musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that troubled conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin,
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.

5 Oh, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

281. *Light in darkness.* (433)

1 Oh, there's a better world on high;
Hope on, thou pious breast;
Faint not, thou traveler; on the sky
Thy weary feet shall rest.

2 Anguish may rend each vital part;
Poor man, thy strength how frail!
Yet heaven's own strength shall shield thy heart,
When flesh and heart shall fail.

3 Through death's dark vale, of deepest shade,
Thy feet must surely go;
Yet there, e'en there, walk undismayed;
'Tis thy last scene of woe.

4 Thy God—and with the tenderest hand—
Shall guard the traveler through;
"Hail!" shalt thou cry; "hail! promis'd land!
And, wilderness, adieu!"

5 Oh Father, make our souls thy care,
And bring us safe to thee;
Where'er thou art—we ask not where—
But there 'tis heaven to be.

282. *Abounding in hope.* (434)

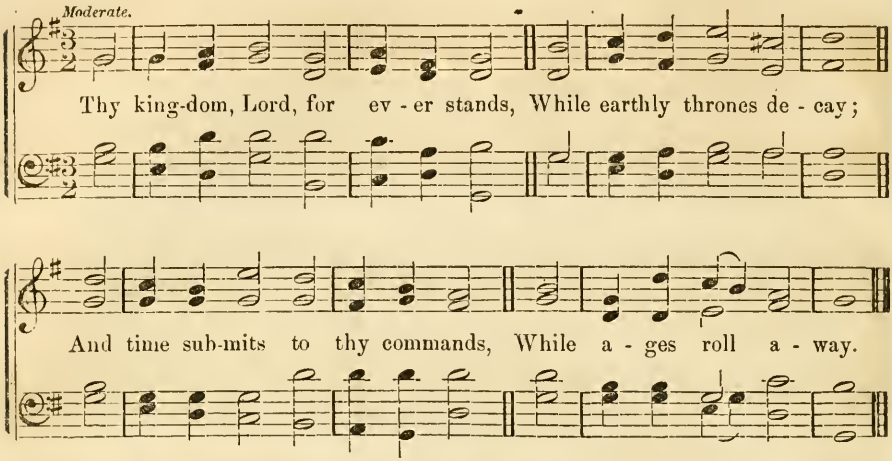
1 Since I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I would smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

ROCHESTER. C. M.



283. "*A kingdom which can not be moved.*" HEB. xii : 28. (443)

1 THY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
Its inexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining pow'r.

3 Holy and just in all thy ways
Thy providence divine;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God—delightful theme!—
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

284. "*A sure foundation.*" ISAIAH xxviii : 16. (444)

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise!

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe, and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

285. "*Let us go into the house of the Lord.*" PSALM cxxii: 1. (445)

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road:
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

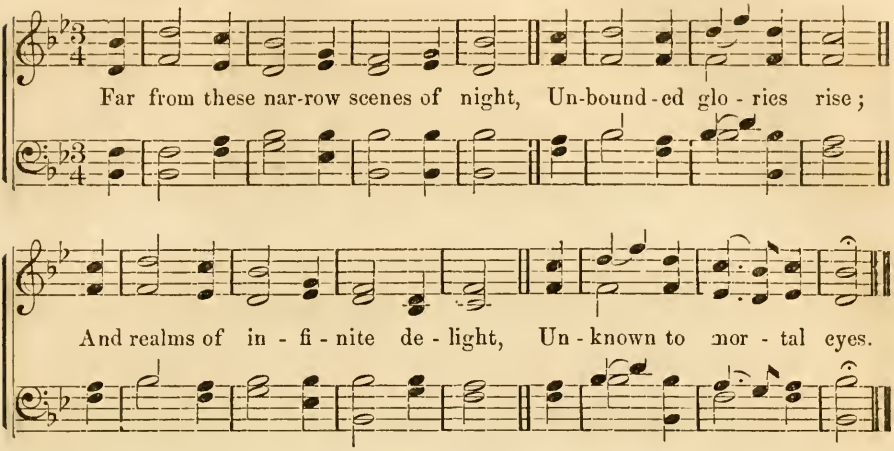
3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour reigns.

BALERMA. C. M.



286. *"The land that is afar off."* Isaiah xxxiii: 17. (429)

1 Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Celestial land! could our weak eyes
But half thy charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more:

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns!

4 No cloud these blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of ev'ry woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

287. *"Yet will I not forget thee."* Isaiah xlix: 15. (446)

1 A mother may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion! can not fail.

2 No! thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands;
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears;
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion! learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

288. *"The Lord is my light and my salvation."* Psalm xxvii: 1. (447)

1 The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One blessing, Lord, my heart desires;
Oh, grant me my abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

Firm—not too fast.

There is a lit - tle, lone - ly fold, Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,

Thro' summer's heat and win-ter's cold, With eye that nev - er sleeps.

289. "*Fear not, little flock.*" LUKE xii. 32. (448)

1 THERE is a little lonely fold,
Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

2 By evil beast or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

4 O, gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me;
And take a wanderer to thy fold,
That trembling turns to thee.

290. "*You are come unto Mount Zion.*" HEB. xii: 22. (449)

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,—
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

2 But we are come to Zion hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the Judge, who doth declare
Their vilest sins forgiv'n!

5 Saints here, and those in Jesus dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever bless'd.

291. "*His kingdom is everlasting.*" DANL. vii: 27. (451)

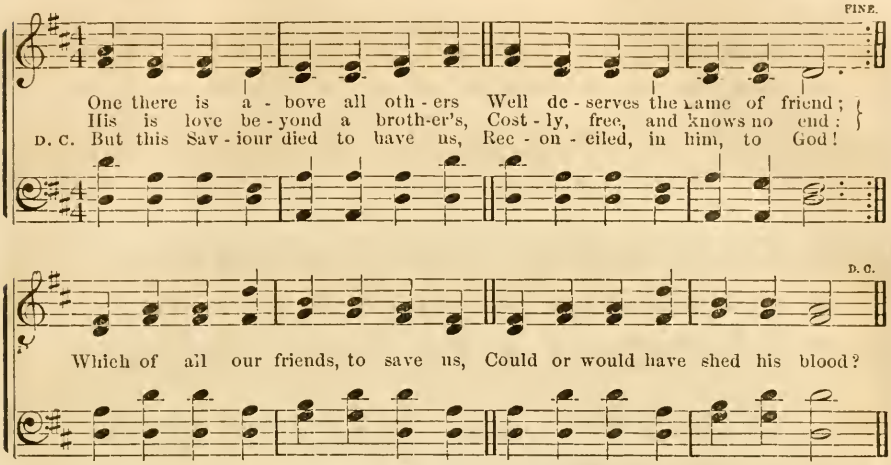
1 OH where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But Holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within, the solemn voice,
And her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
The Holy Church of God!
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Unmovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

FRIEND. 8s & 7s.



Note.—*This tune is adapted to Hymn* 709.

292.

Friend of sinners.

1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly—free—and knows no end:
Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us,
Reconciled, in him, to God!

2 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name,
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.
Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

293.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee." Psalm lxxxvii: 3. (460)

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

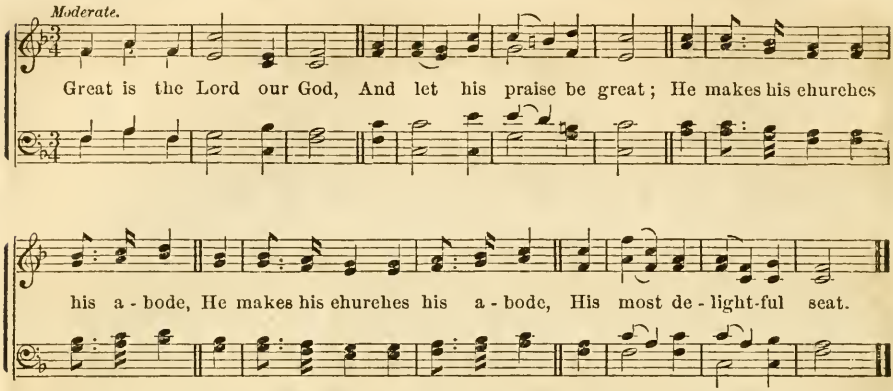
2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from Eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage!
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring.
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
With himself to reign as kings;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, since of Zion's city,
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name;
Fading is the worldling's treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

GERAR. S. M.



294. *"The Lord is great in Zion."* PSALM xcix: 2. (452)

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

5 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

6 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

295. *"I love thy kingdom, Lord."* (453)

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my toils and cares be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

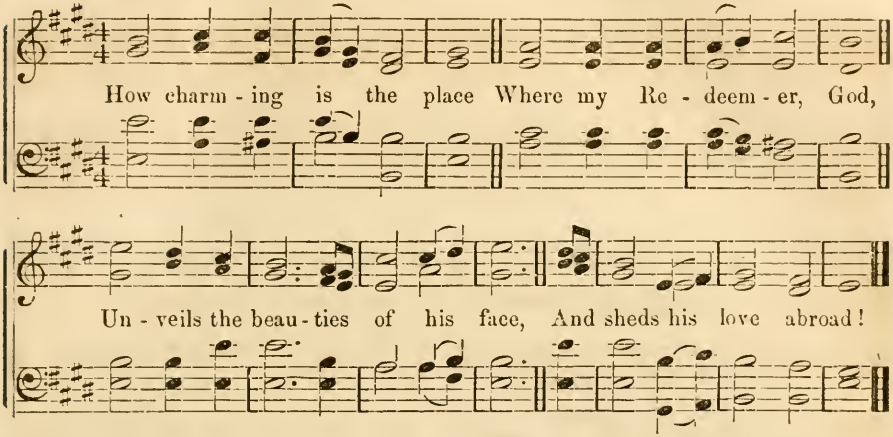
296. *"That they may be one in us."* JOHN xvii: 21. (419)

1 THY Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our Head;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

2 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

3 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear!
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

LIBRA. S. M.



297. "*How amiable are thy tabernacles.*" PSALM lxxxiv: 1. (454)

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the merey-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

298. *The ark of God.* (456)

1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found,—

2 Oh cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And ev'ry longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire,
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

299. "*The Lord loveth the gates of Zion.*" PSALM lxxxvii: 2. (457)

1 How honor'd is the place,
Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

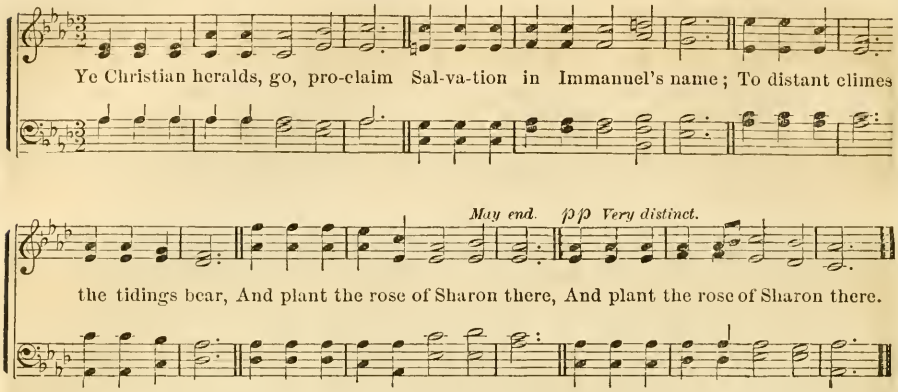
2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;
While walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace,

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints;
And banish all your fears,
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.



300.

"Go ye into all the world." MARK xvi: 15. (465)

1 YE Christian heralds! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempests into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

301.

"Pray for me." 2 THESS. iii. 1. (467)

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best endowments are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Oh, clothe with energy divine
Their words; and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound.
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

302.

The great commission.

1 "Go preach my gospel"—saith the Lord:
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
And they condemned who disbelieve.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to my hands,
I can destroy and I defend."

4 He spake and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

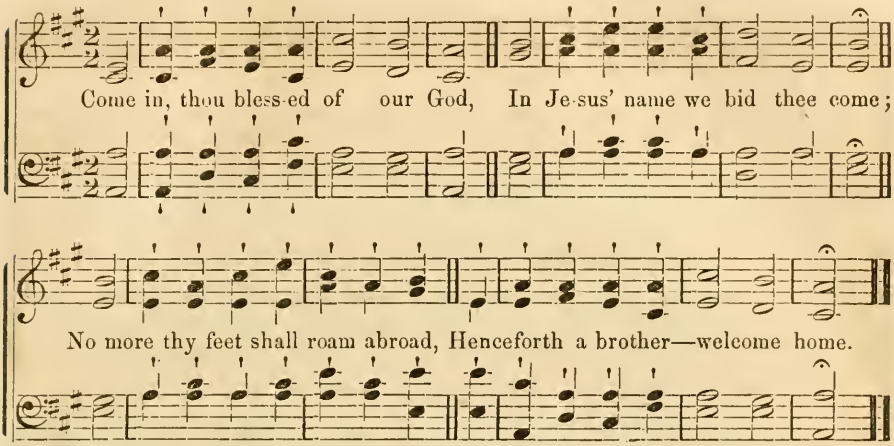
303.

"Pray for me."

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend,
Him whom we now to thee commend;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And arm him to obey thy will

PUBLIC WORSHIP. L. M.



304. *"Come in thou blessed of the Lord."* GEN. XXIV: 31. (478)

1 COME in, thou blesséd of our God,
In Jesus name we bid thee come;
No more thy feet shall roam abroad.
Henceforth a brother—welcome home.

2 Those joys which earth can not afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

305. *Christian affection.* (479)

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

306. *"A more excellent way."* 1 COR. XII: 31. (480)

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell—
Or could my faith the world remove—
Still I am nothing without love.

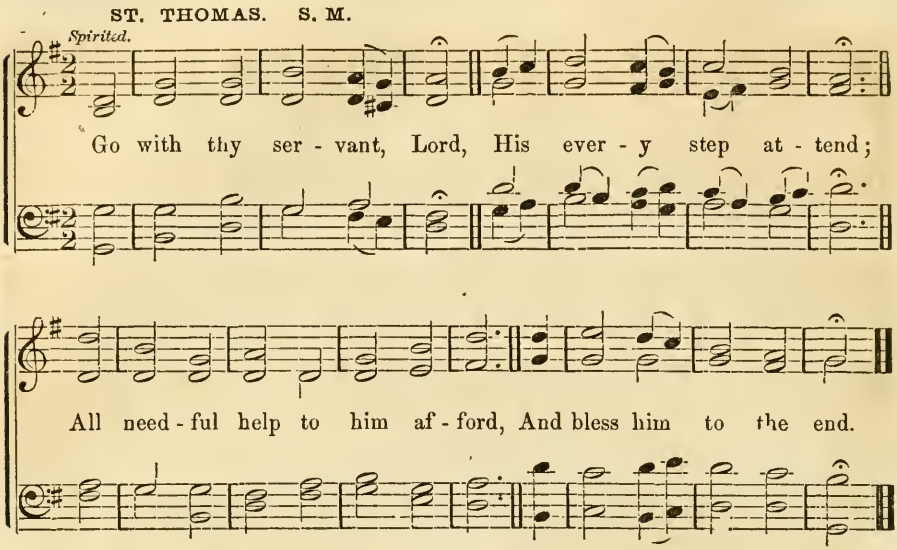
3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor—
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

307. *For a business meeting.* (549)

1 BENIGNANT God of love and power,
Be with us in this solemn hour;
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have and are combine
To forward objects so divine.



308. *"Pray for me."* (471)

1 Go with thy servant, Lord,
His every step attend;
All needful help to him afford,
And bless him to the end.

2 Preserve him from all wrong;
Stand thou at his right hand:
And keep him from the sland'rous tongue
And persecuting band.

3 May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace;
And do thou, to the list'ning crowd,
His faithful labors bless.

4 Farewell, dear lab'rer, go;
We part with thee in love;
And if we meet no more below,
Oh may we meet above.

309. *"Be ye therefore ready also."* Luke xii: 40. (472)

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight;
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis the Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.

310. *On the departure of a missionary.* (470)

1 You messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads—
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go.

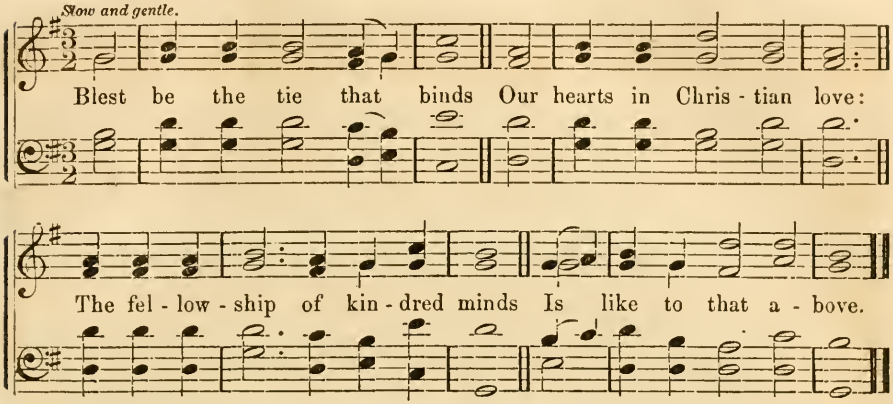
3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you in his name,
The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

BANKOKE. S. M.

Slow and gentle.



311.

"*Love as brethren.*" 1 Pet. iii: 8. (495)

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4 Though often called to part,
Amid these scenes of pain;
Yet, we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

312.

"*Stand fast in the Lord.*" Phil. iv: 11. (496)

1 All you that have confess'd
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people join'd yourselves,
According to his word:—

2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your pray'r.

4 With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice:
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

5 Never offend, nor grieve
Your brethren by the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

6 In all your Saviour's ways
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

313.

"*Let there be no divisions among you.*" 1 Cor. i: 10. (497)

1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

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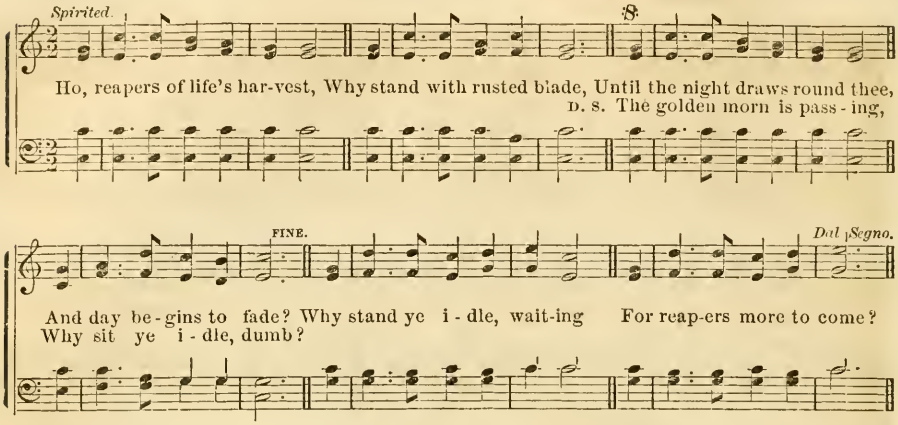


314. *"The fields are white already to harvest."* JOHN iv: 35. (476)

1 Ho, reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee.
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain:
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
Thy Master calls for reapers;
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold:
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the hights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

315. *Early Piety.* (325)

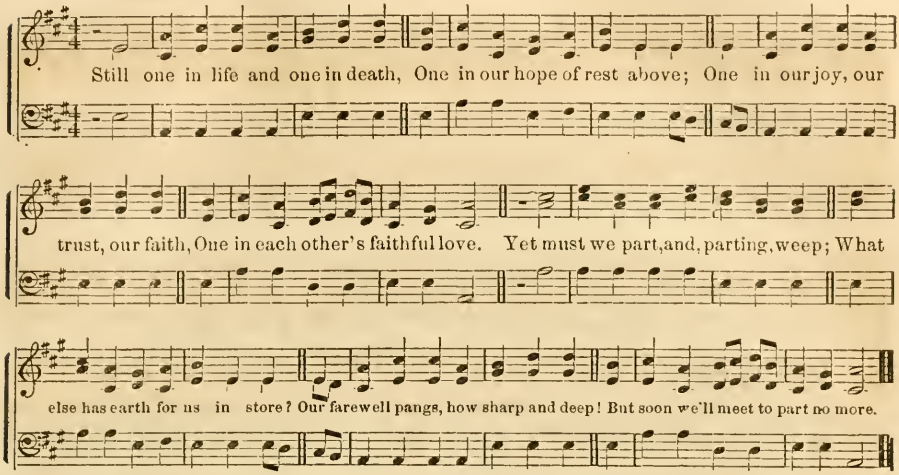
1 OH come in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have wither'd,
And sorrow end thy day.
Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow,
Come ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

2 "Remember thy Creator"
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
"Remember thy Creator,"
He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlds above.

3 Oh come in life's gay morning,
Nor heed the tempter's lure;
His love, your souls adorning,
Will make salvation sure.
Oh leave your sin and sorrow;
Come follow in his way;
The crown is yours to-morrow,
Then take the cross to-day.

4 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.
And when life's storm is over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

DUANE. L. M. Double.



316.

"Ye are all one in Christ Jesus." GAL. 3: 28. (484)

1 STILL one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above;
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love.

2 Yet must we part, and, parting, weep;
What else has earth for us in store?
Our farewell pangs, how sharp and deep!
But soon we'll meet to part no more.

317.

Christian fellowship. (477)

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus—as the moments pass away—
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

318.

Parting hymn. (485)

1 MY Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove;
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your presence sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here!
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like chords around my heart.

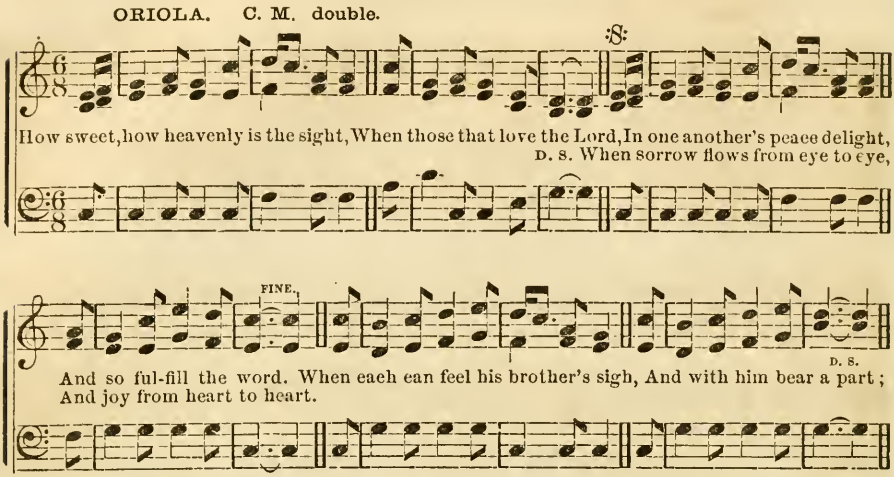
3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath are we to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind!
But pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.

5 My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on;
Press on, and soon you'll win the prize—
A crown of glory in the skies.

6 A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast:
When, in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

7 O blessèd day! O glorious hope!
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When, in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.



319.

"The bond of perfectness." Col. iii: 14. (493)

1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:

3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:

4 When love in one delightful stream
Through ev'ry bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In ev'ry action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds,
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

320.

"The unity of the Spirit." Eph. iv: 3. (488)

1 Bless'd be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Oh may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

321.

"The whole family in heaven and earth." Eph. iii: 15. (494)

1 Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one:—

3 One family,—we dwell in him:
One church,—above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
Expecting soon to die!

6 Dear Saviour! be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

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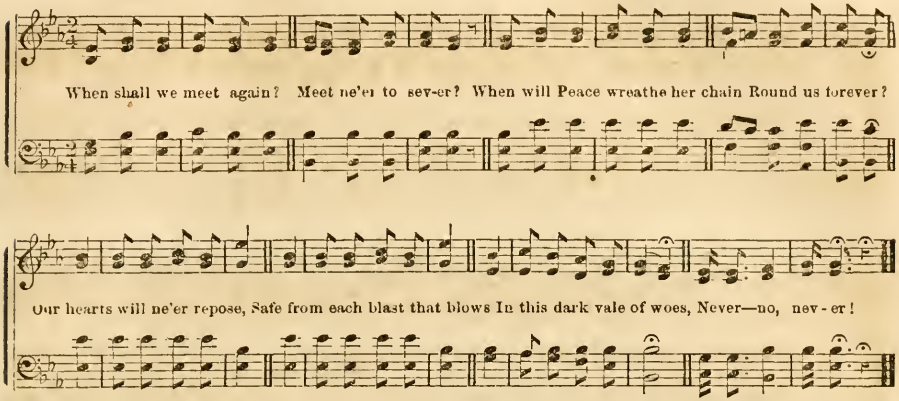


322.

When shall we meet again.

(504)

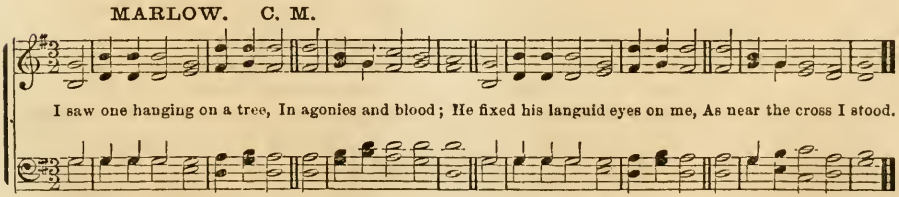
1 When shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever:
Soon shall Peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never—no, never!

MARLOW. C. M.



323.

The Cross.

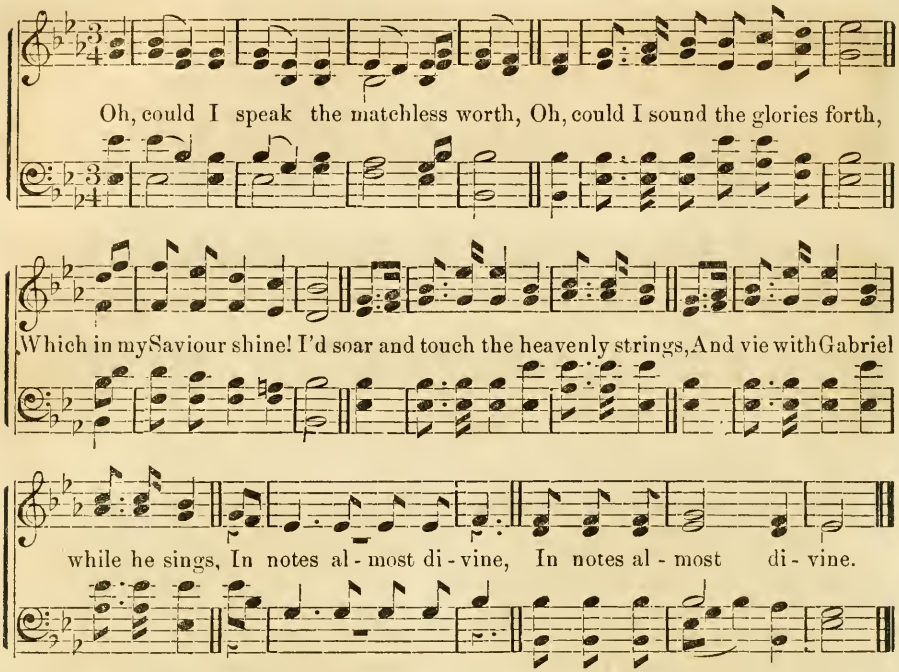
1 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 Oh! never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke,

3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there!

4 A second look he gave that said,
"I freely all forgive;
My blood is for thy ransom paid,—
I die that thou may'st live."

ARIEL. C. P. M.



324.

"His unsearchable riches." (152)

1 Oh could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

325.

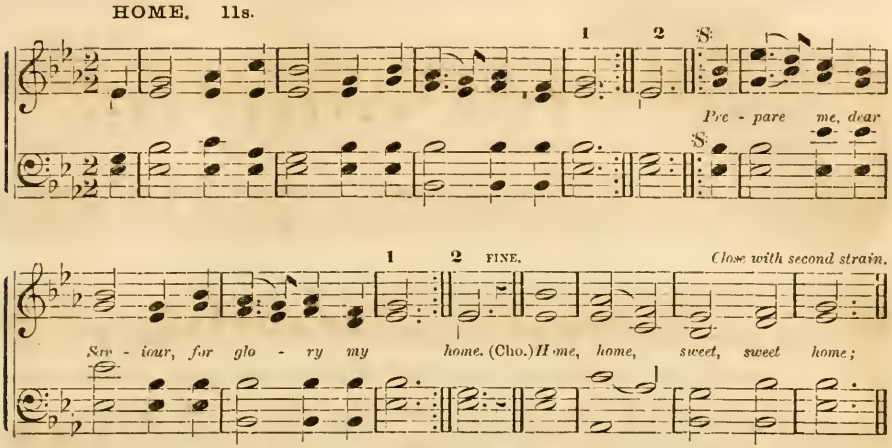
"He that dwelleth in Love." 1 John iv: 16. (505)

1 Oh Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my wand'ring heart
All taken up in thee!
Oh may I daily live to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God;
Oh may it now be shed abroad
To cheer my fainting heart!
I want to feel that love divine;
This heavenly portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

3 Oh that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

4 Oh that I might with happy John
Recline my weary head upon
The bless'd Redeemer's breast!
From care, and fear, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.



Note—*This tune may be sung to the words following, and others, without the chorus.*

326.

Home.
PHIL iii: 20. (510)

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice blesséd Jesus, whose love can not cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stray,
Oh give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come.
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

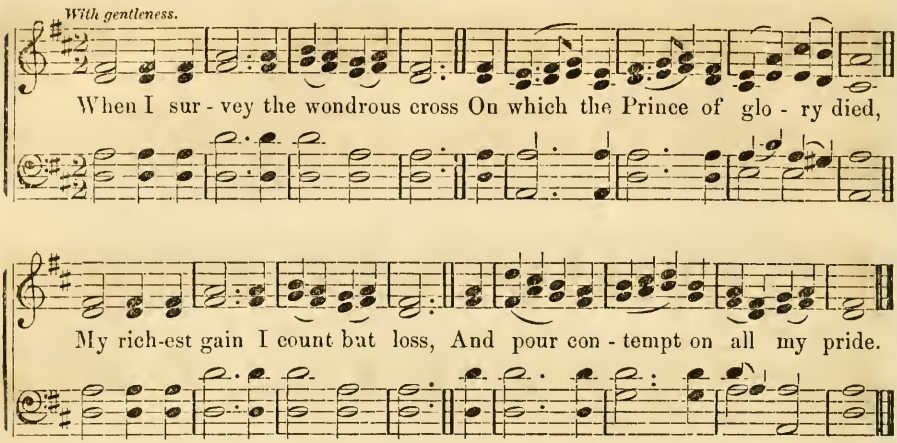
327.

1 THE pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are giv'n,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

2 Allure me no longer, ye false, glowing charms,
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I know there is room,
Oh there may I feast with his children at home.

3 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence forever at home."

OLIVET. L. M.



328. *Glorying only in the cross.* GAL. vi: 14. (512)

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride!

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet—
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

329. *Soft be the gently breathing notes.* (514)

1 SOFT be the gently breathing notes
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
Soft as the tuneful lyres above:

2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar;
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God;

4 Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To him who bled upon the tree.

330. *"Herein is love!"* 1 JOHN iv: 10. (170)

1 HAVE we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look, how patiently he hangs—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

2 What was thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, thou hast been tried
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

3 Found guilty of excess of love,
It was thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

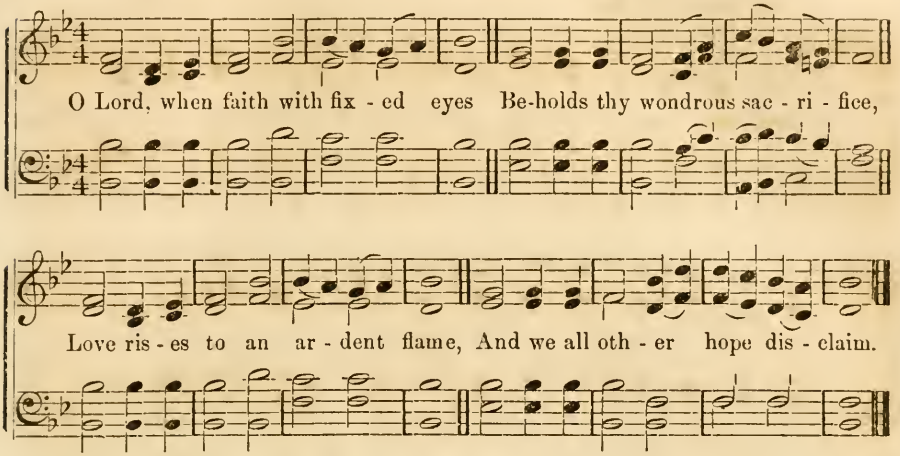
4 Oh break, Oh break, hard heart of mine
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

331. *"A good conscience."*

1 SWEET peace of conscience, heav'nly guest
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

ERNAN. L. M.



332. *Looking to the cross.* (169)

1 O Lord! when faith with fixéd eyes
Beholds thy wond'rous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

2 With cold affections who can see [tree,
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the
The flowing tears and crimson sweat,
The bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

3 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

4 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the pardon, life, and bliss;
What love can be compar'd to this!

333. *Communion in Christ.* (515)

1 How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree—
To sit around the sacred board
As members of one common Lord.

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
Here we behold the Saviour's grace—
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

3 While here we sit, we would implore
That love may spread from shore to shore,
Till all the saints, like us, combine
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

4 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in ev'ry land;
For all are one in Christ our head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

334. *The last scenes.* (517)

1 'Twas on that night when doomed to
The eager rage of every foe, [know,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke;

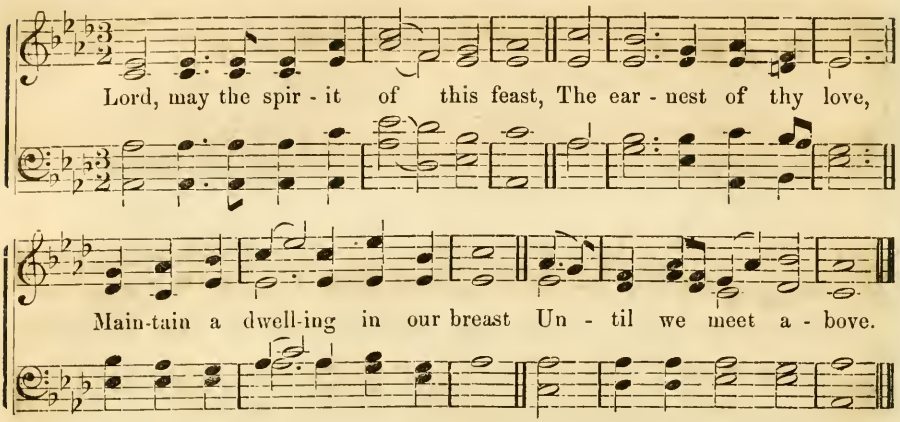
3 My broken body thus I give
To you, my friends; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred feast renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

6 This cup is fraught with love to men
Let all partake who love my name;
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

CHURCH. C. M.



335. *"They came together to break bread."* Acts xx: 7. (519)

1 Lord, may the spirit of this feast—
The earnest of thy love—
Maintain a dwelling in our breast
Until we meet above.

2 The healing sense of pardoned sin,
The hope that never tires,
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,
The joy that heaven inspires:

3 Still may the light our duties trace
In lines of hallowed flame,
Like that upon the prophet's face,
When from the mount he came.

4 But if no more with kindred drear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear
To breathe the grateful prayer;

5 Forget us not—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste.

6 Forget not—thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree—
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered thee.

336. *Remembering Christ* (520)

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie—
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
Oh memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

337. *"Blessed are the poor in spirit."* Matt. v: 3. (523)

1 Lord, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come!

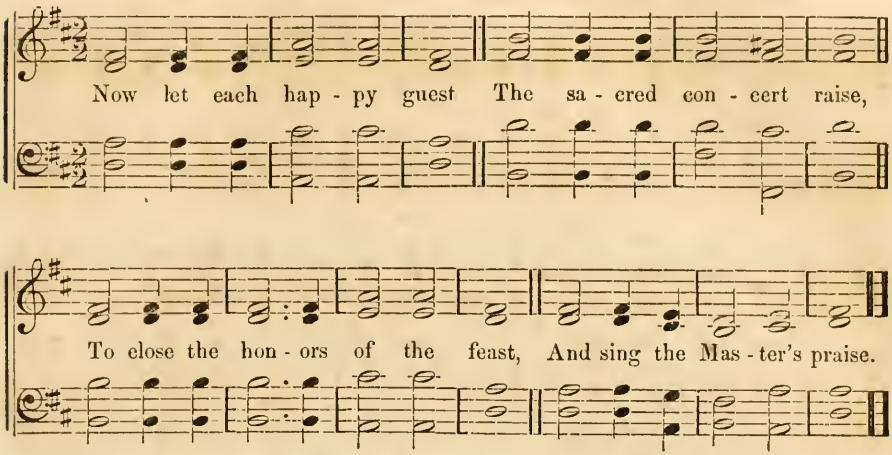
3 Ye saints below and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

338. *"In rememberance of me."* 1 Cor. xi: 24. (524)

1 In memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith,
The heavenly feast above.

SHAWMUT. S. M.



339. *After the supper.* (527)

1 Now let each happy guest
The sacred concert raise,
To close the honors of the feast,
And sing the Master's praise.

2 His condescending love
First calls our wonder forth;
He left the blesséd realms above,
To dwell with men on earth.

3 His precepts, how divine!
How suited to our state!
How bright his acts of mercy shine!
His promises how great!

4 Redemption's glorious plan,
How wondrous in our view!
The salutary source to man
Of peace and pardon too.

340. "*Take this.*" Luke xxii: 17. (529)

1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

341. "*Behold the Lamb of God.*" John i: 36. (531)

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.

2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Bears all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

342. *He is our Ransom.*

1 Our sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love hath set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

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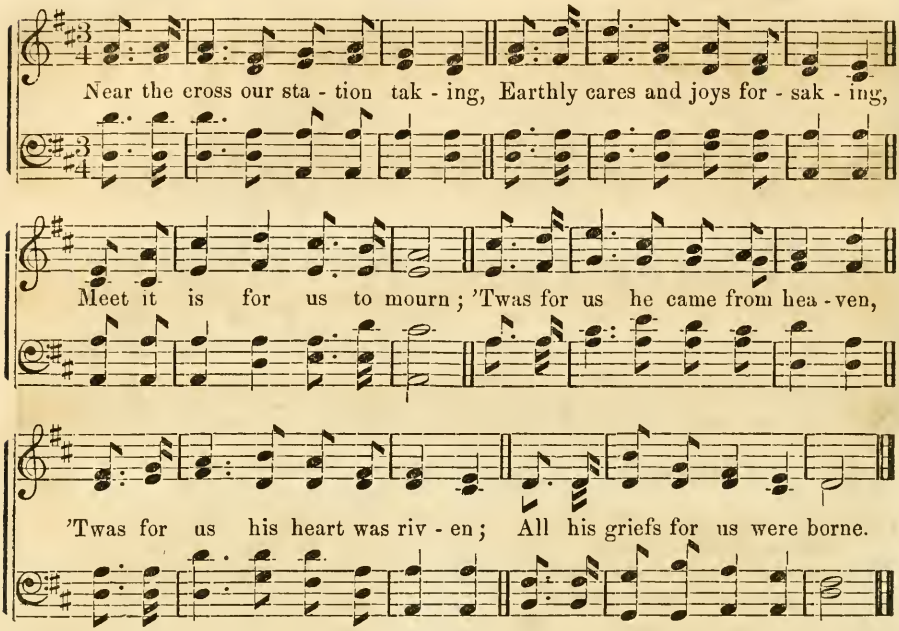


343. *It was for us.* (536)

1 NEAR the cross our station taking,
Earthly cares and joys forsaking,
Meet it is for us to mourn:
'Twas for us he came from heaven,
'Twas for us his heart was riven;
All his griefs for us were borne.

2 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and power displayed:
By his stripes, our help and healing,
By his death our life reavealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

3 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve;
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy praise and honor living,
May we in thy glory live!

344. *"I will draw all men unto me."* (533)

1 IT is finished! Man of Sorrows!
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
While extended there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer! draw us to thee;
Sufferer victorious!

2 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of Sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred emblem be;
Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages;
May it guide us still to thee!

345. *"He will swallow up death in victory."* ISAIAH XXV: 8. (1112)

1 Lo! the seal of death is breaking;
Those who slept its sleep are waking;
Heaven opes its portals fair!
Hark! the harps of God are ringing;
Hark! the seraph's hymn is flinging
Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time, are blowing
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery welleth;
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night, and broke the morning
Over all the golden shore.

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

1 Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand-'ring sheep;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep!
D. S. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Let me be by grace re-stored, On me be all long-suff'ring shown:

346.

MATT. xxvi: 75.

2 SAVIOUR, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

347.

"My peace I give unto you." (537)

1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send thy blessing from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on thee;
Every burdened soul release;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray—
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

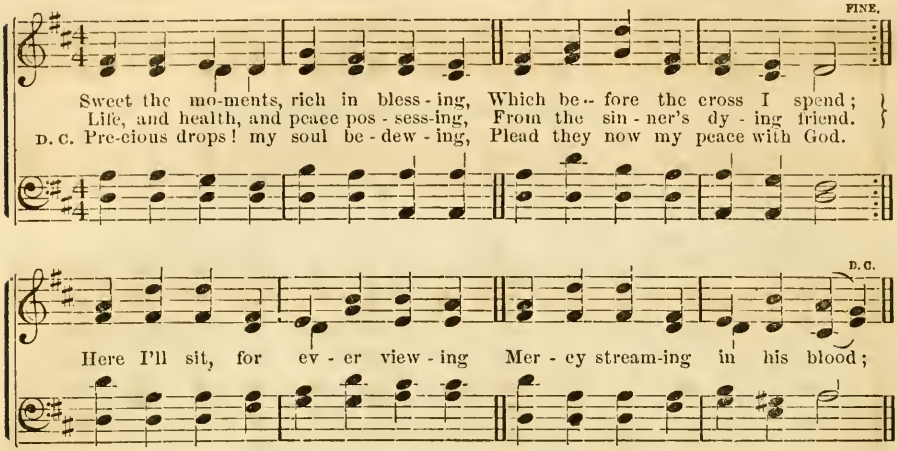
348.

Time is winging us away. (1081)

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee:
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb!
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

CONSOLATION. 8s & 7s.



349.

"Looking to Jesus." HEB. xii: 2. (538)

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead they now my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Here unfolds his wondrous grace;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his lovely face.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Here the joy of sins forgiven
Shall inspire my songs of praise.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
While his feet I bathe with tears;
Constant still in faith abiding—
Hope triumphant o'er my fears.

6 Lord! in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my trusting heart on thee,
Till I know thy full salvation,
And thy face in glory see.

350.

"Give me thy heart."

1 TAKE my heart, O Father, take it,
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround me;
Strengthen me with power divine;
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

351.

"Wash, and be clean."

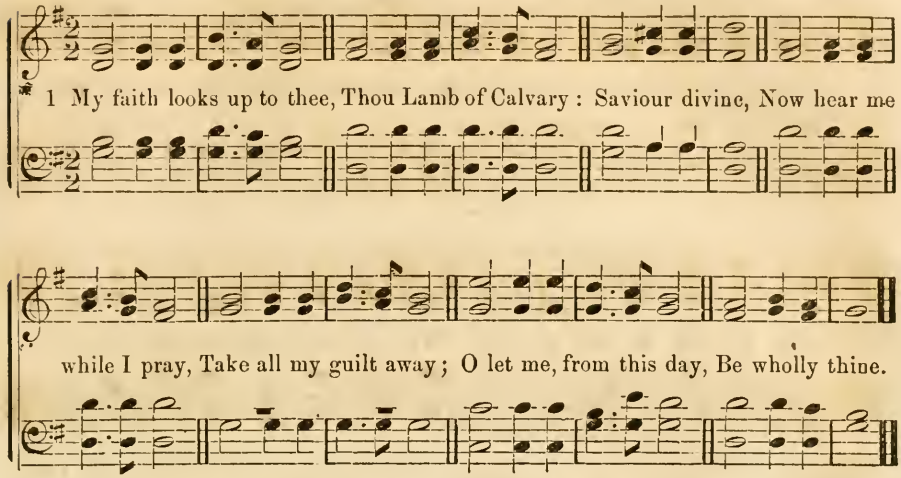
1 JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2 I have sinned, but oh, restore me!
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity.

3 In thy word I hear the saying,
Come and I will give you rest;
And the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

4 Grant, Oh, grant thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.



352. *Christ our confidence.* (542)

2 MAY thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

353. *Calvary.* (1318)

1 WHENE'ER I think of thee,
Oh! sacred Calvary,
Love fills my breast.
Flow then the joyous tears;
Flee, all my guilty fears;
Saviour! thy cross appears,
And I find rest.

2 When from thy bleeding side,
I see the crimson tide
Streaming for me;
Faith in thy flowing blood,
Oh! spotless Lamb of God,
Points me from earth's dark clod,
Upward to thee.

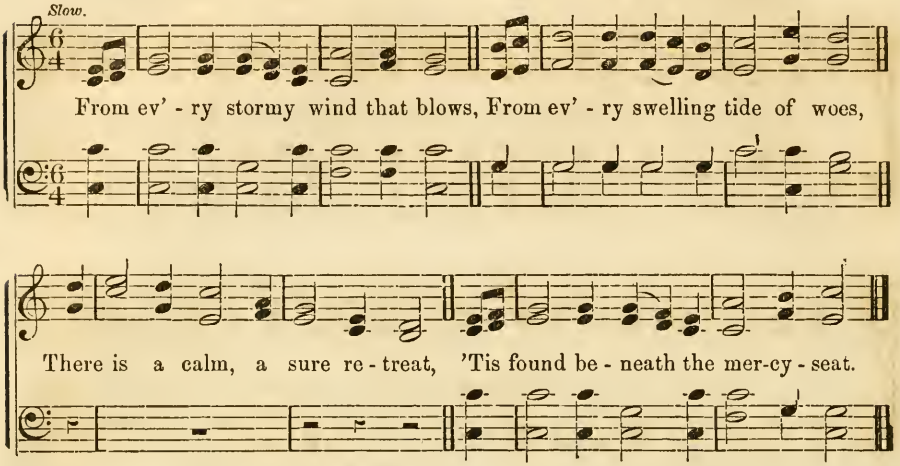
3 When death's unsparing dart
Pierces my fainting heart,
Sweetly I'll sing:
Grave! thou no terror hast;
All fearful gloom is past;
Victor through Christ at last
Death has no sting!

354. 1 JOHN iv: 19.

1 JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove;
Jesus, my Lord!

RETREAT. L. M.



355. *The mercy seat.* (547)

1 From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring souls no Mercy Seat?

5 There! there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat!

6 Oh let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
Ere I forget the Mercy Seat!

356. *"There am I."* Matt. xviii: 20. (552)

1 Where two or three with sweet accord
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid the little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Be present in each waiting heart.
And strength and heavenly peace impart.

357. *The tranquil hour.* (555)

1 Thou, Saviour, from thy throne on high,
Enrobed with light and girt with power,
Dost note the thought, the pray'r, the sigh
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

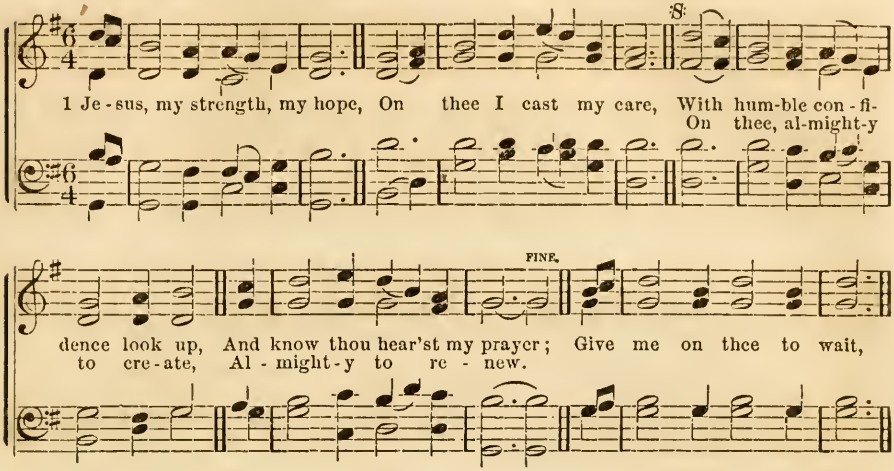
2 Oft thou thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still peaceful shade to pray,
Till morning watches were begun.

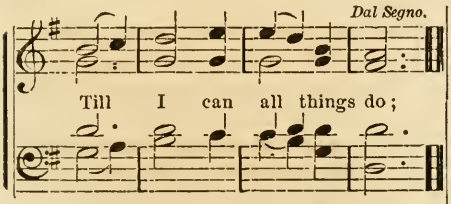
3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, thy face re-veal,
And, as we worship, kindly smile,
And for thine own our spirits seal

5 To thee we bring each grief and care,
To thee we fly while tempests lower;
Thou wilt the weary burdens bear
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour

WESLEY. S. M. double.





358. *"Ask and it shall be given you."* LUKE xi: 9. (567)

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

259. *Opening prayer meeting.* (568)

1 IT is the hour of prayer:
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody!
O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet
And gather here to pray.

2 Oh, blesséd is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests lower
Prayer to the soul is nigh;
Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble
This holy hour of prayer. [not

360. *Invitation to prayer.* (570)

1 COME to the house of pray'r,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now,;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

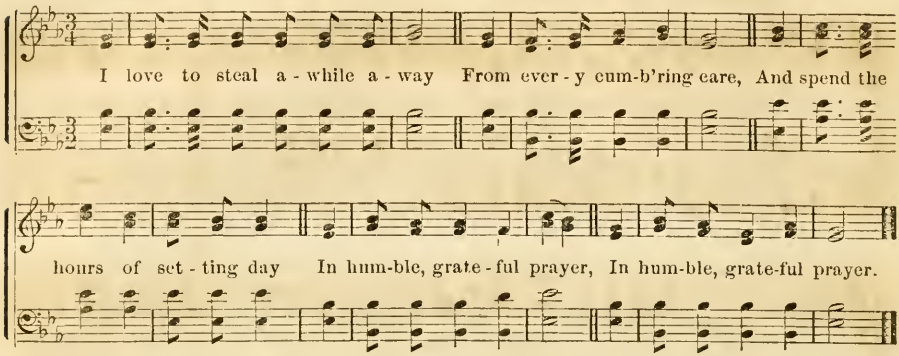
3 Ye aged, hither come,
For you have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be
Your lips forget to move. [dumb,

4 Ye young, before his throne
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the pow'r to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,—
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heav'n on earth be won.

HARON. C. M.



361. *Retirement and meditation.* (562)

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day,

362. *Prayer for contentment.* (558)

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

363. *"Thy will be done."* (560)

1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One;
With filial love and trust to say,
Oh God, "thy will be done."

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind
And bid all care be still.

3 O let that will which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 Oh, could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

364. *Prayer.* (565)

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold, he prays."

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

GROTON. C. M. double.

FINE.

1 While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
And may this con - se - era - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
D. C. Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

D. C.

2 Thy love the power of thought be-stowed, To thee my thoughts would soar;

365. *"Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts."* 1 Pet iii: 15. (561)

3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall banish fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

366. *My Saviour died for me.* (563)

1 Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord,
In thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.

2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
And 'tis enough—the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.

3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.

4 From strife of tongues and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords—
My Saviour died for me.

5 And when thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away—

6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak—
"My Saviour died for me."

367. *"Let us draw near."* Heb. x: 22. (564)

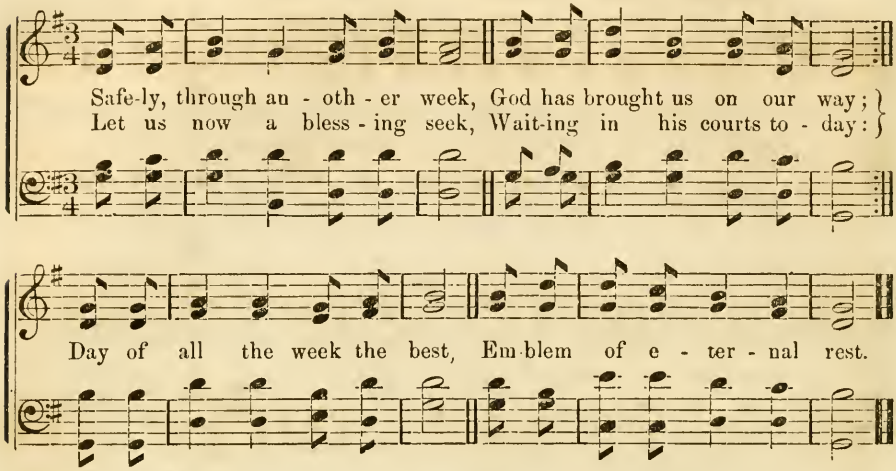
1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

COMPTON. 7s. 6 lines.



368.

"Springs in the desert." ISAIAH xlix: 10. (629)

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us each a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the blest Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints:
Thus let all our worship prove,
Till we join thy courts above.

5 Glory be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Glory to the Lamb be giv'n—
Glory in the highest heav'n:
Wisdom, riches, praise, and pow'r,
Be to God for evermore.

369.

"Heavenly places." (571)

1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

370.

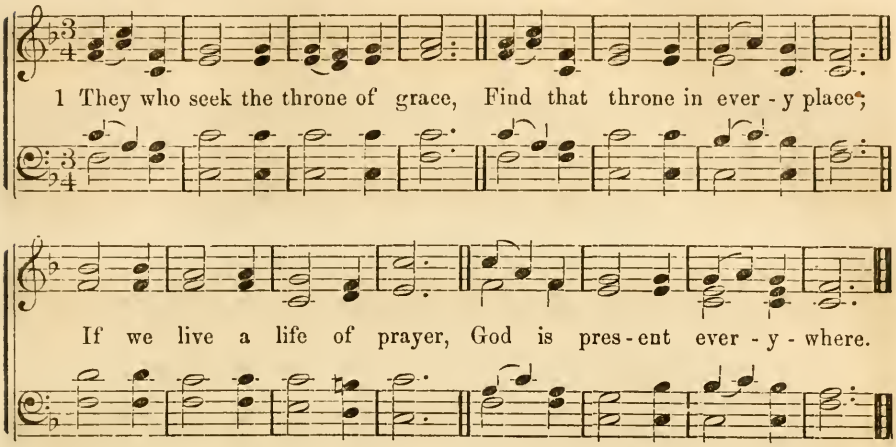
"Jesus, Saviour, pity me." (947)

1 PITY, Lord! this child of clay,
Who can only weep and pray,
Only on thy love depend:
Thou who art the sinner's Friend;
Thou the sinner's only plea—
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!

2 From thy flock, a straying lamb,
Tender Shepherd, though I am;
Now, upon the mountain cold,
Lost, I long to gain the fold,
And within thine arms to be:
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!

3 Oh, where stillest streams are poured,
In green pastures lead me, Lord!
Bring me back, where angels sound
Joy to the poor wanderer found:
Evermore my Shepherd be:
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!

ALETTA. 7s.



371. *God is present everywhere.* (573)

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer;
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

372. *Lift the heart and bend the knee.* (574)

1 CHILD, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;

2 Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy daily toil to leave;
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

3 Traveler in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner; haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;

4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

373. *"Faint not, Christian!"*

1 FAINT not, Christian! tho' the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too:
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro'.

2 Faint not Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,—
Bear it to the battle-field.

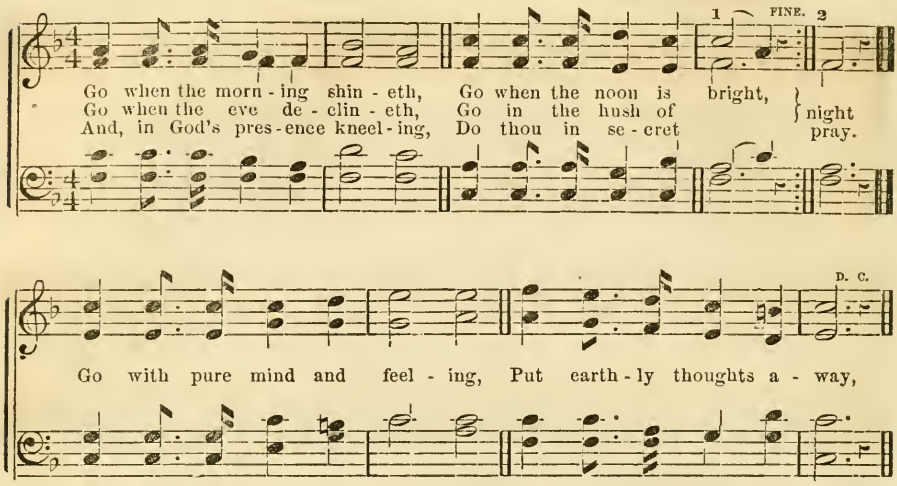
3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurled:
Hold the cross of Jesus fast;
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all;
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! Jesus near
Soon in glory will appear;
And his love will then bestow
Power to conquer every foe.

6 Faint not, Christian! look on high;
See the harpers in the sky:
Patient wait, and thou wilt join—
Chant with them of love divine.

LARNED. 7s & 6s.



374.

"Evening and morning." PSALM lv : 17. (579)

1 Go, when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright.
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then, the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

375.

"All the rivers run into the sea." ECCLES. i. 7. (1088)

1 As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hast'ning to the sea;
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wint'ry day;
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave;
The death is just before us;
God takes the life he gave.

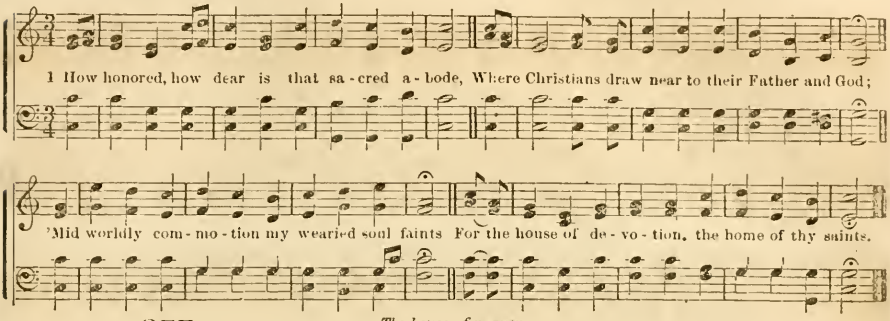
3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware! lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament for ever
The ruin of thy soul.

376.

Praise for salvation. (757)

1 To thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings.
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

CORWIN. 11s.



377.

The house of prayer.

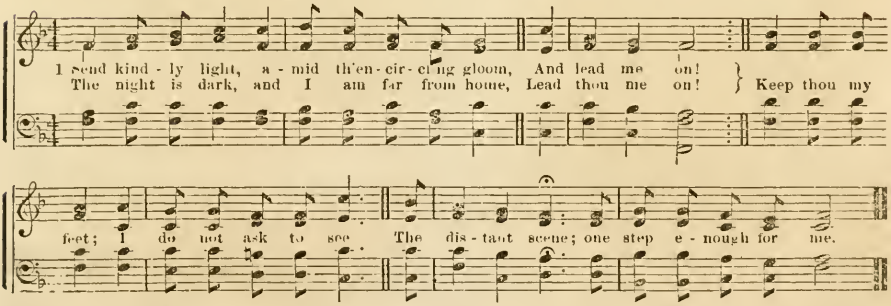
(585)

2 THOU hearer of prayer, Oh still grant me a place
Where Christians repair to the courts of thy grace,
More blest beyond measure one day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure by worldings enjoyed.

3 Me more would it please keeping post at thy gate,
Than lying at ease in the chambers of state;
The meanest condition outshines with thy smiles,
The pomp of ambition, the world with its wiles.

4 The Lord is a Sun, and the Lord is a Shield;
What grace has begun will with glory be sealed;
He hears the distresséd, he succors the just,
And they shall be blesséd who make him their trust.

LEAD THOU ME ON. 10s & 4s.



378.

"Lead thou me on."

(590)

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on!
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved day's dazzling light, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'Twill lead me on!
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow till
The night is gone!
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 On the mountain's top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,
Wel-come news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos-tile lands; Mourning
captive! God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

379. *"How beautiful on the mountains."* ISAIAH lii: 7. (604)

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well-belov'd.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

380. *Encouraging prospects.* (603)

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts to hear each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

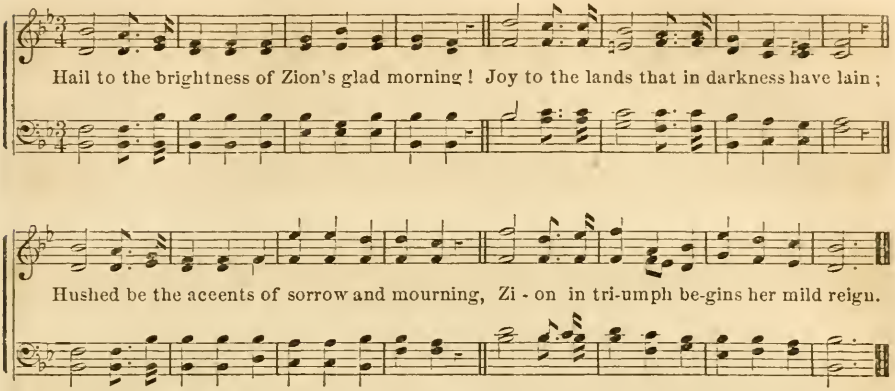
381. *"Rejoice with trembling."* PSALM ii: 11. (713)

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Oh that we this day may hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd
May we give them, Lord, to thee!
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds, in heav'n we see.

3 There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss for evermore.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s & 10s.



382.

Hail to the brightness.

(608)

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

383.

Heavenly prospect.

(1097)

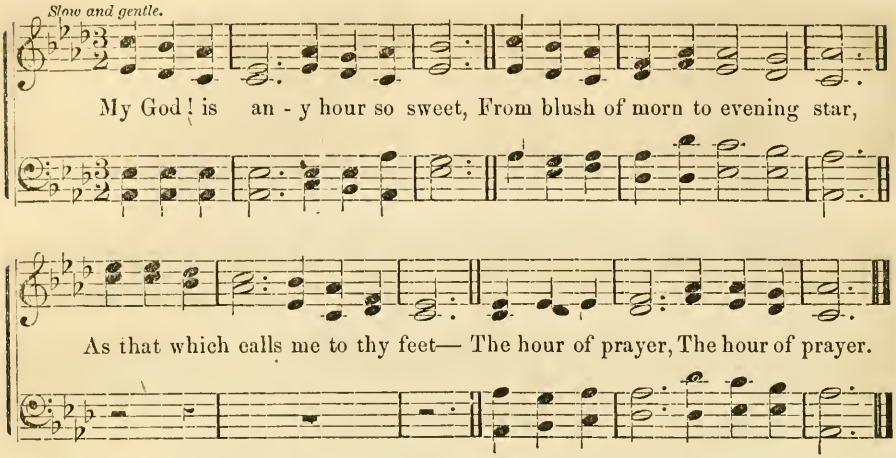
1 CHRISTIAN, the vision before thee is glorious,
The earth shall allure thy tried spirit no more:
Thou wast in the day of thy trial victorious,
Secure now at last thy temptations are o'er.

2 Hard was the strife, but the strong one in battle,
Has been thy defender, and vanquished thy foes;
And heaven stood by thee to help thee in trouble,
And joyed when the sound of thy triumph arose.

3 High was the anthem those raptures revealing,
Ten thousand celestials the chorus prolong;
But louder the strains of the ransom'd are pealing,
And glory is swelling the conqueror's song.

ORIEL. L. M.

Slow and gentle.



384.

The hour of prayer. (581)

1 My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

385.

"Thy will be done." (900)

1 My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from the heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

386.

"God is love." 1 John iv: 8. (86)

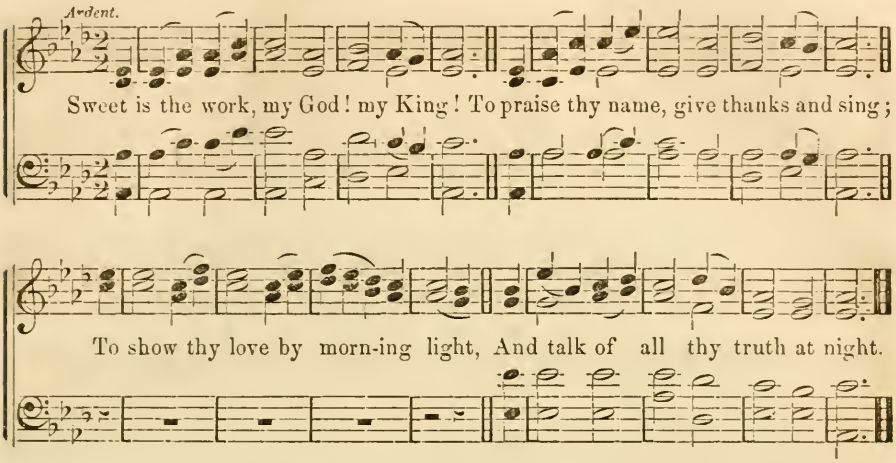
1 I can not always trace the way
Where thou, almighty One, dost move
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings;
For God is love.

3 When myst'ry clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

4 Oh may this truth my heart employ,
And every gloomy thought remove;
It fills my soul with boundless joy,
That God is love!

ALAH. L. M.



387. *"It is a good thing to give thanks."* PSALM xcii. 1. (611)

1 SWEET is the work, my God! my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

388. *"Christ is risen."* (614)

1 HAIL, morning known among the blest!
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heav'nly peace and holy rest;
Pledge of the endless rest above.

2 Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead has brought his Son!
Hope to the lost was then restor'd,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day!

4 Mercy look'd down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high
And Hope with gladness rais'd her head.

5 God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to his saints this day has giv'n,
For rest and serious joy design'd,
To fit us for the bliss of heav'n.

389. *"There remaineth a rest."* HEB. iv: 9. (617)

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging-foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Oh long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

LISBON. S. M.

Flowing.

Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes,

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

390.

Welcome sweet day of rest. (626)

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

391.

"*This is the Lord's doing.*" PSALM CXVIII: 23. (624)

1 This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

3 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, you saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

4 We bless thy Holy Word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

392.

1 BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprizing thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo - ple cry—
"Come, let us seek our God to - day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We hast to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon - ors pay.

393.

"I was glad." PSALM 122: 1. (627)

2 Zion! thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace, [round;
And walls of strength embrace thee
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase—
A thousand blessings on him rest!

394.

Jehovah reigns. (57)

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord!

3 Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

395.

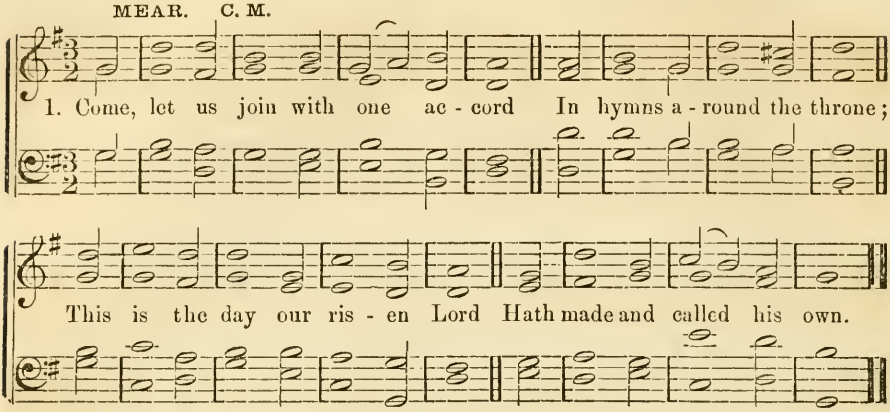
PSALM 133.

1 How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills,
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew distills.

3 How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move;
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

MEAR. C. M.



396. *"This is the day which the Lord hath."* PSALM 118: 24. (618)

2 This is the day which God has blessed,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten on that day,
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Our hearts his praise employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

397. LEV. 23: 11, & 1 COR. 15: 20. (621)

1 THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waved,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead received.

2 He rose for them for whom he died,
That, like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall fade away.

3 This is the day the Spirit came
With us on earth to stay—
A Comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

4 His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heavenly rest
Which Jesus entered on, when he
Was made forever blest.

5 This day the Christian Church began,
Formed by his wondrous grace;
This day the saints in concord meet,
To join in prayer and praise.

398. *"He hath abolished death."* 2 TIM. 1: 10. (622)

1 THE Saviour, risen to-day we praise,
In concert with the blest;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

2 On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By the Creating Word, than when
The universe was made.

3 He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from [naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

4 How vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Naught can forbid his rise:
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

399. *"I will praise thee with my whole heart"* PSALM 9: 1. (620)

1 O FATHER! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs
And leaves this temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

400. *"The Saviour died for me."* (643)

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
Oh may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Blest Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

5 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

401. *"Unto him that loved us."* Rev. 1: 5. (646)

1 To him that loved the sons of men
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads
And made us priests to God:

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centers all in thee;
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And evermore shalt be.

Tune, Shining Shore. Page 177.

402. *"That blessed hope."* Titus ii: 13. (1105)

1 We wait for thee, all-glorious One!
We look for thine appearing;
We bear thy name, and on the throne
We see thy presence cheering.
Faith even now uplifts its brow,
And sees the Lord descending,
And in his train a place we'll gain,
And with him bliss unending.

2 We wait for thee, through days forlorn,
In patient self-denial;
We know that thou our grief hast borne
Upon thy cross of trial.
And well may we submit with thee
To bear the cross and love it,
And we will prove by this our love,
Until thy hand remove it.

3 We wait for thee; already thou
Hast all our heart's submission;
And though the spirit sees thee now,
We long for open vision;
Then ours shall be sweet rest with thee,
And pure unfading pleasure;
That bliss we crave beyond the grave,
And life in endless measure.

4 We wait for thee in certain hope,—
The time will soon be over;
With child-like longing we look up,
The glory to discover.
Oh, bliss! to share thy triumph there,
When home with joy and singing,
With every one bright as the sun
The Lord his saints is bringing!

Tune, Harwell. Page 145.

403. *"Every eye shall see him."* Rev. i: 7. (1117

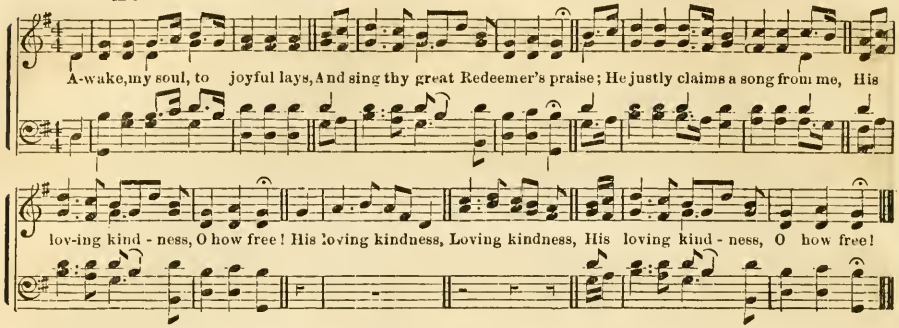
1 Day of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round;
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This Lord is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and see;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, you blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



404.

Loving kindness. (634)

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great.

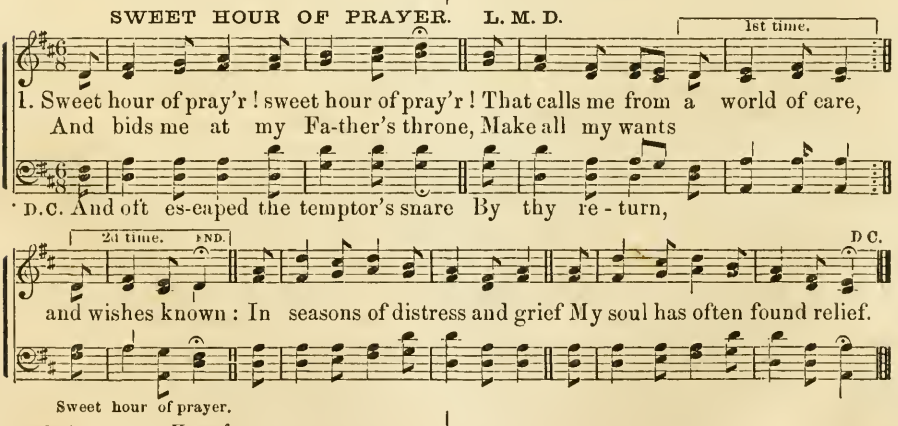
3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Through earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies!

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.



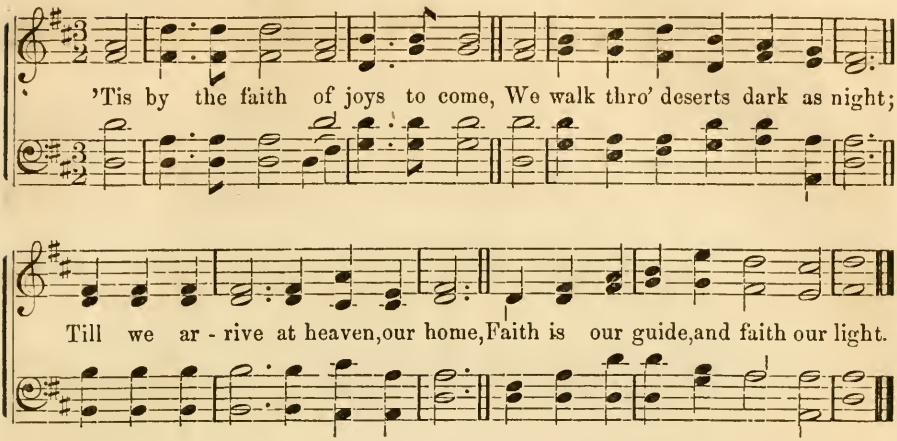
405.

Hour of prayer. (550)

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of pray-
The joy I feel, the bliss I share, [er,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Saviour shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of pray-
Thy wings shall my petition bear [er
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer

FAITH. L. M.



406.

1 'T is by the faith of joys to come,
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we walk the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

407.

Omnipresence.
PSALM CXXXVIII. (636)

1 LORD of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above, [love,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

408.

Condescension of Christ. (638)

1 How sweet the praise, how high the theme,
To sing of him who rules supreme,
Who dwells at God's right hand on high,
Yet looks on us with tender eye.

2 The angelic host, in countless throngs,
Recount his glories in their songs,
And golden harps salute his ear;
Yet our weak praise he deigns to hear.

3 The planets roll their orbits round;
Unnumbered worlds, in space profound,
Are ruled by him, by him controlled;
Yet he's the Shepherd of our fold.

4 Exalted high upon his throne,
The universe is all his own:
Untold the honors he doth wear;
Yet we are objects of his care.

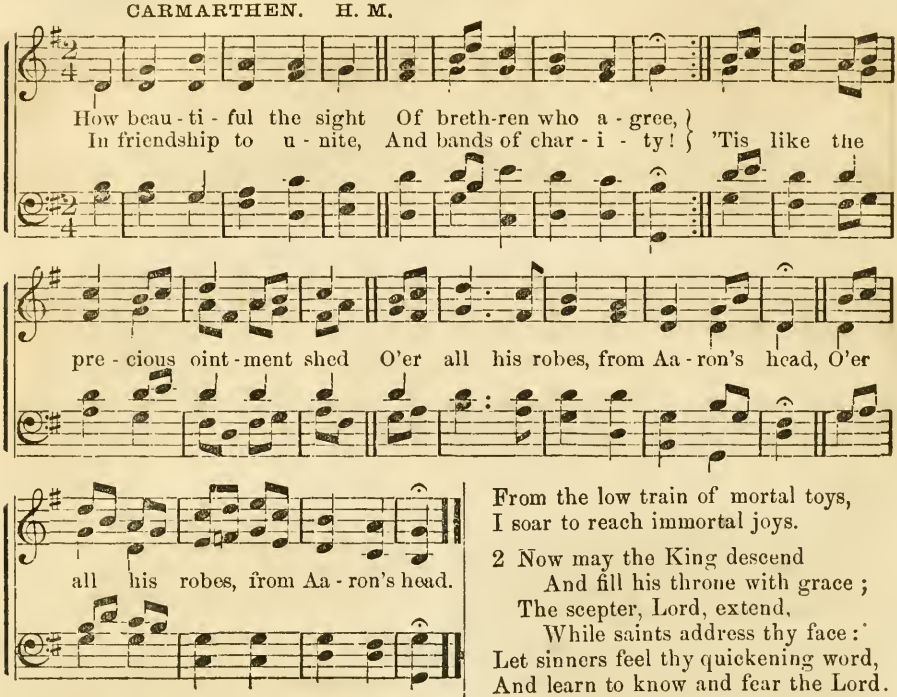
409.

"His mercy endureth for ever."
PSALM CVI, 1. (637)

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise!

CARMARTHEN. H. M.



410.

1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree,
In friendship to unite,
And bands of charity!
'Tis like the precious,ointment shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that filled
The cups of Hermon's flowers:
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers:
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands—
E'en life forever more;
Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

411. *Welcome, delightful morn.* (632)

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne with grace;
The scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

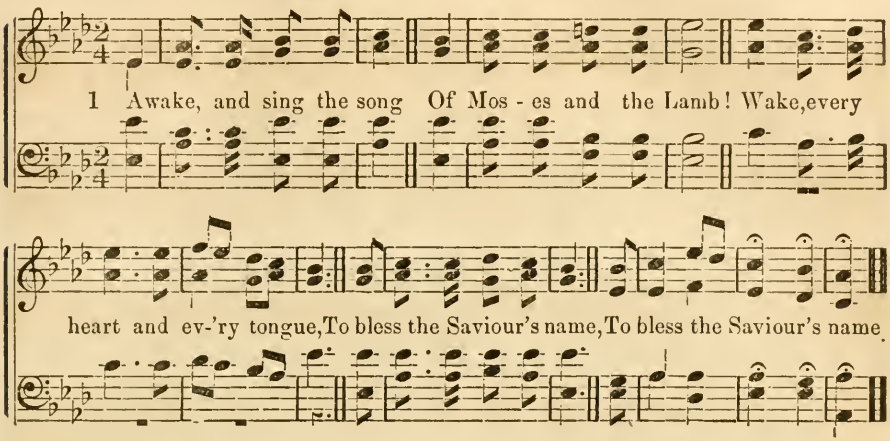
412. *"A day in thy courts," etc.* Psalm lxxxiv, 10. (631)

1 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defense:
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence:
He will bestow
On Israel's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves—
From pure and upright souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

MT. TABOR. S. M.



413.

The song of Moses and the Lamb.
Rev. xv. 3. (648)

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power!
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore!

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
You ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the glorious King.

4 Soon shall you hear him say,
"You blessed children, come,"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

414.

Break forth into joy.
Isaiah, lii, 9. (649)

1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the whole earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
His Chief Belovéd chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 He shows his Father's love,
To raise our souls on high;
He came with pardon from above
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

415.

His compassions fail not.
Lam. iii, 22. (652)

1 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind
And chased our sins away.

5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sovereign and how free!
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.

BOYRAH. 7s.

Spirited.

1 Now be - gin the heaven-ly theme; Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name;

Ye who his sal - va - tion prove, Triumph in re - deem-ing love.

416. *Redeeming love.* (653)

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

417. *"They shall come to Zion with songs."* Isaiah xxxv : 10. (654)

1 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

2 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

418. *"Wait on the Lord."* Psalm xxvii : 14. (708)

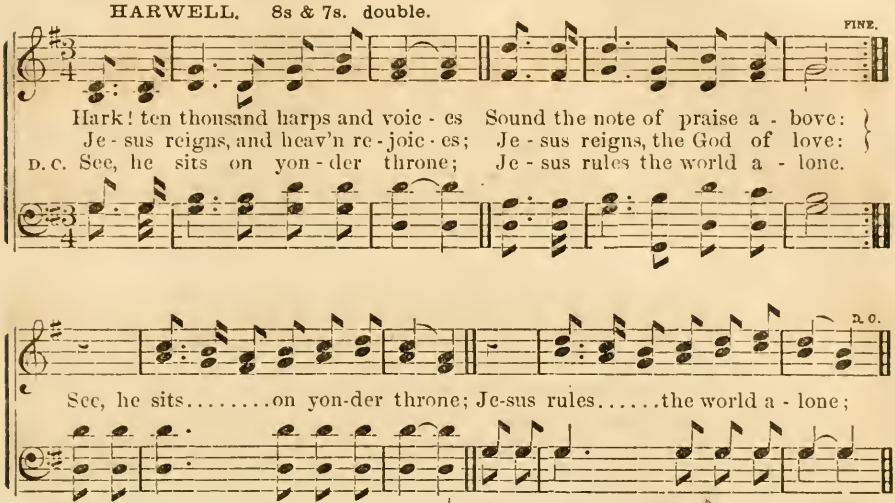
1 Lord, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow:
Oh do not our suit disdain—
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.



419. *Hark! ten thousand harps.* (663)

2 Jesus hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign for ever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, Oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

420. *Adoration.* (1323)

1 Let us sing the King Messiah,
King of Righteousness and Peace;
Hail him, all his happy subjects,
Never let his praises cease!
Ever hail him,
Let his honors still increase!

2 How transcendent are thy glories!
Fairer than the sons of men,
While thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again!
Bless'd Redeemer,
How we triumph in thy reign!

3 Gird thy sword on, Mighty Hero,
Make thy word of truth thy car,
Prosper in thy course triumphant,
All success attend thy war!
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before thee bow!

4 Blessed are all that touch thy scepter,
Blessed are all that own thy reign!
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from his galling chain!
Saints and angels,
All who know thee bless thy name!

421. *Our Mediator.* (1322)

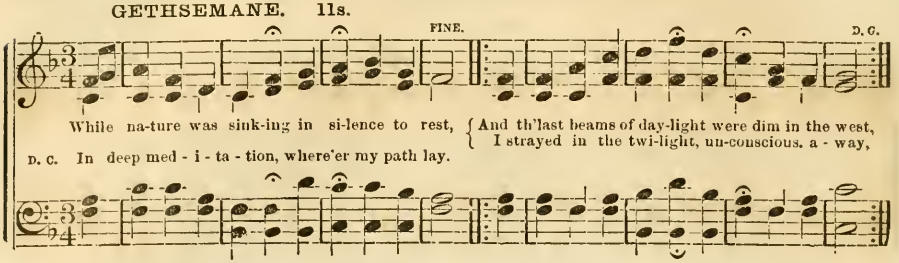
1 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, pow'r and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

GETHSEMANE. 11s.



422.

Christ in the Garden.

1 WHILE nature was sinking in silence to rest,
And th' last beams of daylight were dim in the west,
I stray'd in the twilight, unconscious away,
In deep meditation, where'er my path lay.

2 I pass'd near a garden : there fell on my ear
A voice of deep anguish from one that was there ;
The tones of his agony melted my heart,
While earnestly pleading the lost sinner's part.

3 In offering to heaven his strong, matchless prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear ;
His life, as a ransom, he offer'd to give,
That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live.

4 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood, and tears !
I wept to behold him, and askéd his name,
He answer'd—" 'Tis Jesus : from heav'n I came.

5 " I am thy Redeemer,—for thee I must die :
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by ;
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee !"

423.

" He hath put a new song in my mouth."
PSALM xl. 3.

(665)

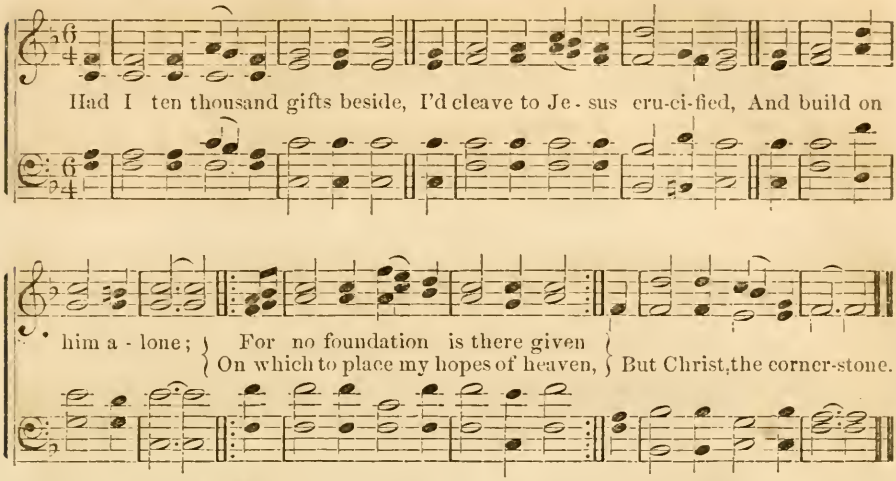
1 O JESUS, the giver of all we enjoy !
Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ ;
With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy name !
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll proclaim.

2 The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King,
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove ;
His name is Salvation—his nature is Love.

3 And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through the skies,
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, and honor, and praise.

4 In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus' own breast ;
We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

BREMEN. C. P. M.



424.

The only foundation. (257)

1 HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given
On which to place my hopes of heav'n
But Christ, the corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ I all possess,
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And holiness complete;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

4 There is no path to heav'nly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road;
Oh may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

425.

The great salvation. HEB. ii: 3. (672)

1 To him who did salvation bring,
Wake every tuneful power, and sing
A song of sweetest praise:
His grace diffuses, as the rains
Crown nature's flow'ry hills and plains,
And spread a thousand ways,

2 Salvation is the noblest song.
Oh may it dwell on every tongue,
And all repeat, Amen!
The Lord will come from heav'n to earth
To give his people second birth,
And make them one again.

3 We feel redemption drawing near;
We soon in glory shall appear,
And be for ever bless'd:
His promise never can delay,
Our Jesus, on th' appointed day,
Will give his people rest.

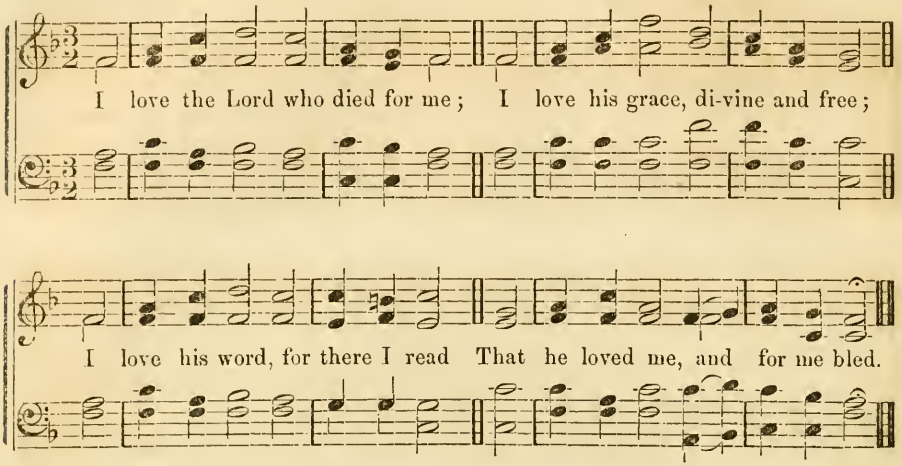
4 By faith we view him coming down,
With angels hov'ring all around;
He smiles upon his saints;
He cries aloud in melting strains,
I come to save you from your pains,
And end your sore complaints.

5 The smiling millions rise and sing
All glory! glory to our King;
The Grand Assize is come!
You everlasting doors, fly wide,
The Church is glorious as a bride,
And Jesus takes her home.

6 In all the heav'ns there's not a tear,
Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,
But pleasure yet unknown:
From heav'n to heav'n we sound the bliss
Oh what a blest abode is this,
For ever round the throne!

7 The joys of heav'n will never end;
All glory to the sinner's Friend!
Roll on, you happy scenes!
You winged seraphs, help us praise
The Author of eternal joys!
Our Jesus ever reigns.

GRINNELL. L. M.



426.

"He first loved us."

1 I LOVE the Lord who died for me;
I love his grace divine and free;
I love his word, for there I read
That he loved me and for me bled.

2 I love to hear that he was slain;
I love his every grief and pain;
I love to think on him by faith,
And muse upon his cruel death.

3 I love his people and their ways;
I love with them to pray and praise:
I love the Father and the Son;
I love the Spirit he sent down.

4 I love to think that time will come
When I shall be with him at home,—
When I shall love as he loves me,
And praise him through eternity.

427.

PSALM C. (*674)

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people—we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise!

5 Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

428.

The hour of Worship. (679)

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penetential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

* Well adapted to "Old Hundred."

USBECKS. L. M.

Not too slow.

1. Be thou ex - alt - ed, O my God! Above the heavens where angels dwell;

Thy pow- er on earth be known a-broad, And land to land thy wonders tell.

429. *God exalted.* PSALM 57: 5. (675)

2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name:
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

430. *"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house."* PSALM 84: 4. (686)

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My soul would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the [road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

431. *"Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth."* 1 SAM. 3: 10. (683)

1 WHILE now thy throne of grace we seek,
O God! within our spirits speak;
For we will hear thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

2 Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear thy gentle call,
And feel that thou art all in all.

3 To conscience speak thy quickening word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirred;
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.

4 Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart:
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.

5 Speak to convince, forgive, console:
Childlike we yield to thy control:
These hearts, too often closed before,
Would grieve thy patient love no more.

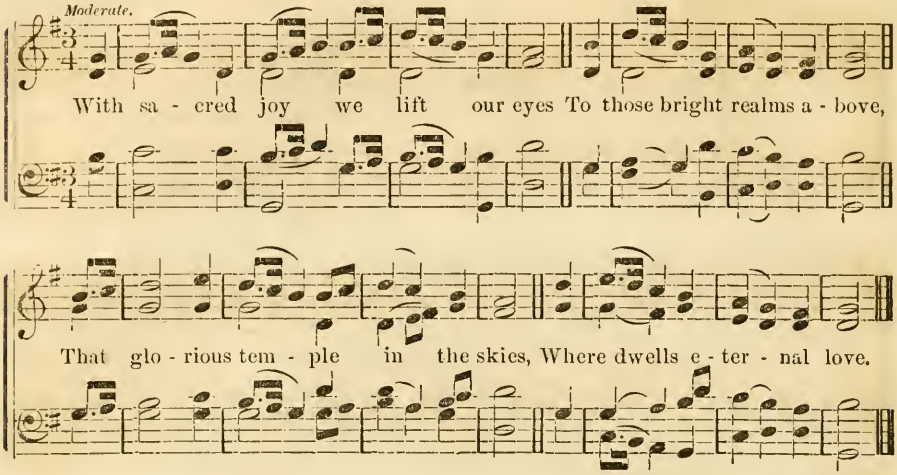
432. *"My soul longeth for the courts of the Lord."* PSALM 84: 2. (688)

1 LOOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee:
We sigh, we languish, and complain;
Revive thy gracious work again.

2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3 Thy presence in thy house afford,
And bless the preaching of thy word;
That sinners may their dangers see,
And now begin to mourn for thee.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.



433. *Homage and devotion.* (689)

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

434. "*What shall I render.*" PSALM cxvi: 12. (692)

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How happy all thy servants are,
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

435. "*Let us go up to the house of the Lord.*" PSALM cxxii: 1. (696)

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

CHOPIN. C. M.

Prompt and animated.

1 Within thy house, O Lord our God, In glo-ry now ap-pear; Make this a place of thine a-bode, And shed thy blessings here, And shed thy blessings here.

436. *"Lift thou the light of thy countenance.* PSALM iv: 6. (690)

2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthron'd in ev'ry breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

437. *The house of God.* (691)

1 MY soul! how lovely is the place,
To which my God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 There, mighty God! thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

438. *Again the Lord of light and life.* (694)

1 AGAIN the Lord of light and life
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh what a Sun which rose this day.
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand diff'rent lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

439. *"Early will I seek thee."* PSALM lxiii: 1. (698)

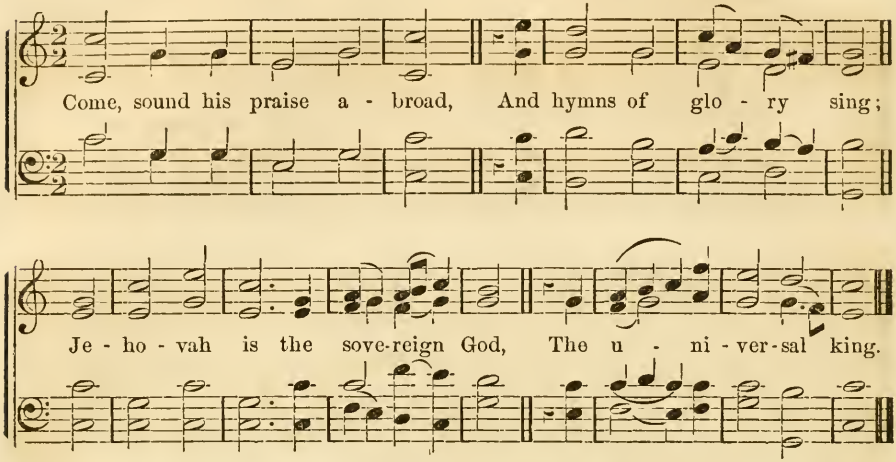
1 EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

SILVER STREET. S. M.



440. *Come, sound his praise abroad.* (702)

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

441. *"Stand up and bless the Lord."* NEH. ix : 5. (700)

1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice,

2 Oh for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

4 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore,
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

442. *Come, we that love the Lord.* (701)

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

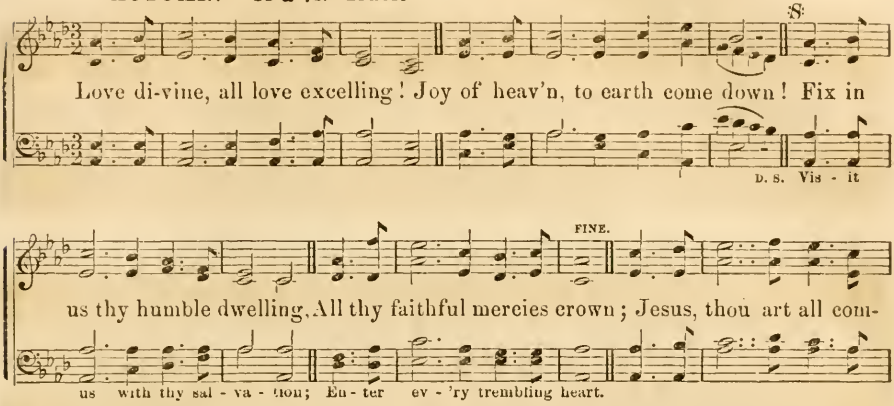
3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From hope and faith may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching o'er this hallow'd ground
To fairer worlds on high.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. double.



443.

Love divine, all love excelling. (710)

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling:
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, Oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast:
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secur'd by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

444.

"Receive ye one another." Rom. xv: 7. (501)

1 Come, dear friends, we all are brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land;
Come, unite and walk together,
Christ, our leader, gives command.
Cease to boast of party merit,
Wound the cause of God no more,
Be united by his Spirit:
Zion's peace again restore.

2 Now our hand, our heart and spirit
Here in fellowship we give;
Let us love and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live.
We'll be one in Christ, our Saviour,
Male and female, bond and free!
Christ is all in all forever,
In him we shall blessed be.

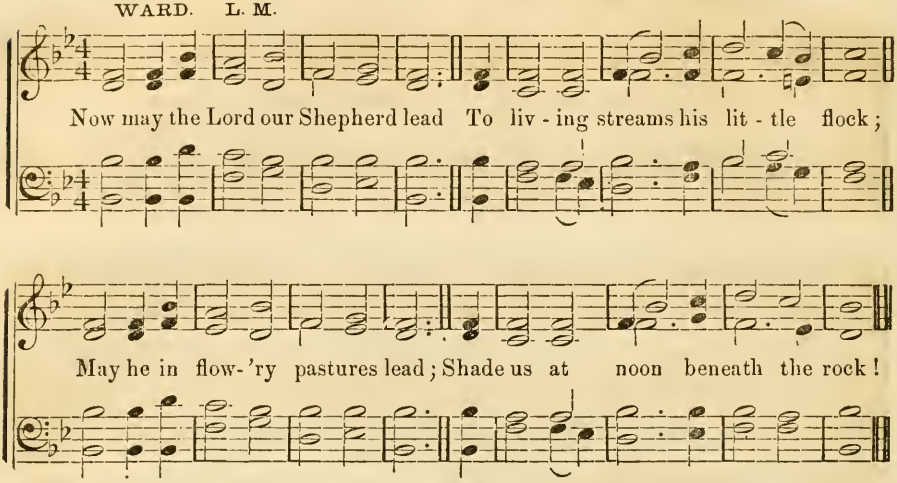
445.

Fleeting moments. (1205)

1 Faintly flow thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way:
Time with such a silent motion,
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasure there.

2 Roses bloom, and then they wither,
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then like visions hurry by;
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

WARD. L. M.



446. *He shall go in and out and find pasture.* JOHN 10: 9. (715)

1 Now may the Lord our Shepherd lead
To living streams his little flock;
May he in flowery pastures feed;
Shade us at noon beneath the rock!

2 Now may we hear our Shepherd's voice,
And gladly answer to his call;
Now may our hearts for him rejoice,
Who knows, and names, and loves us all.

3 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
And small and great before him stand,
O, be the flock assembling here
Found with the sheep on his right hand.

447. *The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.* NUM. 6: 24. (717)

1 Ere to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of thy holy Word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 O, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

448. *Let all the people praise thee.* PSALM 67; 5. (718)

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

449. *Bid us all depart in peace.* (721)

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

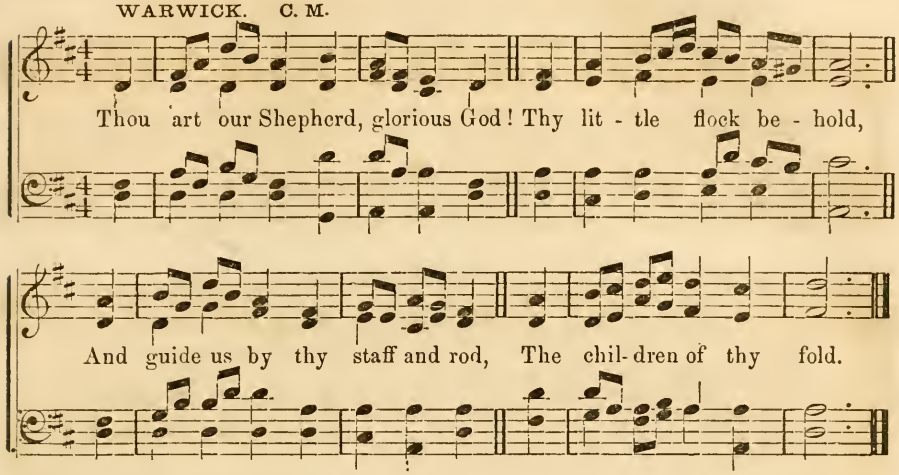
2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Cleanse all our sins in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

450. *I will not forget thy word.* PSALM 119; 16. (722)

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee,
At once they sing, at once they pray!
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

WARWICK. C. M.



451. *Thou leadest thy people like a flock.* PSALM 77; 20. (729)

1 THOU art our Shepherd, Glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place, [taught
Where we are watched, and warned, and
The children of thy grace.

3 May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heaven appear
The children of thy love.

452. *The seed of the word.* (731)

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from [heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope, in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

453. *Parting in hope.* (732)

1 LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With every one remain!

3 Then let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above:

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then forever fly,
And not one thought that we shall part
Once interrupt our joy.

454. *The good seed.* (733)

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

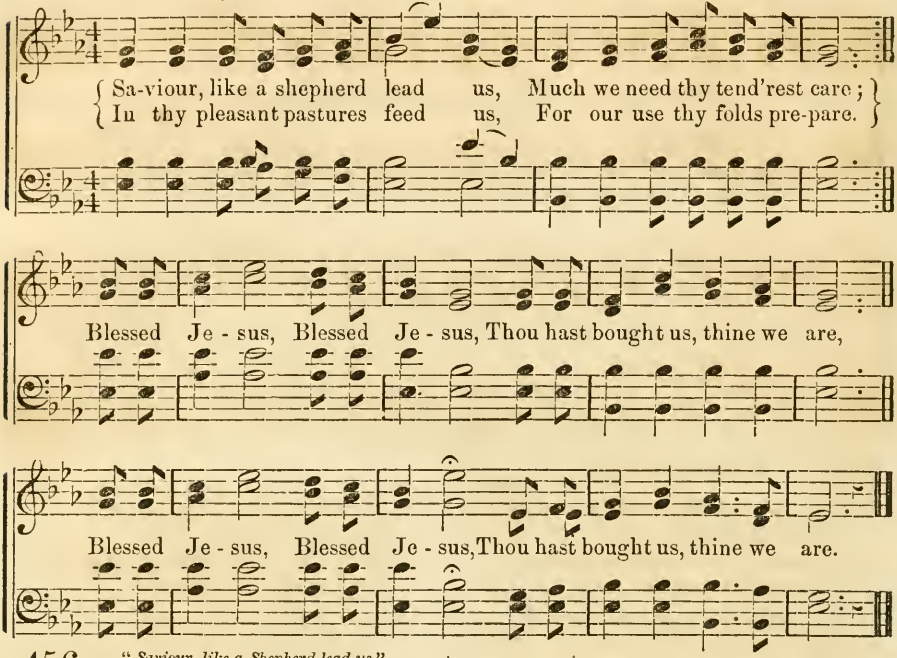
2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove:
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

455. *Glory to God.* (734)

1 GLORY to God! who deigns to bless
This consecrated day,
Unfolds his wondrous promises,
And makes it sweet to pray.

2 Glory to God! who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers every heartfelt prayer,
And hears our hymn of praise.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US. 8s, 7s & 4s.



456 *"Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us."*

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

457. *Dismission.* (754)

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

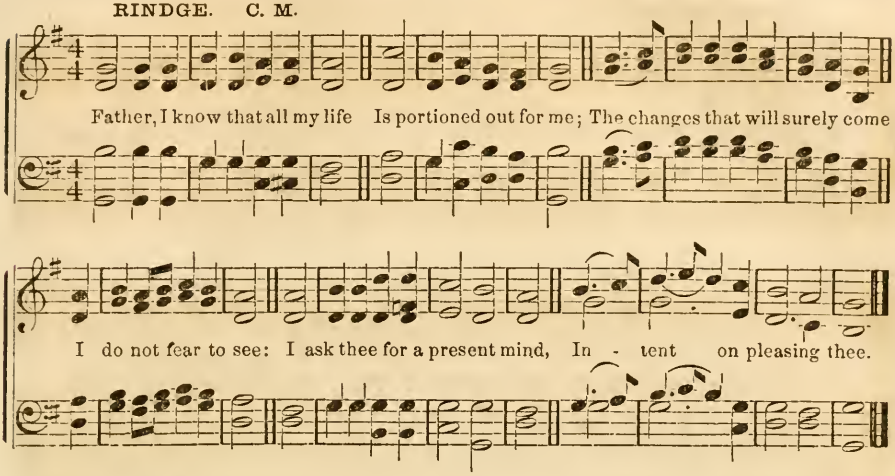
3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

458. *God of our salvation, hear us.* (756)

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us:
Lest we cold and careless grow;
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

RINDGE. C. M.



459. *The spirit of a little child.* (775)

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'r estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For him on whom I wait.

460. *God is the strength of my heart.* PSALM 73: 26. (1007)

1 HAPPY are they who learn in thee,
Through patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech;
Peace that no pleasure from without,
Nor strife within can reach.

2 Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore,
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before—
O let my soul abound in hope,
And praise thee evermore!

461. *Vespers.* (1313)

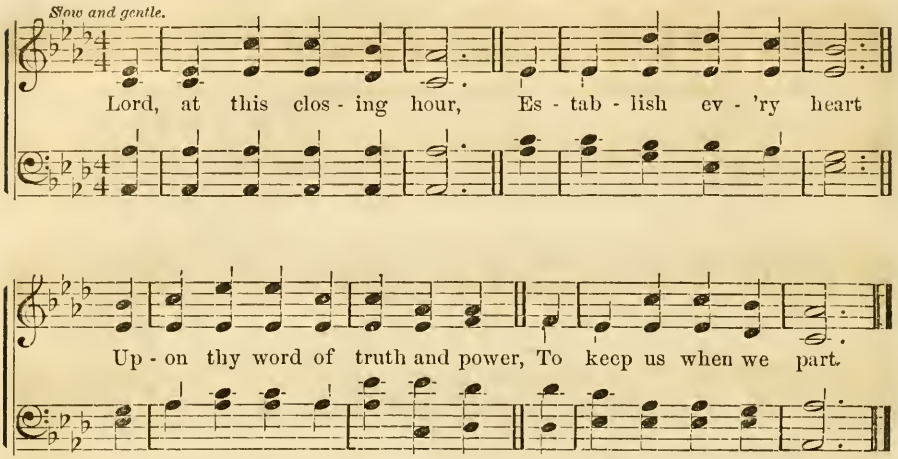
1 O SHADOW in a sultry land
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love unfolding like the night,
Brings quietude and rest,
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed;

2 From aimless wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro;
The wave of being mingles deep,
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

3 That which the garish day had lost
The twilight vigil brings,
While softlier the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings:—
The sense of an immortal trust,
The brush of angel wings!

4 Drop down behind the solemn hills
O Day! with golden skies!
Serene above its fading glow,
Night, starry-crowned, arise!
So beautiful may heaven be,
When life's last sunbeam dies!

LAKE ENON. S. M.



462. *"Peace I leave with you."* JOHN XIV: 27. (735)

1 LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

463. *"To the only wise God, our Saviour."* JUDE, 25. (736)

1 To God, the Only Wise,
Our Saviour and our King;
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

464. *Waiting in hope.* (738)

1 SOON we shall meet again
When all our toils are o'er,
Where sin, and death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more.

2 Oh, happy, happy day
That calls thy exiles home;
The flaming heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive her doom.

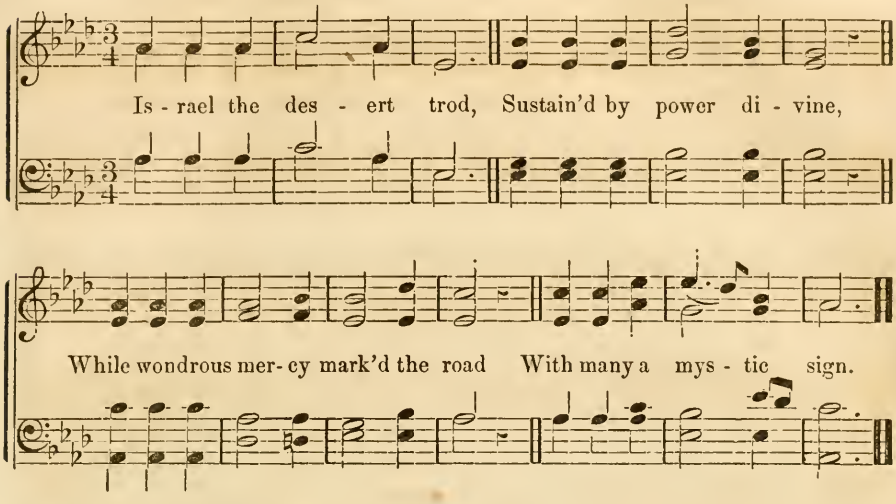
3 Saviour, we wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor that we may be found
Of thee in perfect peace.

465. *Blessedness of the pure in heart.* (741)

1 BLEST are the pure in heart
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

FRANKLIN SQUARE. S. M.



466.

That Rock was Christ.
1 Cor. 10: 4.

(778)

1 Israel the desert trod,
Sustained by power divine,
While wondrous mercy mark'd the road
With many a mystic sign.

2 When Moses gave the stroke,
From Horeb's flinty side
Issued a river, and the rock
The Hebrew's thirst supplied.

3 But O! what nobler themes
Does gospel grace afford!
From Calv'ry spring superior streams—
There hung the smitten Lord!

4 Of ev'ry hope bereft,
Sinners, to Jesus go;
Behold the Rock of Ages cleft,
And living currents flow.

5 Here may our spirits bathe,
Here may our joys abound!
Till (pass'd the wilderness and death)
We tread celestial ground.

467.

A brighter day.

(822)

1 Lord, we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away,
To realms of light and bliss.

2 There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drowned in endless night.

3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

4 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

468.

Having all in Christ.

(779)

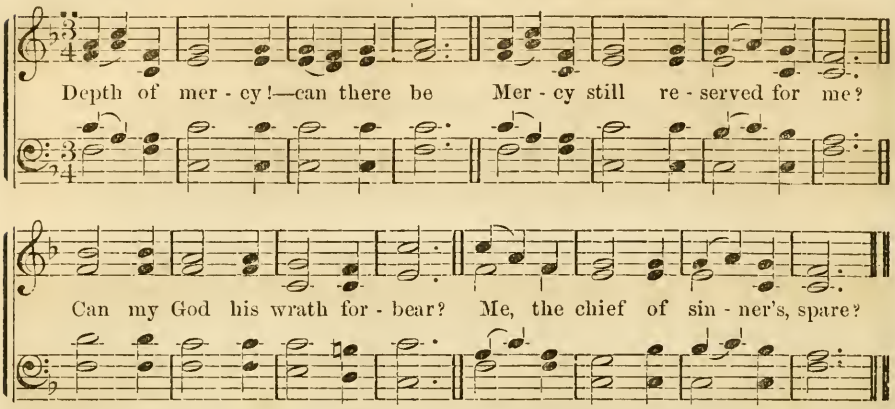
1 My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count the choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

ALETTA. 7s.



469. *Mercy for the Chief of Sinners.*

1 DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have scorned the Son of God,
Trampled on his precious blood,
Would not harken to his calls
Grieved him by a thousand falls

3 Lord, incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament—
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Still for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands:
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

470. *Make me like a little child.* (780)

1 JESUS, cast a look on me!
Give me true simplicity:
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only thee to know.

2 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to thine submit;
Lay me humbly at thy feet.

3 Make me like a little child,
Simple, teachable, and mild;
Seeing only in thy light;
Walking only in thy might!

4 Leaning on thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from thy precious blood!

471. 1 JOHN iv: 19. (784)

1 SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lessons can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

472. *The pearl of great price.* (782)

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end

ALL WILL BE WELL. 8s & 4s.

Thro' the love of God our Sav - iour, All will be well; Free and changeless

is his fa - vor, All, all is well. Precious is the blood that healed us, Perfect

is the grace that sealed us, Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us, All must be well.

473.

"*It is well.*" 2 Kings iv: 26. (787)

1 Through the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well:
Free and changeless is his favor;
All, all is well:
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation;
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well:
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well:
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well:
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

474.

Weep not for me. (1091)

1 When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is streaming,
Weep not for me;
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing;
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing,
Weep not for me.

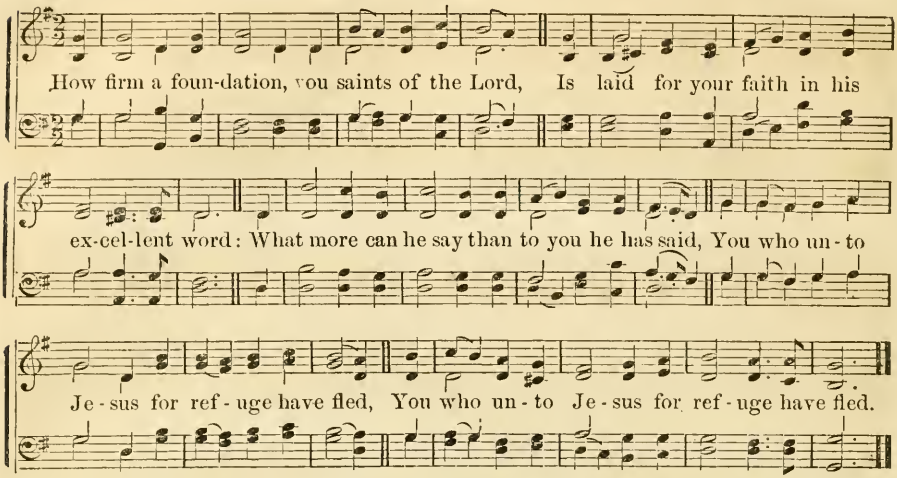
2 When the pangs of death assail me;
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine, he cannot fail me,
Weep not for me;
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor,
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever;
Weep not for me.

475.

Evening aspiration. (1201)

1 God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil has given,
For rest the night!
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumbers sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



476.

Precious promises. (792)

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

3 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

4 The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
I will not, I can not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

477.

Psalm xxiii. (103)

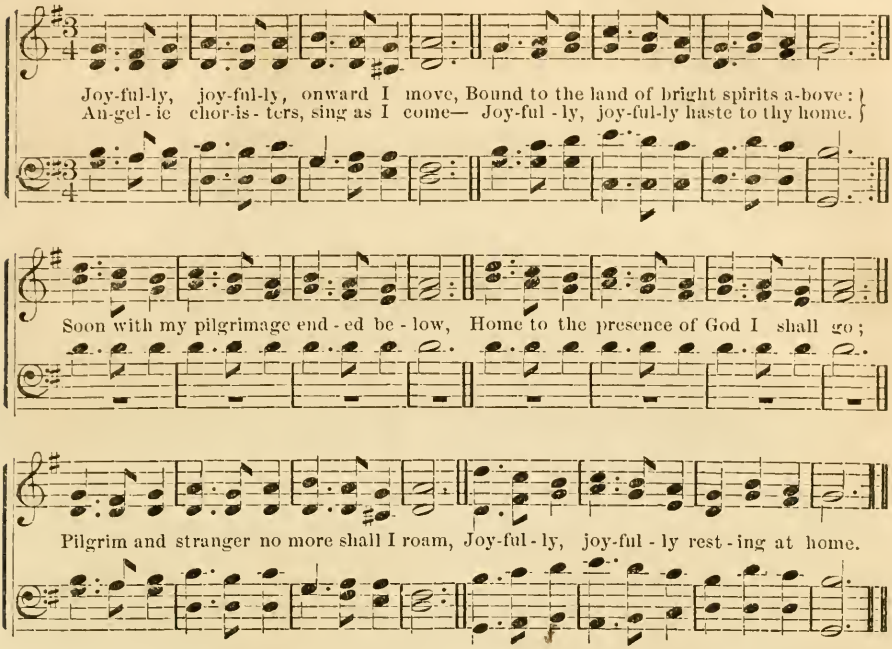
1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

JOYFULLY. 10s.

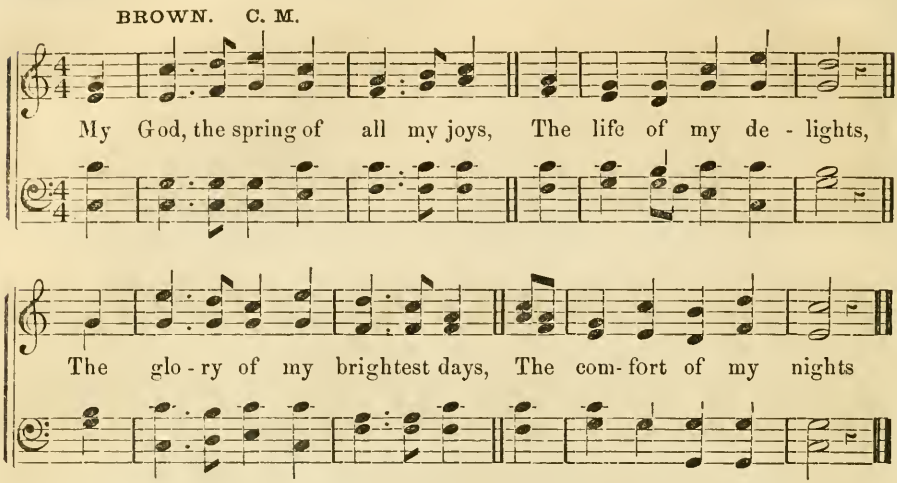


478 "*Rejoicing in hope.*" Rom xii: 12. (793)

1 Joyfully, joyfully onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam:
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom:
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom.
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.



479. *Thou art my soul's bright morning star.* (869)

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way
To meet my dearest Lord.

480. *Rejoice in the Lord always.* PHIL. 4; 4. (770)

1 REJOICE, believers in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid in Christ your God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

481. *The true riches.* (813)

1 YOU glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

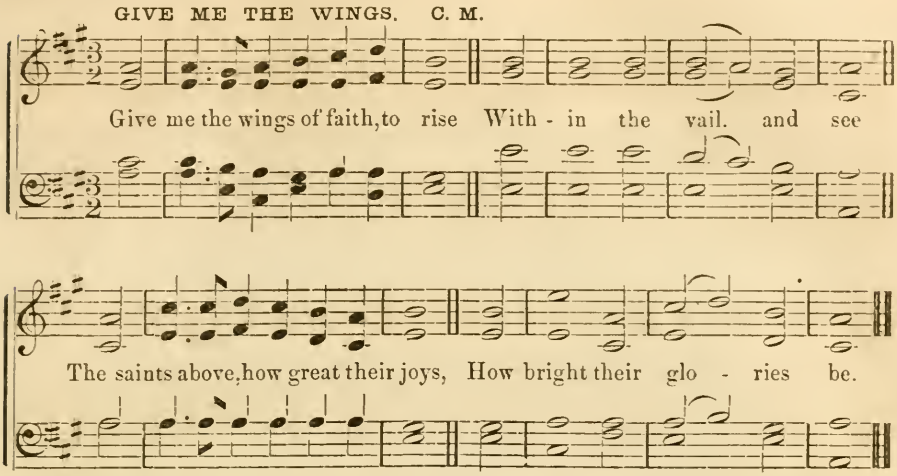
2 Away, unworthy of my cares,
You specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.

6 Blest Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise that love inspires,
Since I can call thee mine!



482.

So great a cloud of witnesses.
HEB. 12; 1. (817)

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above. how great their joys
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard. as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

483.

A new heart. (811)

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Confiding, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart;
Direct me from above;
May thy dear name be near my heart,
That dear, best name is Love.

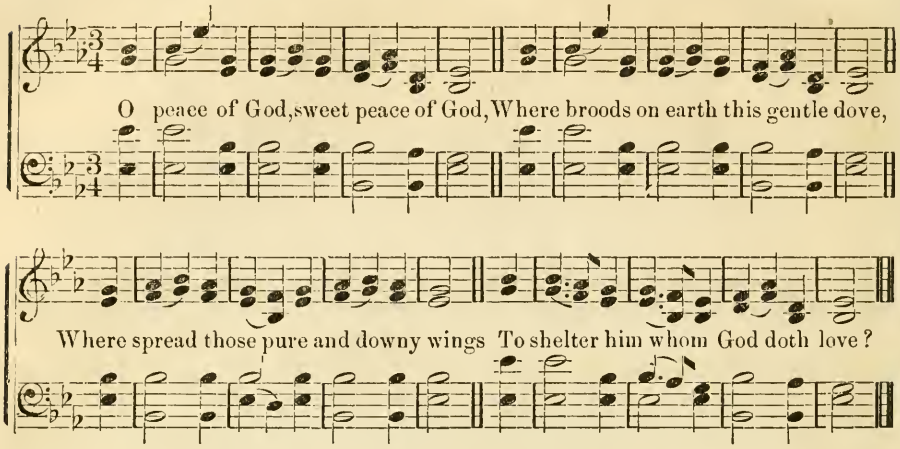
484.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

GRATITUDE. L. M.



485. *The peace of God.* PHIL. 4: 7. (760)

1 O PEACE of God, sweet peace of God,
Where broods on earth this gentle dove,
Where spread those pure and downy wings
To shelter him whom God doth love?

2 Whence comes this blessing of the soul,
This silent joy which cannot fade?
This glory, tranquil, holy, bright,
Pervading sorrow's deepest shade?

3 The peace of God, the peace of God!
It shines as clear 'mid cloud and storm
As in the calmest summer day,
'Mid chill as in the sunlight warm.

4 O peace of God! earth hath no power
To shed thine unction o'er the heart;
Its smile can never bring it here—
Its frown ne'er bid its light depart.

5 Calm peace of God, in holy trust,
In love and faith thy presence dwells—
In patient suffering and toil
Where mercy's gentle tear-drop swells.

486. *That I may win Christ.* PHIL. 3; 4. (807)

1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the bus'ness of the day.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distress'd;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Since I can say this gift is mine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

487. *Search me, O God, and know my heart.* PSALM 129; 23. (809)

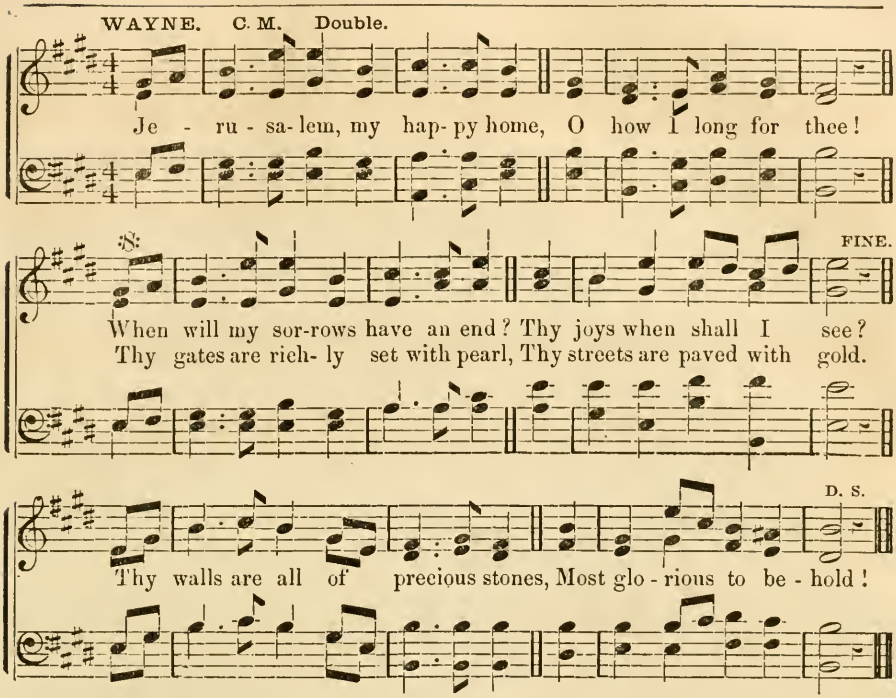
1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,
O, burst these bonds and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome world I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, when thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe—
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.



488.

The New Jerusalem. (820)

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heavén be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

489.

A city which hath foundations. Heb. 11; 10. (821)

1 Jerusalem! my glorious home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In Joy, and peace, and thee!

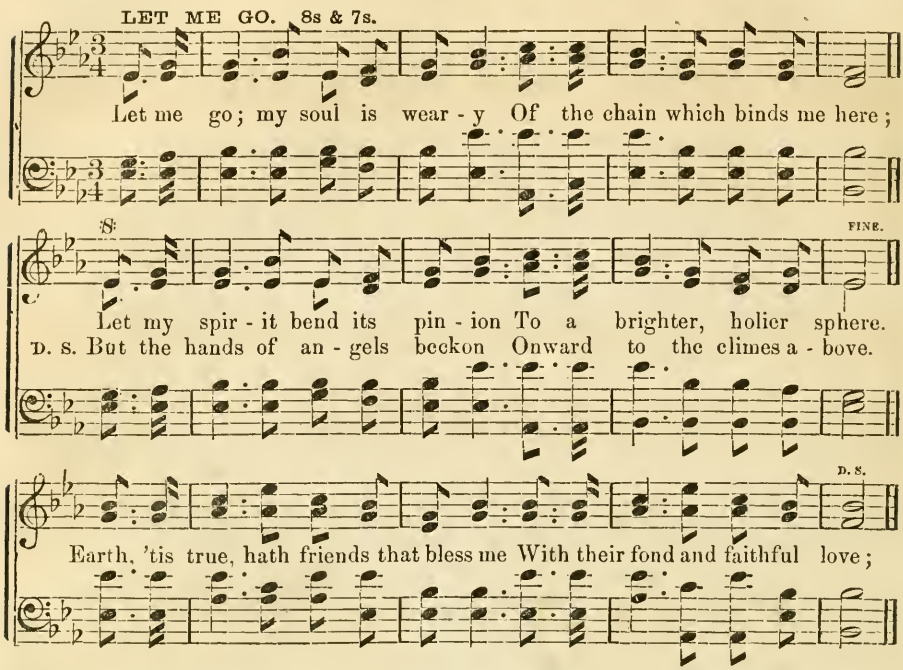
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know: scenes
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around thy Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem; my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.



490

Prisoners of hope.
ZECH. ix, 12.

(825)

1 Let me go; my soul is weary
Of the chain which binds me here;
Let my spirit bend its pinion
To a brighter holier sphere.
Earth,'tis true, hath friends that bless me
With their fond and faithful love;
But the hands of angels beckon
Onward to the climes above.

2 Let me go; for earth hath sorrow,
Sin, and pain, and bitter tears;
All its paths are dark and dreary,
All its hopes are fraught with fears;
Short-lived are its brightest flowers,
Soon its cherished joys decay:—
Let me go; I fain would leave it
For the realms of endless day.

3 Let me go; my heart hath tasted
Of my Saviour's wondrous grace;
Let me go. where I shall ever
See and know him face to face.
Let me go; the trees of heavén
Rise before me, waving bright,
And the distant, crystal waters
Flash upon my failing sight.

4 Let me go; for songs seraphic
Now seem calling from the sky—
'Tis the welcome of the angels,
Which e'en now are hov'ring nigh:
Let me go; they wait to bear me
To the mansions of the blest;
Where the spirit, worn and weary,
Finds at last its long sought rest.

491.

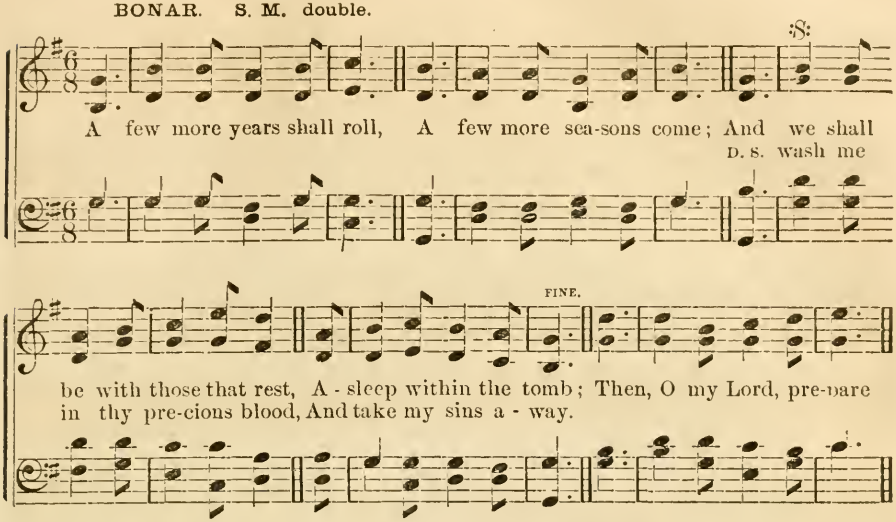
"Blessed are the dead," etc.
REV. xiv, 13.

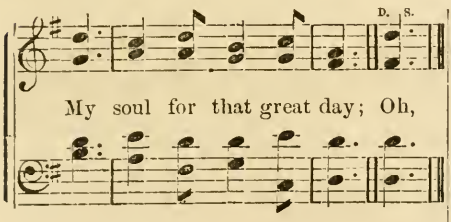
(1077)

1 HAPPY soul! thy days are ended
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggling through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest;
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear thy transitory pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

BONAR. S. M. double.





492. *A pilgrim's song.* (828)

1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh wash me in thy precious blood
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more meetings here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

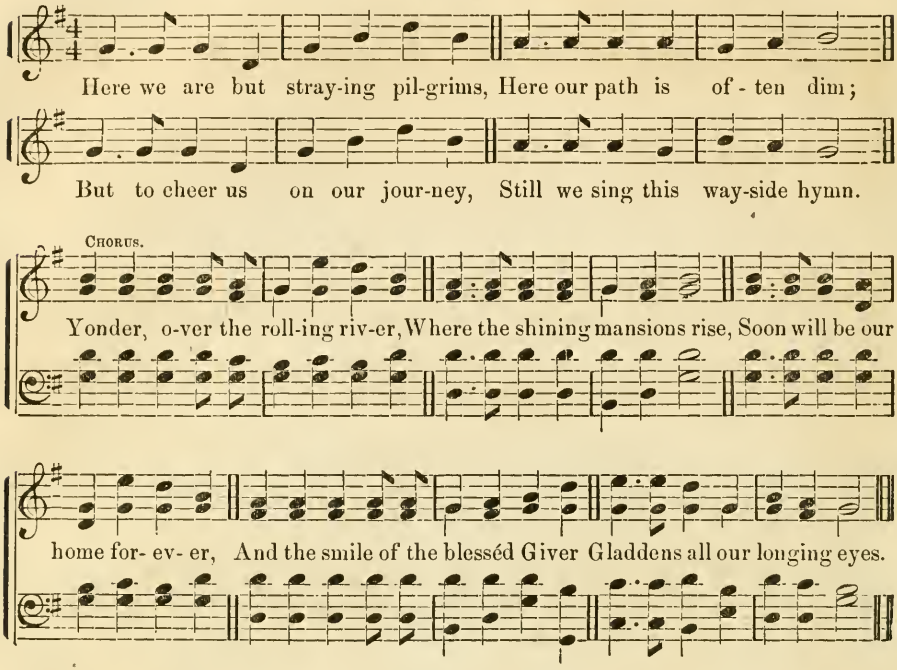
493. *Spiritual wants.* (915)

1 My God, my Strength, my Hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a Godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And bids the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I rest upon thy word;
Thy promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HERE AND YONDER. 8s. & 7s.



494. *Here and yonder.* (829)

1 HERE we are but straying pilgrims,
Here, our path is often dim:
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this way-side hymn.

CHORUS.

Yonder, over the rolling river,
Where the shining mansions rise,
Soon will be our home forever,
And the smile of the blesséd Giver
Gladdens all our longing eyes.

2 Here our feet are often weary,
On the hills that throng our way;
Here, the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say—
Yonder, over the rolling river, etc.

3 Here, our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And he tells us we may know,
Yonder, over the rolling river, etc.

4 Here, our shadowed homes are transient,
And we meet the stranger's frown;
So we'll sing with joy while going,
E'en to death's dark billow down—
Yonder, over the rolling river, etc.

495. *Happy home.* (1152)

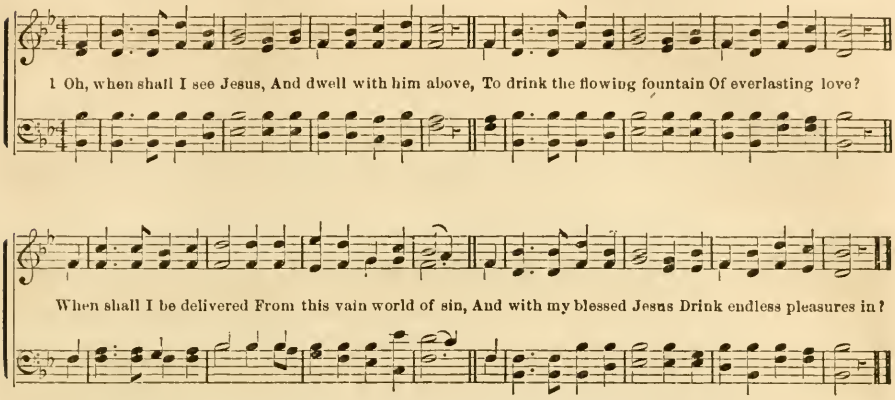
1 IN that world of ancient story,
Where no storms can ever come,
Where the Saviour dwells in glory,
There remains for us home.
Yonder, over the rolling river, etc.

2 There within the heavenly mansions,
Where life's river flows so clear,
We shall see our blesséd Saviour,
If we love and serve him here.
Yonder, over the rolling river, etc.

3 There with holy angels dwelling,
Where the ransomed wander free,
Jesus' praises ever telling,
Sing we through eternity.
Yonder, over the rolling river, etc.

4 There amid the shining numbers,
All our toils and labors o'er,
Where the Guardian never slumbers,
We shall dwell for evermore.
Yonder, over the rolling river, etc.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.



496. *Song of our pilgrimage.* (830)

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before:
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valliant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu:
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 Oh! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend,
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

497. *"How long, O Lord."* (831)

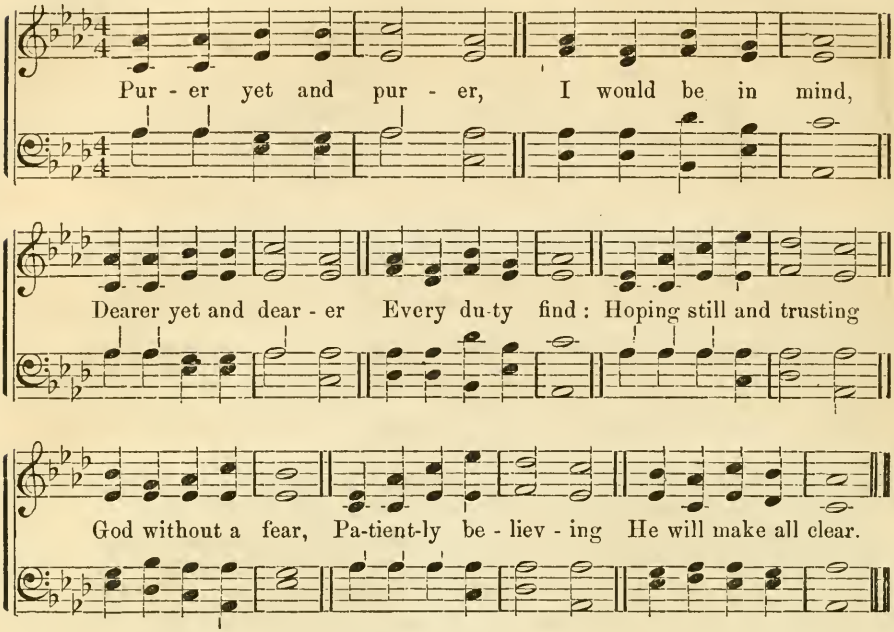
1 How long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay;
Oh when shall come the moment,
When brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory,
Shall on thy people dawn.

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe,
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see,
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

3 How long, O heavenly Bridegreom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay;
Thy very bride, her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4 Oh wake thy slumbering virgins,
Send forth the solemn cry—
Let all thy saints repeat it—
The Bridegroom draweth nigh;
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

SEVERN. 6s & 5s.



498.

I have longed for thy salvation.
PSALM cxix, 174. (835)

1 PURER yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
2 Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear:

3 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain.
4 Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind

5 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
6 Oft those earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

499.

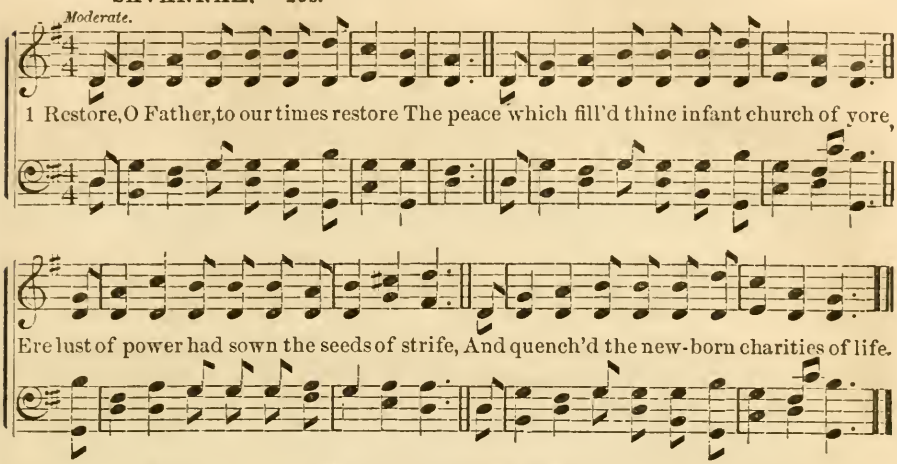
PSALM xci (897)

1 GOD of our salvation!
Unto thee we pray;
Hear our supplication,
Be our strength and stay
2 Wretchéd and unworthy,
Poor, and sick and blind
Prostrate we adore thee,
Call thy grace to mind.

3 He that dwelleth near thee,
Safely shall abide;
Ever love and fear thee,
In thy strength confide.
4 Sure is thy protection,
Safe is thy defense,
While in deep affliction
Woe, or pestilence.

5 God of our salvation!
Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Boundless thy compassion,
Infinite thy grace.
6 While with love unceasing,
···Humbly we adore;
Grant us thy rich blessing,
And we ask no more.

SAVANNAH. 10s.



500.

"When the Lord shall bring again Zion."
ISAIAH lii: 8.

(461)

1 RESTORE O Father! to our times restore
The peace which filled thine infant Church of yore
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.

2 Oh, never more may different judgments part
From kindled sympathy a brother's heart!
But, linked in one, believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.

3 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray.
Let concord spread one universal day;
And faith by love lead all mankind to thee,
Parent of peace, and Fount of harmony!

501.

Complete in Christ.

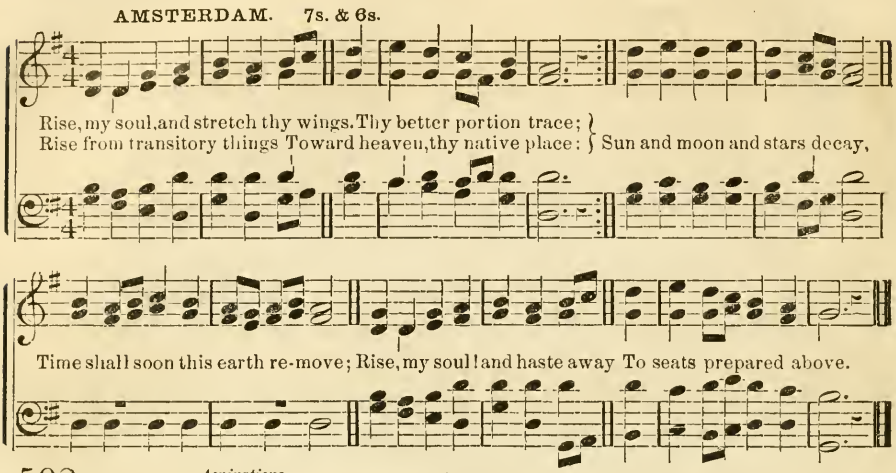
(*791)

1 LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home:
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come:
With him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

2 Yes! he is mine! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego his love an hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am, and he is mine.

3 The good I have is from his stores supplied;
The ill is only what he deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without him, though of all possest:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content, while I am his, while he is mine.

* Repeat last half of the tune for Hymn 791.



502.

Aspirations. (832)

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given—
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

503.

"The house of the Lord." (463) [Tune on next page.]

1 You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion, the house of the Lord,

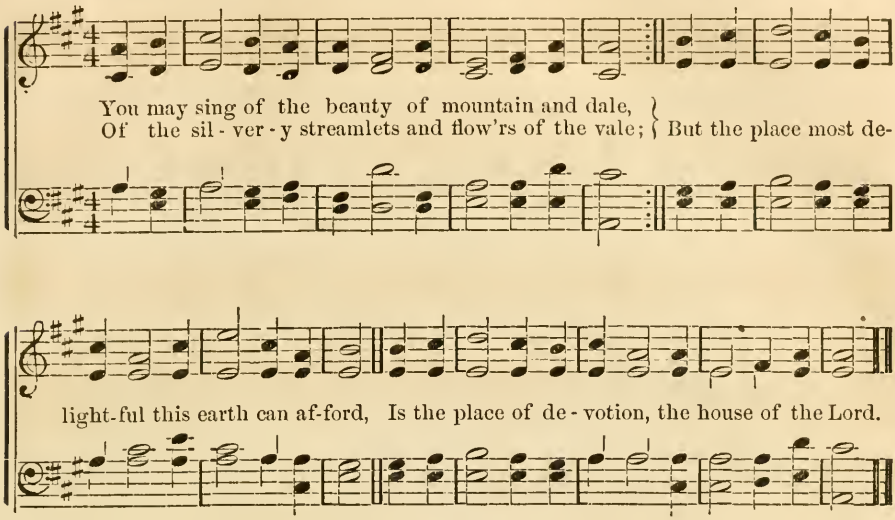
2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of health;
But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss—
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail, blessèd temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thine altar with those that I love,
And rejoice in the prospects revealed from above.

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD. 12s.



504.

"*Strangers and Pilgrims.*"
1 Pet. ii : 11. (838)

1 My rest is in heaven—my home is not here ;
Then why should I murmur when trials appear ?
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that may come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

2 A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss,
Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this ;
I look for a city which hands have not piled ;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

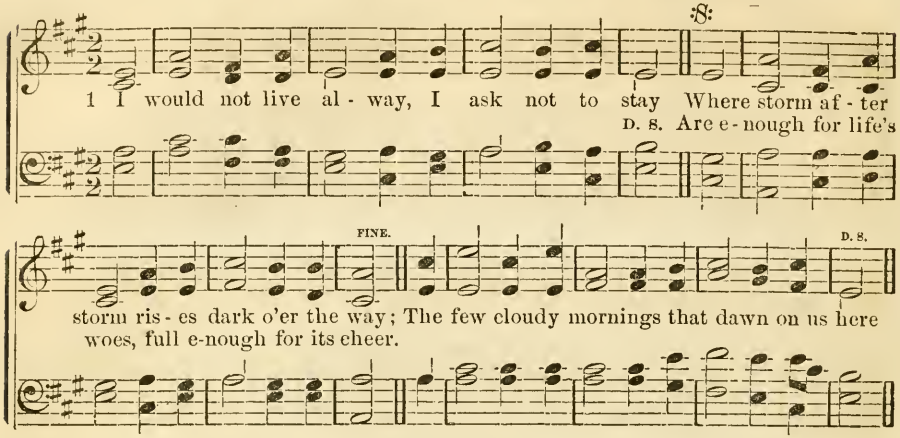
3 Afflictions may try me, but can not destroy,
One vision of home turns them all into joy ;
And the bitterest tear that flows from my eyes,
But sweetens my hope of that home in the skies.

4 Though foes and temptations my progress oppose
They only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
Come joy or come sorrow—the worst may befall,
One moment in heaven will make up for all.

5 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not repose upon roses below ;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till, seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast.

6 A scrip for the way and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through the enemy's land ;
The road may be rough, but it can not be long ;
So I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

HOMEWARD, 11s.



505.

"I would not live alway."
JOB vii: 16.

(836)

2 I WOULD not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

506.

"I am weary."

(837)

1 I AM weary of straying: Oh fain would I rest,
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishment spread,
And tears and temptations for ever are fled.

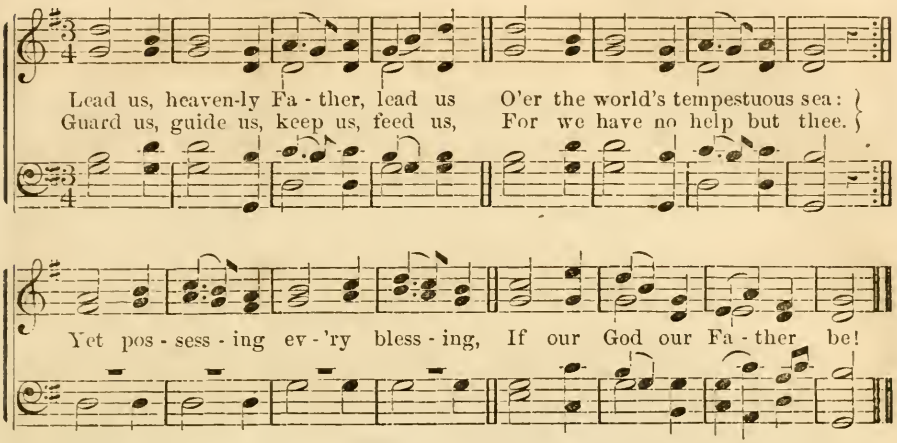
2 I am weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
I long for the land whose blest promise alone
Is as changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth,
O'er pangs of the lov'd which we can not assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest and dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

5 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love:
Oh! when shall I rest in thy presence above:
I am weary—but Oh! let me never repine,
Since thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine.

ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4s.



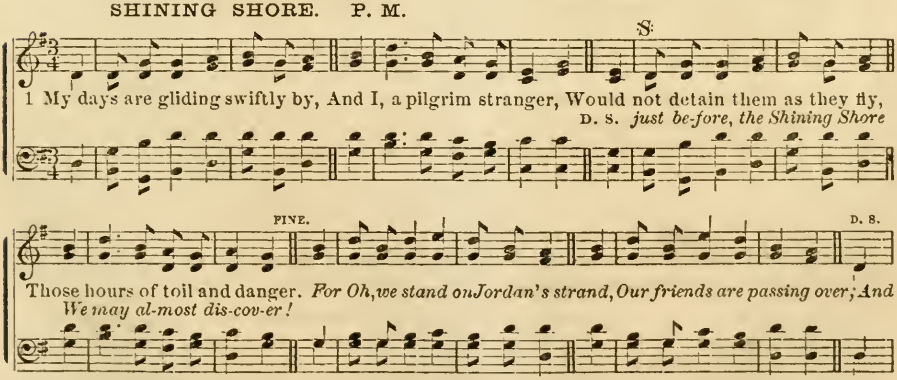
507. *Lead us, heavenly Father! lead us.* (842)

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee.
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread the earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe.
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending!
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy.
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

SHINING SHORE. P. M.



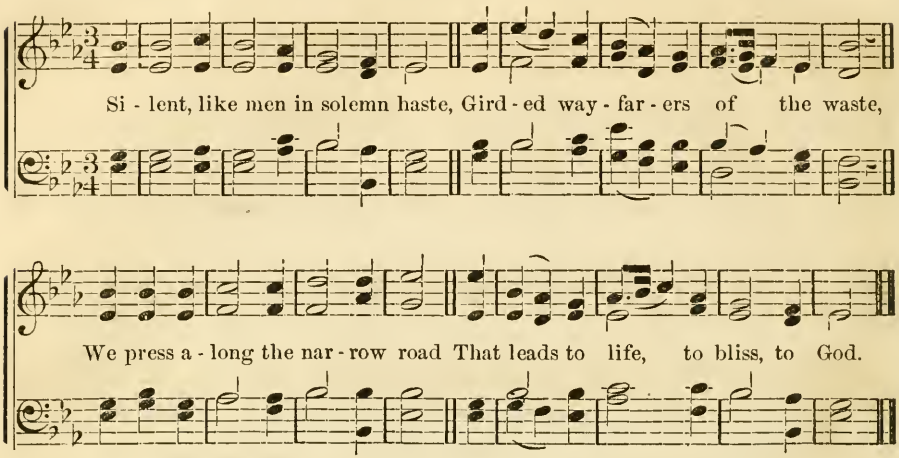
508. *The shining shore.* (800)

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, Oh! forever.

LUTON. L. M.



509. "*Let us go forth without the camp.*" HEB. xiii: 13. (848)

1 SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

2 We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

3 No idling now, no wasteful sleep;
We trim our lamps, our vigils keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;

4 No love of present gain nor ease,
No seeking man nor self to please,—
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

5 Night is far spent, and morn is near,—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear;
'Tis but a little, and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home.

6 Another year—it may be less—
And we have crossed the wilderness,
Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won.

510. "*We walk by Faith.*" 2 COR. v: 7. (855)

1 BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But he vouchsafes to be my Guide,
And keeps me in the narrow way.

3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and care.

4 With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

5 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord! to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

511. "*The Lord is nigh to all that call on him.*" PSALM cxlv: 18. (852)

1 WHEN, in the hour of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;

2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
Oh this shall check each rising sigh,—
My Saviour is forever nigh.

3 His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are;
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

NEVER GROW WEARY.

1. We must never grow weary doing well, doing well, Though in time we may reap no re-ward;
For E - ter - ni - ty will tell—yes, E - ter - ni - ty will tell, What a blessing rests on
Cres. CHORUS. *f* *f*
those who serve the Lord. *O ye stars! shine on, shine on! Far up in heaven's own blue,*
pp *cres.* *cres.* *f*
Some time, some time. I too may shine, I may shine as bright-ly as you!

512.

"Be not weary in well doing."

2 We must bear the yoke daily: Jesus says,
"It is easy, my burden is light;
For he knows how frail we are, yes, he knows how frail we are,
And he helps us through the day and through the night.
O ye stars, &c.

3 All the stars o'er us shining in the sky
And the sun and the moon do his will;
And we know that by and by, if to serve him well we try,
With a brighter glow our spirits he will fill.
O ye stars, &c.

4 We must ever be watchful!—for to-day
May, for you, and for me, be the last;
So the work we'll not delay, but we'll labor, and we'll pray,
Till the sunset hour of life is safely passed.
O ye stars, &c.

513.

Joy of consecration to Christ.

(399)

1 O SWEETLY breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

HENRY. C. M.

With energy.

Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

514 *"Endure hardness as a good soldier."* 2 Tim. ii: 3. (863)

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With Hope's exulting eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

515. *"With all boldness."* Phil. i: 20. (865)

1 I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honors of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

516. *"Run with patience."* Heb. xii: 1. (866)

1 Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands your zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thy aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Holds thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun!
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet
We'll lay our honors down.

TAMPICO. C. M.

Tenderly and soft.

1 As o'er the past my mem - 'ry strays, Why heaves the se - cret sigh?

'Tis that I mourn de - part - ed days, Still un - pre - pared to die,

Still un - pre - pared to die.

517. "*When shall I come and appear before God.*" PSALM xlii: 2. (871)

2 The world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast:
Thy grace it is which prompts the pray'r,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
Oh, speed my soul to thee.

518. "*Watch and pray.*" MARK xiii: 33. (870)

1 THE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour.
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

519. "*So run that ye may obtain.*" 1 COR. ix: 24. (860)

1 RISE, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious [blood
They conquered ev'ry foe:
And to his pow'r and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast giv'n,
And ne'er forsake the blesséd road
Which led them safe to heaven.

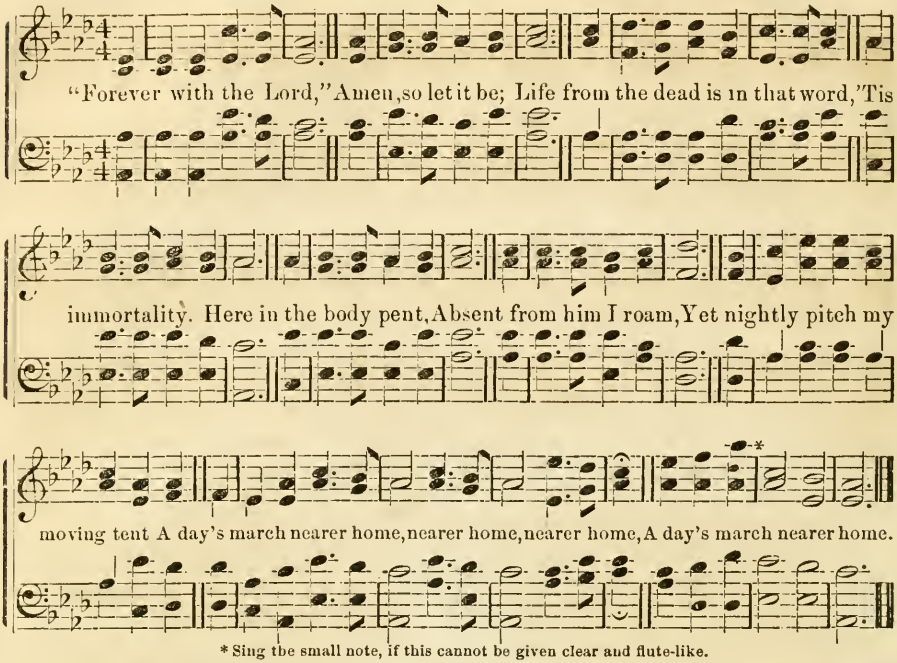
520. "*Oh wretched man that I am.*"

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest.

3 Break, sovereign Grace, Oh, break the [charm,
And set the captive free!
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. Double.



* Sing the small note, if this cannot be given clear and flute-like.

521.

"*Ever with the Lord.*" 1 Thess. iv: 17. (873)

1 "For ever with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home, ||: nearer home. :||

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above, ||: home above. :||

5 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace, ||: bow of peace. :||

522.

Num. xxiii: 10.

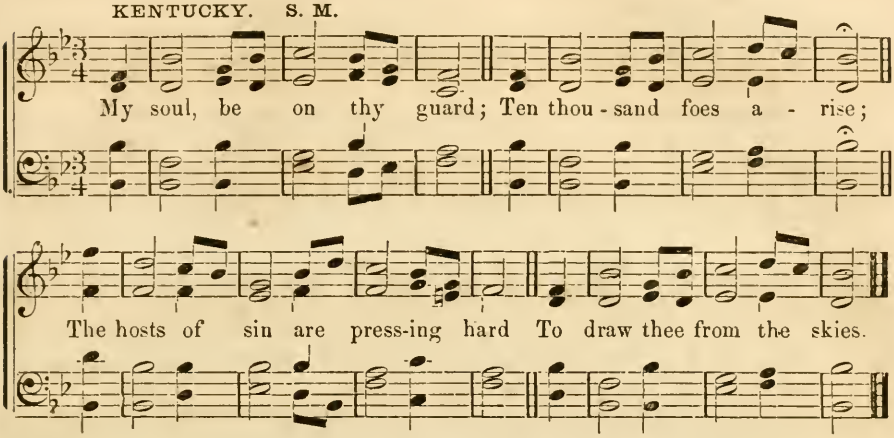
1 O, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky, ||: to the sky. :||

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears: ||: praise and tears :||

KENTUCKY. S. M.



523.

Watch! (875)

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

524.

Occupy till I come. Luke 19: 13. (876)

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

525.

Reaching forth. Phil. 3. 13. (881)

1 My soul, it is thy God
Who calls thee by his grace;
Now loose thee from each cumbering load,
And bend thee to the race.

2 Make thy salvation sure;
All sloth and slumber shun;
Nor dare a moments rest secure,
Till thou the goal hast won.

3 Thy crown of life hold fast;
Thy heart with courage stay;
Nor let one trembling glance be cast
Along the backward way.

4 Thy path ascends the skies,
With conquering footsteps bright;
And thou shalt win and wear the prize
In everlasting light.

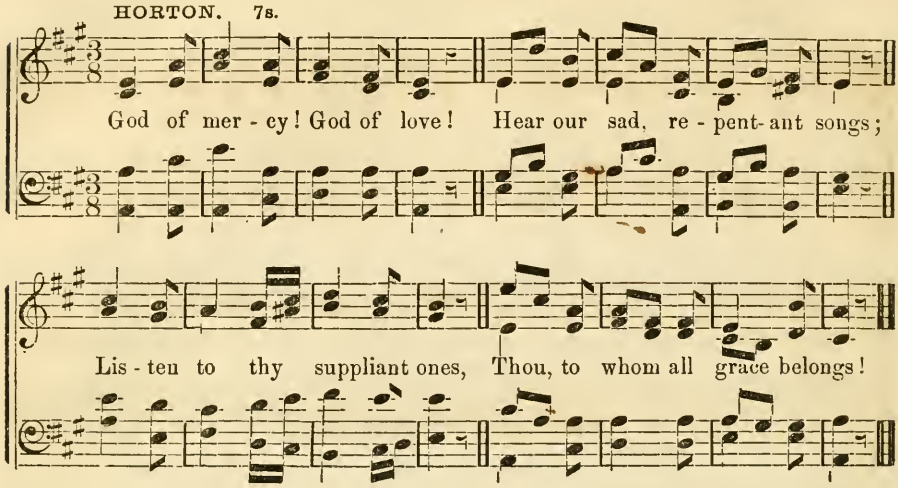
526.

Be strong in the Lord. Eph. 6; 10. (879)

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise!
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his belovéd Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.



527. *If we confess our sins.* 1 John 1: 9. (882)

1 God of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Listen to thy suppliant ones,
Thou, to whom all grace belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise;
Oft to murmur and complain:

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from thee alone.

5 God of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
), restore thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs!

528. *"That they go forward."* Ex. 14: 15. (883)

1 Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christian, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will you flee in danger's hour?
Know you not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping heart be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward, then, to battle move;
More than conqueror you shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldier, onward go.

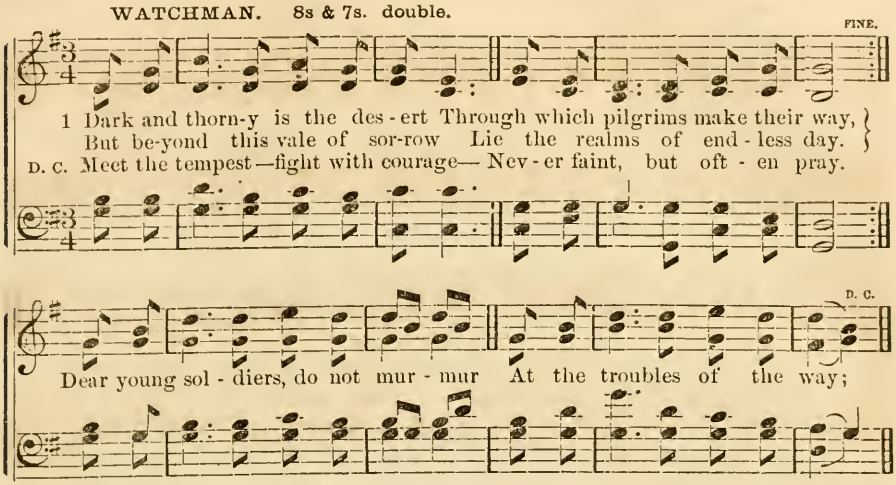
529. *"Let us not sleep, as do others."* 1 Thess. 5: 6. (884)

1 Sleep not, soldier of the cross!
Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose;
This is but the battle-ground.

2 Up! and take thy shield and sword;
Up! it is the call of heaven:
Shrink not faithless from the Lord:
Nobly strive as he hath striven.

3 Break through all the force of ill;
Tread the might of passion down—
Struggling onward, onward still,
To the conquering Saviour's crown!

4 Through the midst of toil and pain,
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast:
Every triumph thou dost gain,
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.



530.

Beyond this vale of sorrow. (888)

2 He whose thunder shakes creation;
He that bids the planets roll;
He that rides upon the tempest,
And whose scepter sways the whole—
Jesus, Jesus, will defend you;
Trust in him and him alone;
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne.

3 There on flowery fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
There ten thousand flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises!
Glory, glory is their theme!

4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels can not sing:
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 See the heavenly host in rapture
Gazing on these shining bands;
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands;
There upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along!
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song!

531.

Jesus, I my cross have taken. (923)

1 Jesus,—I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
I am poor, despised, forsaken,—
Thou henceforth my all shalt be:
Perish'd every fond ambition,—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,—
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Go then,—earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure,—
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba Father!
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All will work for good to me.

3 Soul,—then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee:
Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim's days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

MAIN. C. M.

Flowing style.

O Lord, I would de-light in thee, And on thy care de - pend; To thee in

ev - 'ry trouble flee, My best, my on - ly Friend, My best, my on - ly Friend.

532.

1 Oh Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
My great concern shall ever be
To love and please thee more.

533. *"I waited patiently for the Lord."* Psalm xl: 1. (905)

1 We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.

2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs;
Till he shall come, earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.

3 And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine!

5 Oh guide us till our night is done!
Until from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore!

534. *Our souls are in the Saviour's hand.* (907)

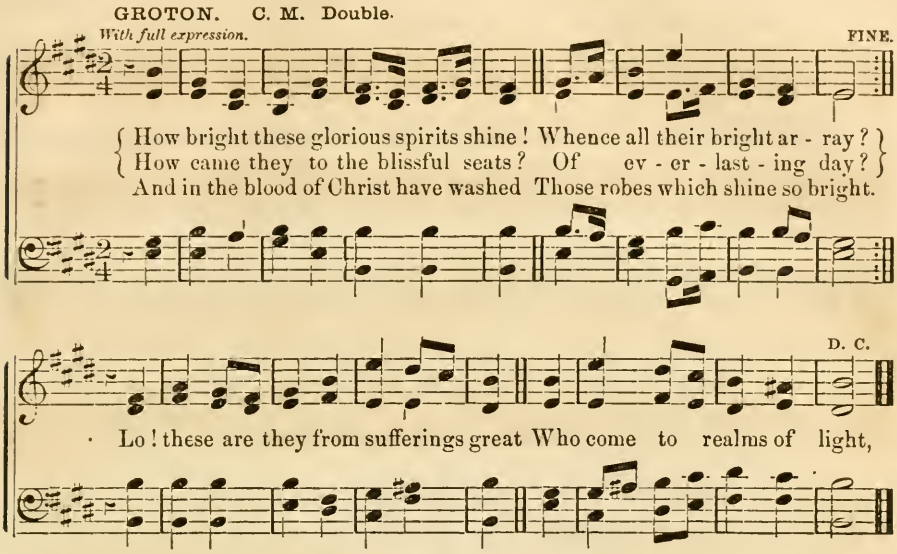
1 Our souls are in the Saviour's hand,
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
Oh! what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

3 Oh! what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array!
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay!

4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright, shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun!

5 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home:
Come, O Redeemer! come away!
O Jesus! quickly come!



535.

Rev. 7: 13–17.

(909)

1 How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb that sits upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

536.

"Go on, you pilgrims."

(486)

1 Go on, you pilgrims, while below,
In the sure path of peace,
Determined nothing else to know
But Jesus and his grace.

2 Observe your leader, follow him;
He through this world has been
Often reviled; but like a Lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.

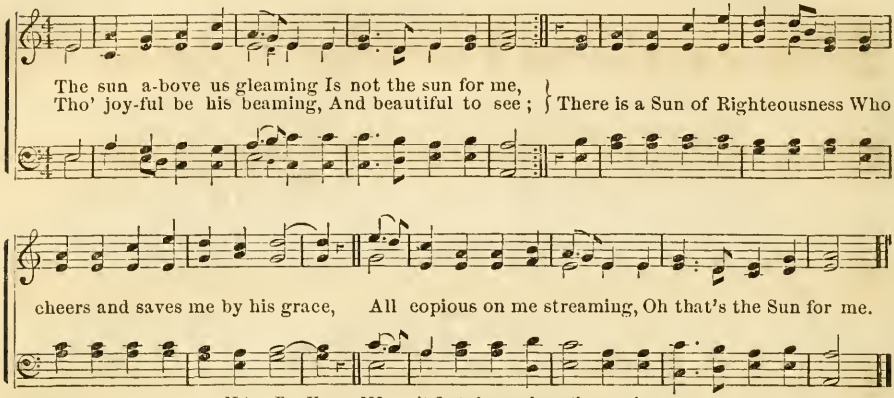
3 O! take the pattern he has given,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heaven
Through self-denial lies.

4 Remember, you must watch and pray
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

5 Go on rejoicing night and day;
Your crown is yet before,
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

6 Soon we shall reach the promised land,
With all the ransomed race,
And join with all the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

THE SUN ABOVE US GLEAMING.



Note.—For Hymn 538, omit first slur, and use the small notes.

537.

"*You are not of the world.*" JOHN XV: 19. (892)

2 THE kings and lords of nations,
Are not the kings for me ;
Too low their highest stations,
Too mean their dignity :
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
Almighty in his ways and words,
The word of his salvation,
Oh that's the King for me.

3 This house of death and mourning
Is not the house for me,
Where all to dust are turning,
In tears and agony ;
But there's a house not made with hands,
It ever stood and ever stands,
Beyond the world's last burning ;
Oh that's the house for me.

3 The wars the hero fights in,
Are not the wars for me ;
The war my heart delights in,
Shall end in victory ;
'Tis not a war of flesh and blood ;
I fight for heaven, I fight for God,
A kingdom with my rights in—
Oh that's the war for me.

5 This land of sin and sorrow,
Is not the land for me.
Where anguish oft I borrow
From dying company ;
The immortal land is far away,
I'll enter it on some bright day,
That day may be to-morrow—
Oh that's the land for me.

538.

LUKE XIV: 27. (889)

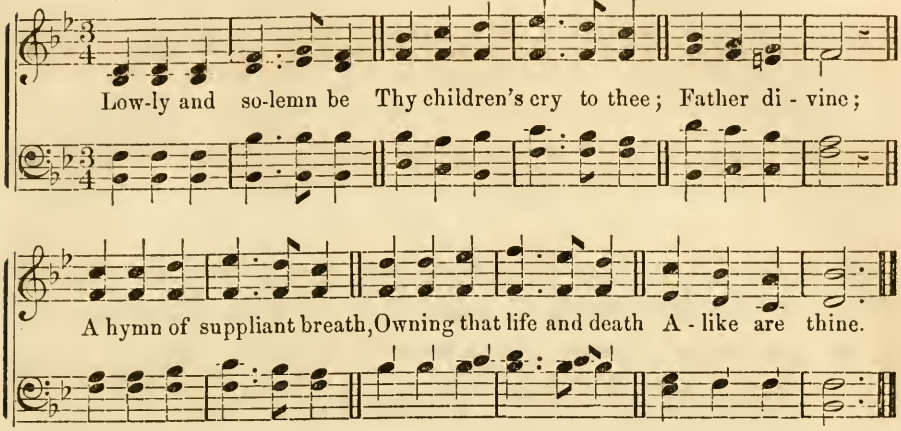
1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I see,
To me 'tis pardon bringing ;
Oh that's the cross for me !

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here !
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
For perfect love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear,
Which round my heart is clinging;
Oh that's the love for me !

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross we're free ;
And then go home to wear the crown,
For there's a crown for me.
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above
The purchase of my Saviour's love,
For me at his appearing ;
Oh that's the crown for me !

4 The saints shall hear the midnight cry,
The Lord will then appear,
And virgins rise with burning lamps,
To meet him in the air :
For there's a home in heaven prepared,
A house by saints and angels shared,
Where Christ is interceding ;
Oh that's the home for me !

HEMANS. 6s & 4s.



539.

Forsake me not, etc. PSALM 71; 9. (1087)

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earthly help and power
Are all in vain,
When spears, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
Do thou sustain.

3 By him who bowed to take
The death cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away—
Aid us, O God.

4 Trembling beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

540.

Be thou my strong Rock. PSALM 31; 2. (786)

1 O STRONG to save and bless,
My Rock and Righteousness,
Draw near to me.
Blessing, and joy, and might,
Wisdom, and love, and light
Are all with thee.

2 My Refuge and my Rest,
As child on mother's breast
I lean on thee.
From faintness and from fear,
When foes and ill are near,
Deliver me.

3 O, answer me, my God;
Thy love is deep and broad,
Thy grace is true.
Thousands this grace have shared
O, let *me* now be heard,
O, love *me* too.

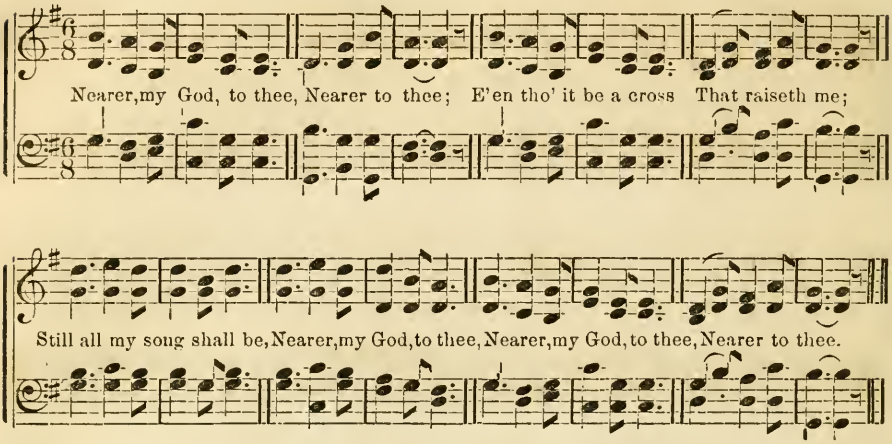
541.

1 O THOU best gift of heaven!
Thou who thyself hast given,
For thou hast died!
This thou hast done for me:
What have I done for thee,
Thou crucified?

2 I long to serve thee more;
Reveal an open door,
Saviour, to me:
Then, counting all but loss,
I'll glory in thy cross,
And follow thee.

3 Do thou but point the way,
And give me strength t' obey;
Thy will be mine:
Then can I think it joy
To suffer or to die,
Since I am thine.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



542. *Nearer to thee.* (928)

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise.
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky;
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

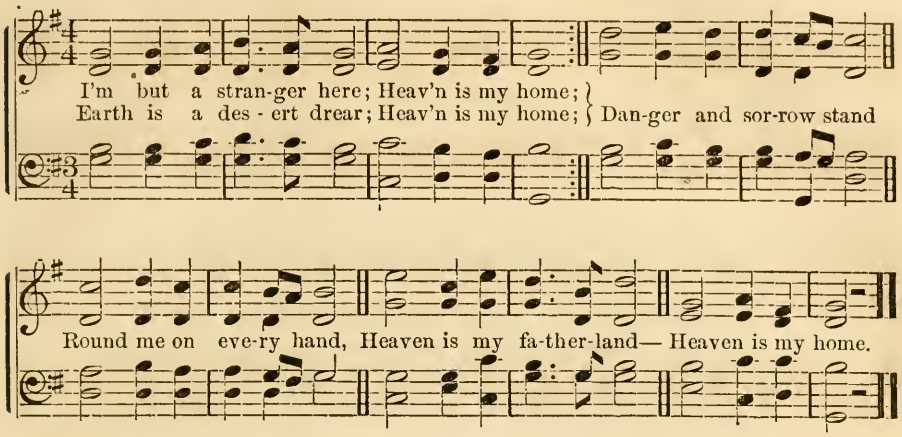
543. 1 Peter i: 8. (656)

1 Saviour! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Be ever near:
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fulness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
For evermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

OAK. 6s & 4s.



544.

Heaven is my home. (1146)

1 I'M but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland–
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home.
There, with the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
I shall for ever rest;
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not;
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

545.

HEB. xi: 16. (1136)

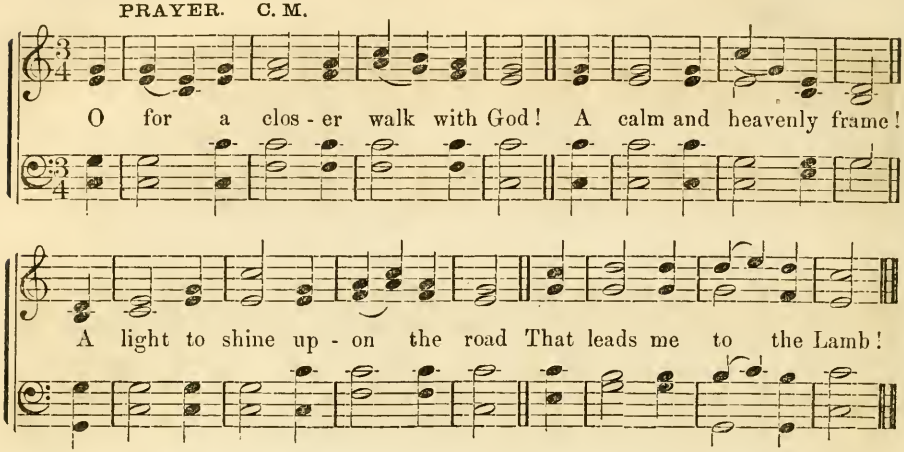
1 KNOW ye that better land,
Where care's unknown?
Know ye that blesséd band
Around the throne?
There, there is happiness,
There streams of purest bliss;
There, there are rest and peace
There, there alone.

2 Yes, yes, we know that place,
We know it well;
Eye hath not seen his face,
Tongue can not tell;
There are the angels bright,
There saints enrob'd in white,
All, all are cloth'd in light—
There, there they dwell.

3 Oh! we are weary here,
A little band,
Yet soon in glory there
We hope to stand;
Then let us haste away,
Speed o'er this world's dark way,
Unto that land of day—
That better land,

4 Come! hasten that sweet day,
Let time begone,
Come! Lord, make no delay,
On thy white throne;
Thy face we wish to see,
To dwell and reign with thee,
And, thine for ever be—
Thine, thine alone.

PRAYER. C. M.



546. *O for a closer walk with God!* (943)

1 O for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

547. *O, that I were as in months past.* Job. 29; 2. (944)

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

548. *Scorn not the slightest word or deed.* (957)

1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

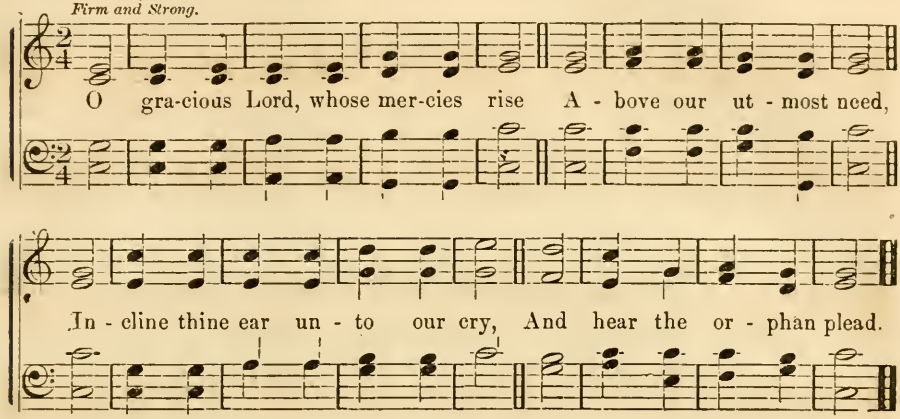
2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless, none can tell
How vast its powers may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be,
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

AGAWAM. C. M.

Firm and Strong.



549. *"In thee the fatherless findeth mercy."* PSALM lxviii: 5. (962)

1 O GRACIOUS Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need,
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the orphan plead.

2 Bereft of all a mother's love,
And all a mother's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help?
To whom direct our prayer?

3 To thee we flee, to thee we pray;
Thou shalt our Father be:
More than the fondest parent's care
We find, O Lord, in thee.

4 Already hast thou heard our cry,
And wiped away our tears:
Thy mercy has a refuge found
To guard our helpless years.

5 O, let thy love descend on those
Who pity to us show;
Nor let their children ever taste
The orphan's cup of woe.

550. 1 PETER ii: 21—33. (961)

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

551. *"A father of the fatherless."* PSALM lxviii: 5. (963)

1 WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose?
Thou! Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes!

2 What friend have I in heaven or earth,
What friend to trust, but thee?
My father's dead, my mother's dead,
My God! "remember me."

3 Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
And bid my troubles cease;
In thee the fatherless shall find
Pure mercy, grace, and peace.

4 I've not a secret care or pain
But he that secret knows;
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.

GOLDEN SKY. 9s & 8s.*

Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee,

:S: FINE.

Tinged are the distant skies with glory, A bea-con light hung out for thee
D. S. Thy home is in the world of glory, Where thy Redeemer reigns a - lone.

D. S.

A - rise, a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne;

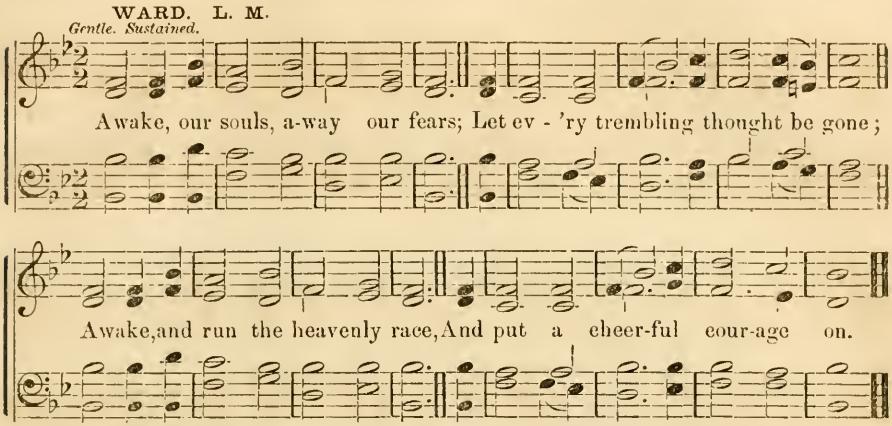
* Or, L. M., by slurring last syllable of each alternate line.

552. "*The day is at hand.*" Rom. xiii: 12. (934)

1 Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee;
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon-light hung out for thee;
Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee;
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Toss'd on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly, composed, and dauntless, stand:
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The hights that bound the promised land.
Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering;
See in what throngs they range the shore!

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noontide ray,
The star-gemm'd crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away;
Away! away! leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.



553. *"I press toward the mark."* PHIL. iii: 14. (856)

1 Awake, our souls; away our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone,
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

554. *Prayer for general peace.* (951)

1 THY footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Complete the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

2 O, show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Command the din of war to cease;
O, bid contending nations rest,
And let thy love rule every breast.

3 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Glad plenty laughs the valleys sing;
Reviving commerce lifts her head,
And want, and woe, and hate have fled.

4 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy word;
O, soon let every nation prove
The perfect joy of Christian love!

555. *"I pray—that thou shouldst keep," etc.* JOHN xvii: 12. (952)

1 WHILE others pray for grace to die,
O Lord, I pray for grace to live;
For every hour a fresh supply;
O see my need and freely give.

2 I do not dread the hour of death;
If I am thine, no fears remain;
I know that with my parting breath
I yield for ever mortal pain.

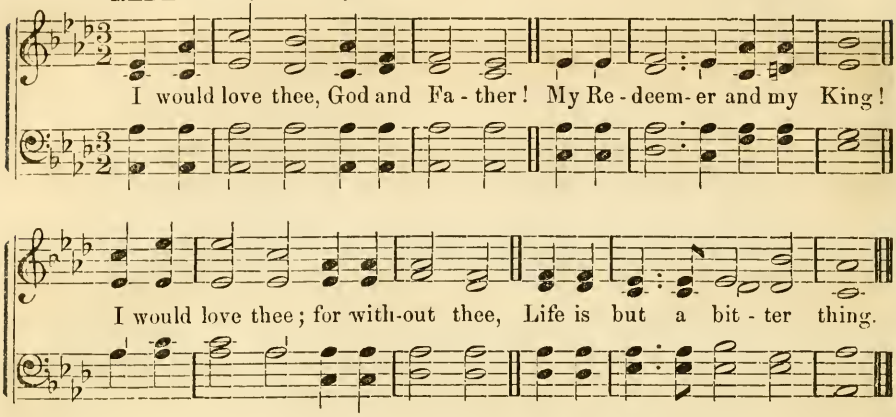
3 E'en if the darkness should appear
Too deep for faith as well as sight,
If I am thine, thou wilt be near,
And take me to thy heavenly light.

4 But O, my Lord, in life's highway
I crave the sunshine of thy face;
And every moment of the day
I need thy strong supporting grace.

5 I dare not—will not—Lord, deny
That heart and feet both go astray;
Therefore, the more to thee I cry
To keep me in the chosen way.

6 The more my sin and unbelief,
Keep me from walking near to thee;
The more, Lord Jesus, is my grief—
The more I long thy face to see.

REDEEMER. 8s. & 7s.



556.

1 I WOULD love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer and my King!
I would love thee; for without thee
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne;
I would love thee, he who loves thee,
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye;
I would love thee; if not nourish'd
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes;
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heav'n o'er all I prize.

5 I would love thee, I have vow'd it;
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

557. *Father, take me.* (949)

1 TAKE me, O my Father! take me—
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make [me;
Let thy will in me be done.

2 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin!
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee.

6 Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love for ever living,
I must be forever blest.

558. PSALM 126; 6. (969)

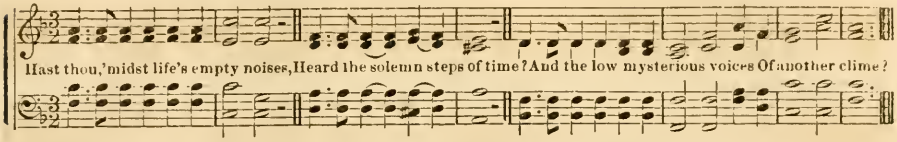
1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven;
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through the influence all divine.

3 Sow the seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
In the rising grain appear;
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

WILLOW CREEK. 8s, 7s & 5s.



559.

1 HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time?
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime?

2 Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within the heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching—
What, and where is truth?

3 Not to ease and aimless quiet,
Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end.

4 Earnest toil, and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil,
And besetting sin;

5 And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart and purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

560.

Work on, hope on.

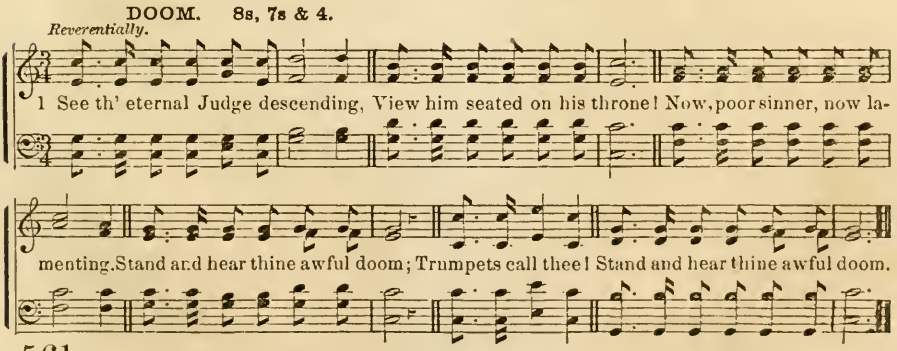
(976)

1 EVERY day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care:
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

2 Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that can not sever,
To humanity.
Labor, wait! thy master labored
Till his task was done;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments—
Life hath but begun.

3 Labor, wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear—
Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

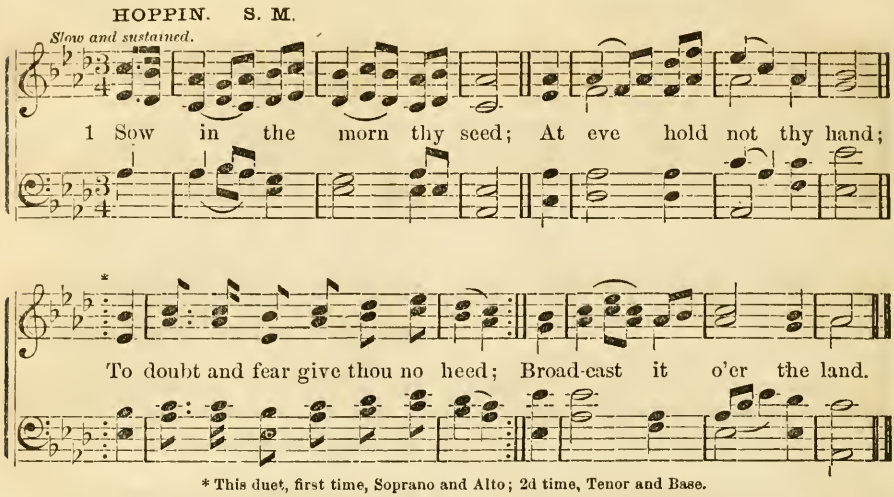
DOOM. 8s, 7s & 4.



561.

2 "Yonder sits the slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move!
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

3 Now, despisers, look and wonder;
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost forever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"



* This duet, first time, Soprano and Alto; 2d time, Tenor and Base.

562. *"In the morning sow thy seed."* Eccl. xi: 6. (967)

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
On hillside and in dale 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere!

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest-home.

563. *"I am still with thee."* Psalm cxxxix: 18. (988)

1 Still with thee, Oh my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad
I would be still with thee;—

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer;—

3 With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud
Speak softly to my heart;—

4 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find.

5 With thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

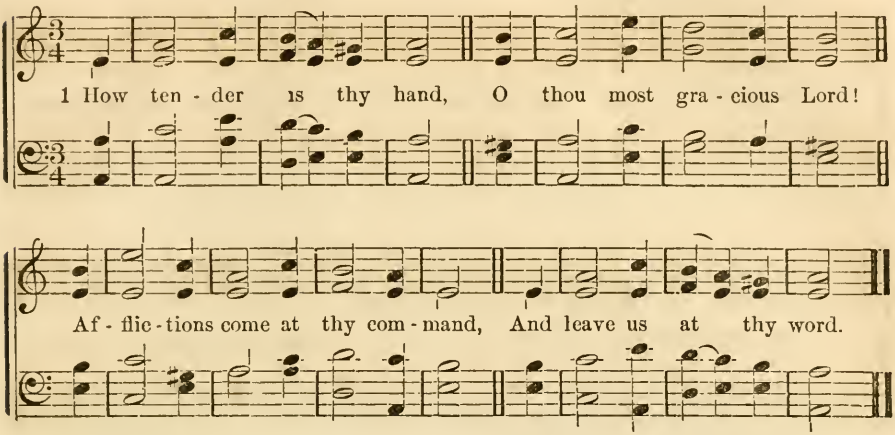
564 *"Establish thou the work of our hands."* Psalm xc: 17. (966)

1 Oh praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 Oh happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

3 Lord! may it be our choice
This blesséd rule to keep:
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

MARLBORO'. S. M.



565. "*Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.*" HEB. xii: 6. (1015)

2 How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
For ever be his name ador'd,
For there is none beside.

566. "*Lead me to the Rock.*" PSALM lxi: 2. (1016)

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defense,
The refuge where I hide.

567. "*God dealeth with you as with sons.*" HEB. xii: 7. (1018)

1 How gracious, and how wise,
Is our chastising God;
And, Oh! how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honor his commands.

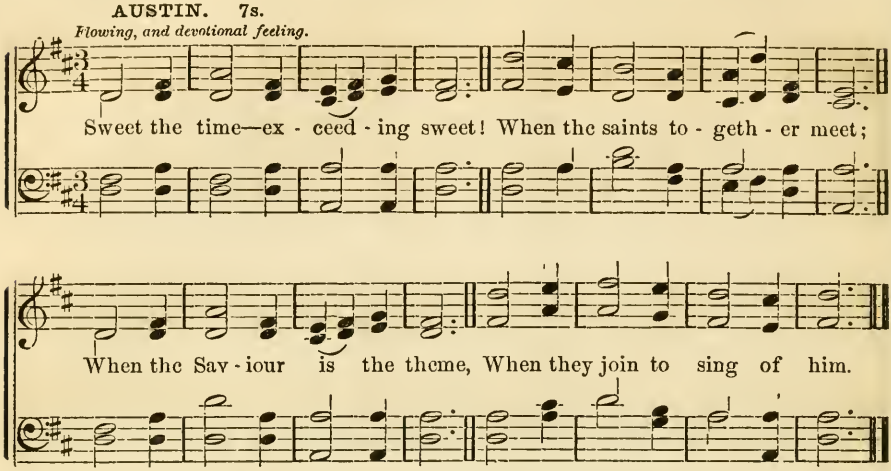
5 Our Father, we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pain that makes our souls
Still more completely thine.

6 Supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

568. "*Perfect peace in Christ.*" ISAIAH xxvi 3. (1020)

1 THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.



569.

1 SWEET the time—exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world—and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sweet the place—exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him!

570. *"Your life is hid with Christ in God."* COLL iii: 3. (989)

1 LET my life be hid in thee,
Life of life, and Light of light!
Love's illimitable Sea!
Depth of peace, of power the Hight!

2 Let my life be hid in thee,
When my foes are gathering round;
Covered with thy panoply,
Safe within thy holy ground.

3 Let my life be hid in thee,
From vexation and annoy;
Calm in thy tranquility,
All my mourning turned to joy.

4 Let my life be hid in thee;
When my strength and health shall fail
Let thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

571 *"Thou God seest me."* GEN. xvi: 13. (991)

1 GOD is in the loneliest spot
Present, though thou know it not;
Morning vows and evening prayer
Make a Bethel everywhere.

2 Go where duty guides thy feet;
There good angels thou shalt meet;
Hosts of God thou canst not see,
Watch thy steps and wait on thee.

572. *"Affliction cometh not forth of the dust."* JOB v: 8. (1023)

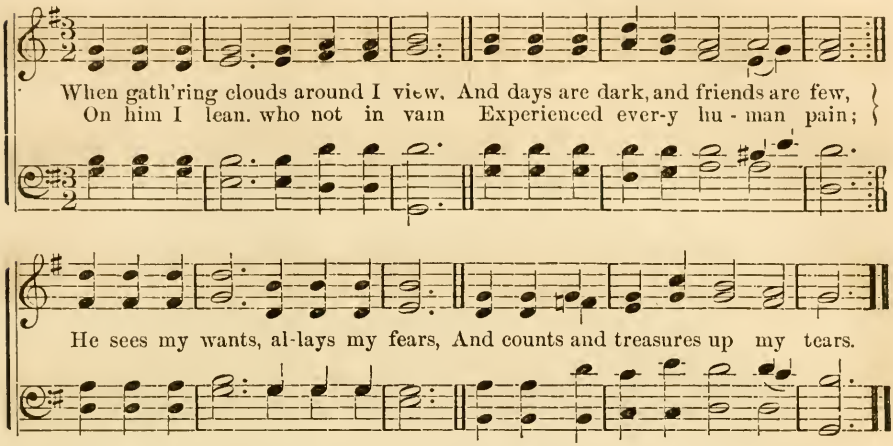
1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

DALLIBA. L. M. 6 lines. [L. M. by omitting repeat.]



573 *"Touched with the feeling."* Heb. iv: 15. (999)

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few;
On him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When, sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while—
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, Oh! when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

574. Heb. iv: 15. (997)

1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought—how comforting and sweet!
Christ took this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

2 Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here!
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suff'ring and with grief!

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

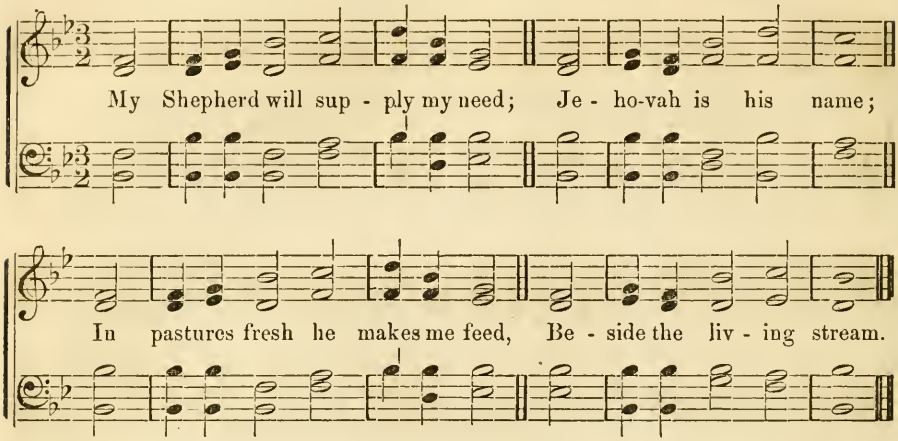
4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the Son of God,
As I am now so he has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me,
With pity, love, and sympathy.

575. *"Thy footsteps are not known."* Psalm lxxvii: 19. (902)

1 Oh let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery;
I can not, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherish'd joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams [are gone?
Yet purer, nobler joys remain,
And peace is won through conquered pain.

NOTTING HILL. C. M.



576. "*Thou that rulest the raging of the sea.*" PSALM 89; 9. (1002)

1 To thee, my God, whose presence fills
The earth, and seas, and skies,
To thee, whose name, whose heart is Love,
With all my powers I rise.

2 Troubles in long succession roll;
Wave rushes upon wave;
Pity, O pity my distress!
Thy child, thy suppliant save!

3 O bid the roaring tempest cease;
Or give me strength to bear
Whate'er thy holy will appoints,
And save me from despair!

4 To thee, my God, alone I look,
On thee alone confide;
Thou never hast deceived the soul
That on thy grace relied.

5 Though oft thy ways are wrapt in clouds
Mysterious and unknown,
Truth, righteousness, and mercy stand,
The pillars of thy throne.

577. "*When the waves arise, thou stillest them.*" PSALM 89: 9. (1004)

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.

2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our guide.

3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes.
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more to us than all the world—
Our health, our life, our God.

578. "*Songs in the night.*" JOB 35; 10. (1005)

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

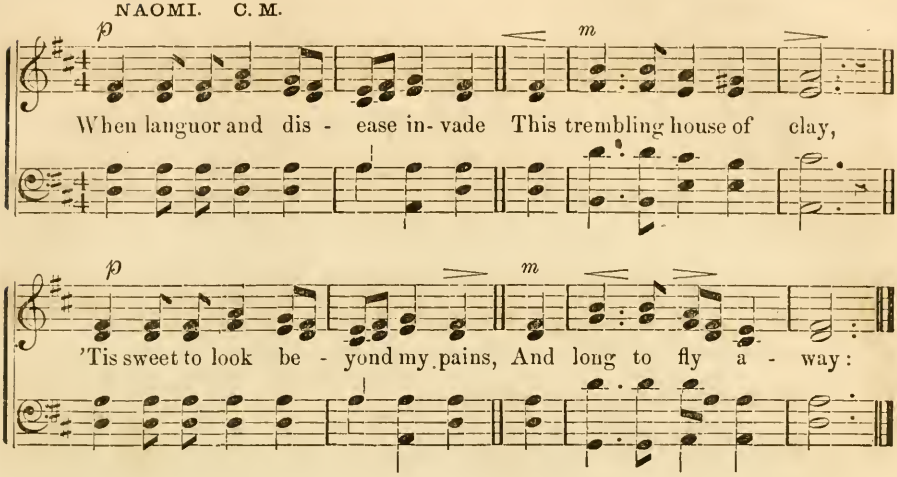
2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too;

4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows
With more than rapture's ray; [bright
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

NAOMI. C. M.



579. "*The Lord will strengthen him, etc.*" PSALM 41 : 3. (1008)

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away:

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:

4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home:

5 Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

6 O may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay,
Till from her sin-worn cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away.

580. *Entire submission.* (1011)

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say—"My Father God!"
Lord, at thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise:
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid we wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

581. "*Out of the depths.*" PSALM 130: 1. (1012)

1 O THOU! who, in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy suffering Son;

2 O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us now blest relief;
Or to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow this whelming grief.

3 And thou, that, when the starry sky,
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Father! thy will be done;"

4 By thy meek Spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Blest Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this whelming grief.

REMON. 8s. double.

Gently

1 To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh bear me, ye cher - u - bim, up, (.....)
D. C. Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove (.....)

FINE. D. C.

And waft me a - way to his throne. My Saviour, whom ab - sent, I love,
Whom not hav-ing seen, I a - dore;
All glo - ry, do - min - ion and power!

582.

"Having a desire to depart." PHIL. i: 23. (827)

2 DISSOLVE thou those bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When clothed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline;

3 Oh then shall the veil be removed!
And round me thy brightness be pour'd,
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved;
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

583.

"The unsearchable riches of Christ." EPH. iii: 8. (659)

1 How shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
Oh, how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?

2 His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace—
No—this is a secret unknown.

3 In him all the fullness of God
For ever transcendently shines!
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.

4 Though once he was nailed to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

5 Oh sinners! believe and adore
This Saviour so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.

6 Come, all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burdened with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're tossed,
Obey, and your peace shall begin.

7 He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace—yea, and more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

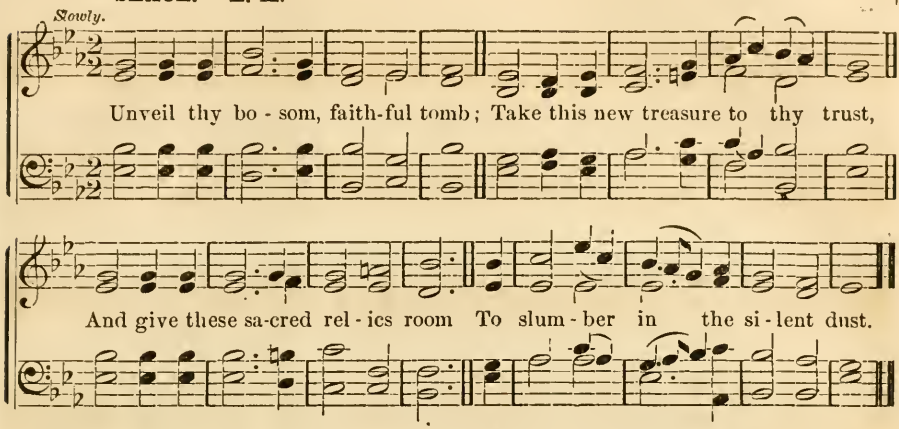
584.

"All things loss for Christ." (657)

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 You palaces, scepters and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey,
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

SEACE. L. M.



585 *Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.* (1050)

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son [bed:
Passed thro' the grave and bless'd the
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

586. *Be with thee where thou art.*

1 BE with thee, Jesus, where thou art,
And drink my fill of heavenly love,
Lean my poor head upon thy heart,
With that dear visage marred above?

2 Wilt hide me in thy riven side,
Close to thy wounded, human heart;
And there, where sin cannot divide,
Shall I be with thee where thou art?

3. With thee, with thee, O Blessed One,
Have an unbroken, sweet repose;
As when through storms a bark has won
The haven where no tempest blows!

4. With thee at rest, with thee alone?
How can my soul so tranquil be?
The very word is bliss unknown;
With thee, O Lord, and thou with me!

587. *Death of parents.* (1036)

1 THE God of mercy will indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When honored parents fall around,
When friends beloved and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passion blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Their mighty, ever-living Friend.

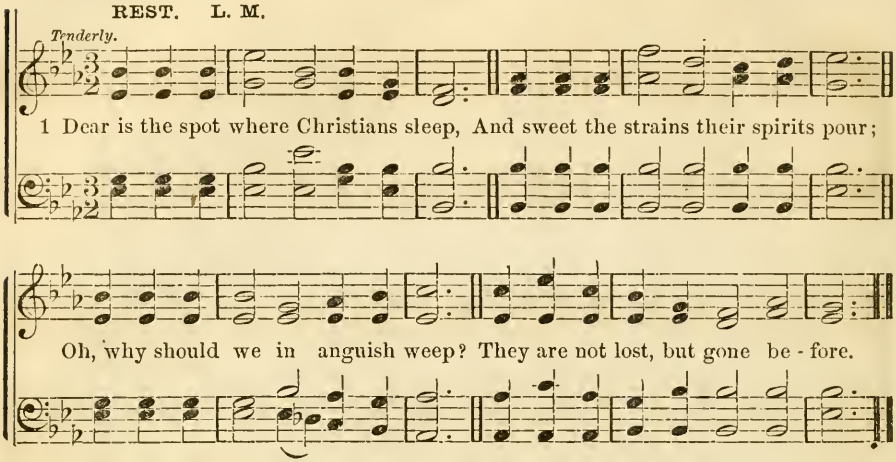
3 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

4 To thee, our Father, would we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend,
And on thy covenant love and truth
With humble, steadfast hope depend.

588. *The early dead.* (1042)

1 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

2 Oh, cheerless were our lengthened way;
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.



589. *They are not lost, but gone before.* (1037)

2 SECURE from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar;
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

590. *Death is the gate of endless joy.* (1043)

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away,
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

591. *Death of an infant.* (1040)

1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,—
Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn;
Thus swiftly fled its life away!

2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it bloom for ever there.

3 He died to sin and all its woes,
But for a moment felt the rod,—
On love's triumphant wing he rose,
To rest for ever with his God!

592. *Soon will the storm of life be o'er.* (1034)

1 GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on thee alone,
E'en till my last, expiring breath.

2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest;
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless thy name, for ever blest.

3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let childlike patience keep my heart,
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

4 Oh, speed thy chariot, God of love,
And take me from this world of woe;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

PINAO. L. M.

With gentleness.

A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep From which none ever wakes to weep;

A calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

593.

"Them which sleep in Jesus." 1 Thess. iv: 14. (1038)

1 Asleep in Jesus! Blesséd sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

594.

"Let me die the death of the righteous." Num. xxiii: 10. (1039)

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And nought disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

595.

On the death of an infant. (1048)

1 O mourner! who with tender love,
Hast wept beside some infant grave,
Hast thou not sought a Friend above,
Who died thy little one to save?

2 Then lift thy weary, weeping eye
Above the waves that round thee dwell,
Is not thy darling safe on high?
Canst thou not whisper—It is well?

3 Yes, it is well—though never more
His infant form to earth be given;
He rests where sin and grief are o'er,
And thou shalt meet thy child in heaven.

596.

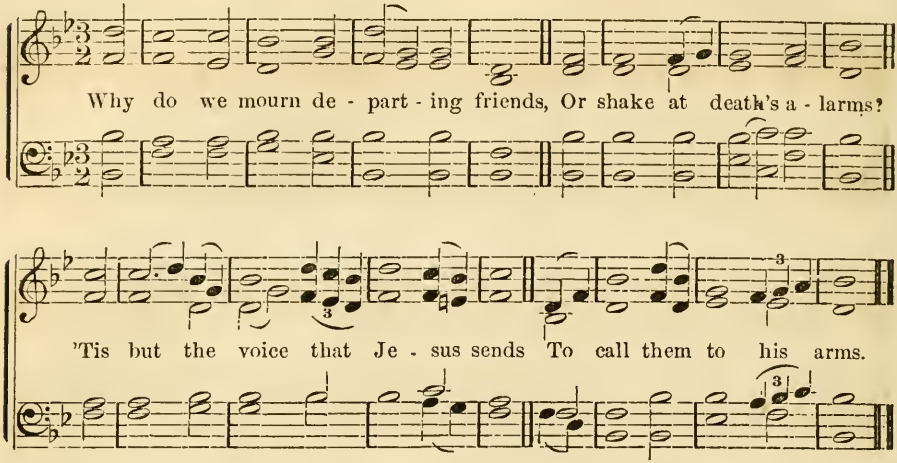
Death of an infant. (1041)

1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh;
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

CHINA. C. M.



597 *Why do we mourn departed friends.* (1057)

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the time more slow
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
Amid its silent gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

598. JOHN xiv. (1060)

1 LET not your hearts with anxious [thoughts
Be troubled or dismay'd:
But trust in God your Father's care
And trust my gracious aid.

2 I to my Father's house return;
There num'rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.

3 I go your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your Friend, am there.

4 Thence shall I come when ages close,
To take you home with me;
There shall we meet to part no more,
Where sorrows ne'er shall be.

5 I am the Way, the Truth, the Life;
No son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
Shall see my Father's face.

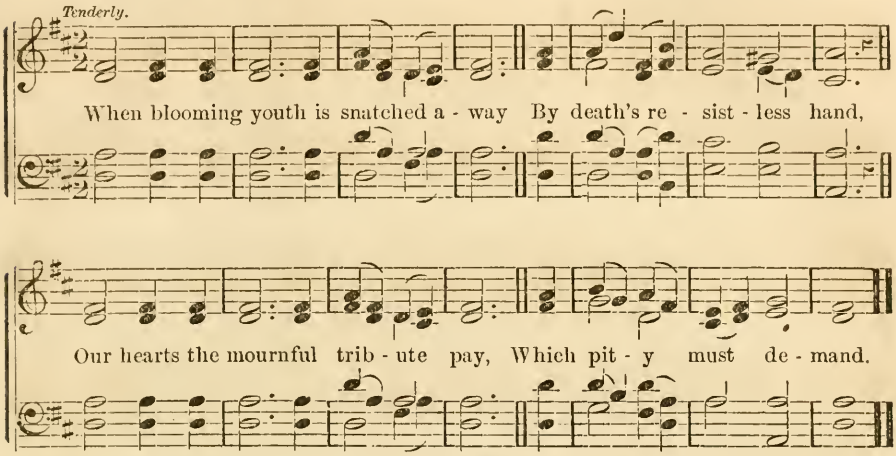
599. *"Because I live you shall live also."* JOHN 14: 19. (1108)

1 WHEN, downward, to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

2 Why shrinks my soul—in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept;
And angels hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

CORFU. C. M.



600. *"I will cause the sun to go down at noon."* AMOS viii: 9. (1058)

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh may this truth, impress'd
With awful pow'r, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the op'ning tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 Oh let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's approaching hour.

601. *"And Moses went up to the top of Pisgah."* DEUT. xxxiv: 1. (1054)

1 DEATH can not make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die, as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

602. *"Weep not."* (1056)

1 DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is—that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again!

3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
Oh, may such grace on us be shed
And make our end like thine!

603. *"Sorrow not."* 1 THESS. iv: 13. (1059)

1 NOT for the pious dead we weep;
Their sorrows now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
Awhile we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

BANKOKE. S. M.

Slow and gentle.

1 Go to thy rest, fair child! Go to thy dream-less bed,

While yet so gen-tle, un-de-filed, With bless-ings on thy head.

604. *Go to thy rest, fair child.* (1069)

2 Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this dark and fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

3 Before thy heart had learned
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet had ever turned
The dark and downward way;

4 Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

5 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle care
Was such a dear delight;

6 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

605. "*At midnight there was a cry made.*" MATT. XXV: 6. (1070)

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God, prepare!"
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

5 His spirit with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

606. "*Your fathers, where are they?*" ZECH. i: 5. (1067)

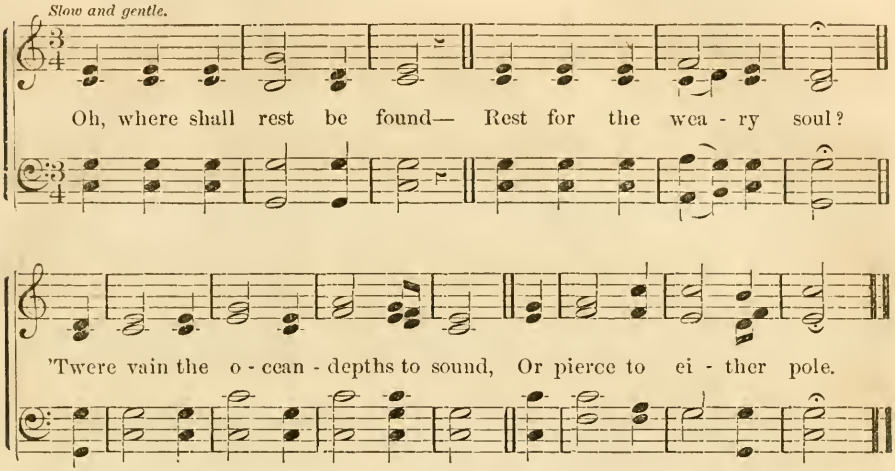
1 OUR fathers! where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares,
Their wealth and honor, gone!

2 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

DOWNIEVILLE. S. M.

Slow and gentle.



607. *Sighing for rest.* (1065)

1 Oh where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.

608. *"Whoso believeth in me shall never die."* John xi: 26. (1066)

1 It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain—to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen can not die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

609. *Far from my heavenly home.* (1068)

1 Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Saviour! come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion! droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee, I press
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness
And reach the saints' abode.

4 God of my life! be near;
On thee my hopes I cast;
Oh guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

MERTON. C. M.

In the declamatory style.

1 Ye gold-en lamps of heaven, fare - well, With all your fee - ble light;

Farewell, thou ev - er-chang - ing moon, Pale em - press of the night.

610. *A desire to depart.* PHIL. i: 23. (1053)

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

MADISON. L. M.

1 There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pil-grims found;

They softly lie and sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

611. *"There remaineth a rest."* HEB. iv: 9. (1086)

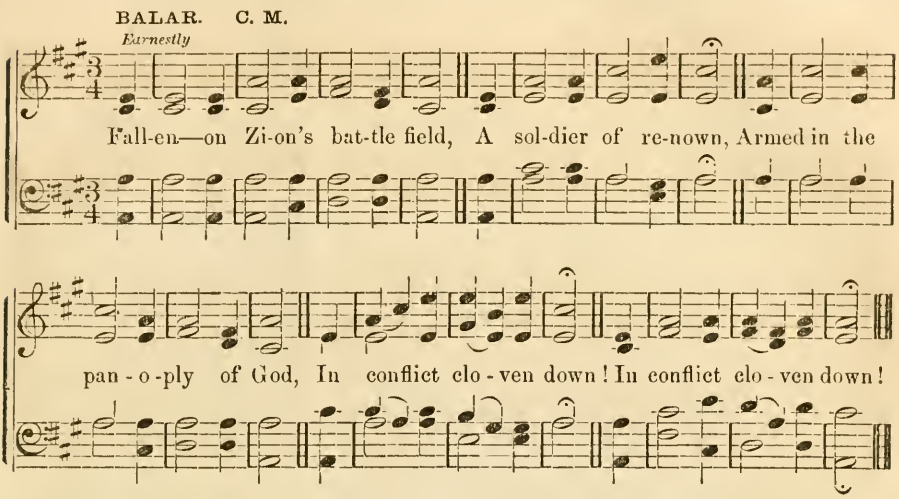
2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 Thou traveler in this vale of tears;
To realms of everlasting light,
Thro' time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

4 Whate'er thy lot—whate'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

5 Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Thou soon shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

6 I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber in that dreamless sleep,
From all my toil.



612.

A soldier of renown. (1073)

1 FALLEN—on Zion's battle-field,
A soldier of renown,
Armed in the panoply of God,
In conflict cloven down!

2 His helmet on, his armor bright,
His cheek unblanched with fear—
While round his head there gleamed a [light,
His dying hour to cheer.

3 Fallen—while cheering with his voice
The sacramental host,
With banners floating on the air—
Death found him at his post;

4 In life's high prime the warfare closed,
But not ingloriously;
He fell beyond the outer wall,
And shouted, victory!

5 Fallen—as sets the sun at eve,
To rise in splendor where
His kindred luminaries shine,
Their heaven of bliss to share;

6 Beyond the stormy battle-field
He reigns in triumph now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,
With glory on his brow!

613.

"*Remember them.*" HEB. 13; 7. (1064)

1 WHAT though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What though our teacher and our friend
Is numbered with the dead;

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The agéd and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb the instinctive tongue?

3 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teachings to impart:
Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
And rule and keep our heart.

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

614.

Victory over death. 1 COR. 15; 55. (1063)

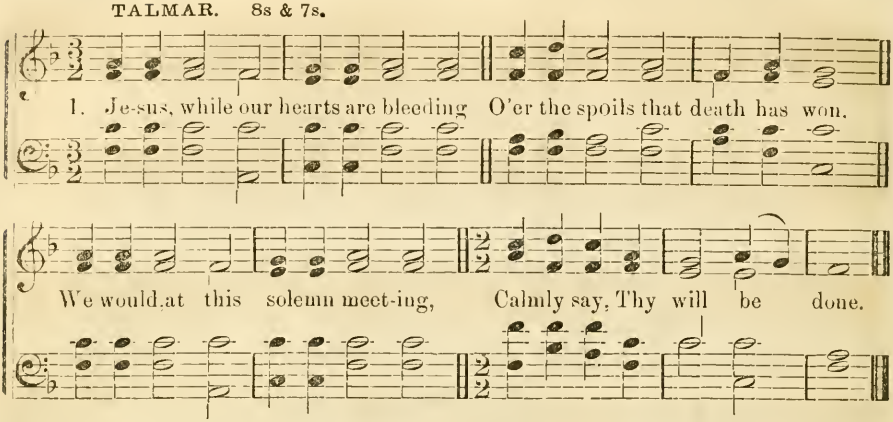
1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster's death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips shall sing,
Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure—
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ my ransom died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

TALMAR. 8s & 7s.



615.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—Thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing,—Thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—thy will be done.

616.

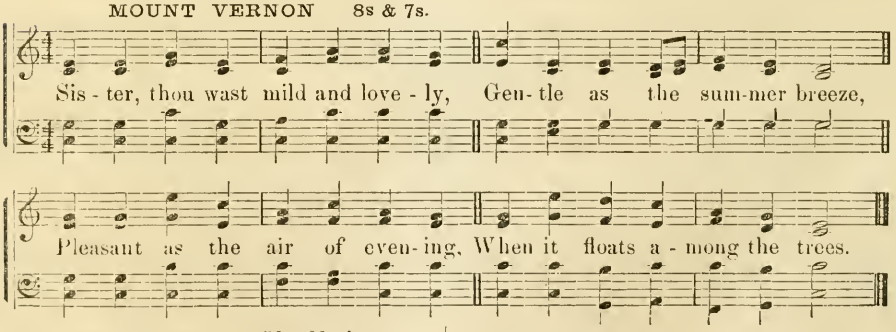
Homeward. (1075)

1 Dropping down the troubled river
To the tranquil, tranquil shore,
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more.

2 Dropping down the winding river
To the wide and welcome sea,
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free.

3 Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land,
Where the living live forever
At the Father's own right hand.

MOUNT VERNON 8s & 7s.



617.

Sister thou wast mild and lovely. (1076)

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel:
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

MILLINGTON. 8s, 7s & 7. (87,87,77.)

What is life? 'tis but a va - por, Soon it van - ish - es a - way:
Life is but a dy - ing ta - per— Oh, my soul, why wish to stay!

Why not s read · thy wings and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy?

Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon-der world of joy?

618. "*What is our life? It is even a vapor.*" JAMES iv: 14. (1078)

1 WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor,
Soon it vanishes away.
Life is but a dying taper—
O, my soul, why wish to stay!
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints.
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praise resounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

619. "*Jesus wept.*" (156)

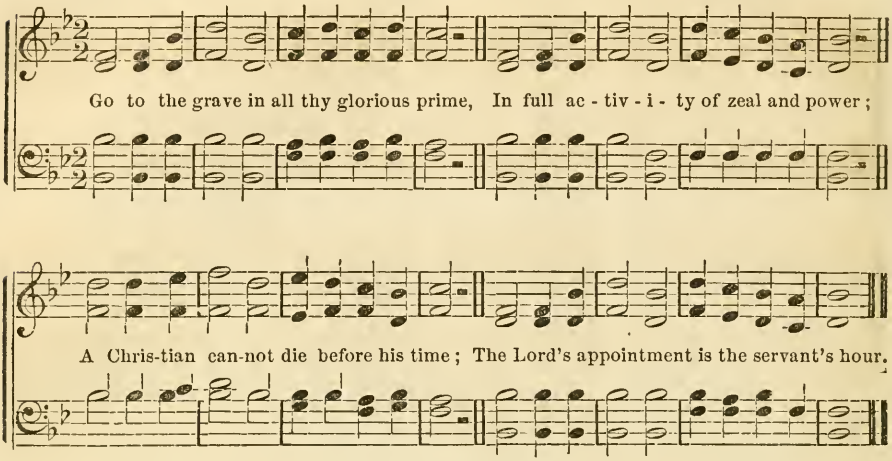
1 JESUS wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same:
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee?
Gracious one of Bethany!

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus—
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Truly, none can feel like thee,
Weeping one of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear—
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here,
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same shall ever prove,
Thou art all in all to me,
Living one of Bethany!

ENON. 10s.



620. "*His eye was not dim.*" DEUT. xxxiv: 7. (1082)

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian can not die before his time:
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave: at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; the harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for thee thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave—no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

621. "*Sufferings and glory.*" ROM. viii: 18. (932)

1 THROUGH cross to crown! and though thy spirit's life
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer! good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

2 Through woe to joy! and though at morn thou weep,
And though the midnight finds thee weeping still,
Good cheer! good cheer! The Shepherd loves his sheep;
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

3 Through death to life! and through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend,
To the great supper in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

GO TO THY REST.

Slow.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose;

Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease; From earthly cares in sweet re-lease,

Thine eyelids gen - tly close. From earthly cares in sweet re - lease,

Thine eye - lids gen - tly close; gen - - tly close.

622. *Go to thy rest in peace.* (1094)

2 Go to thy peaceful rest;
For thee we need not weep,
Since thou art now among the blest—
No more by sin and sorrow pressed,
But hushed in quiet sleep.

3 Go to thy rest; and while
Thy absence we deplore,
One thought our sorrow shall beguile;
For soon, with a celestial smile,
We meet to part no more.

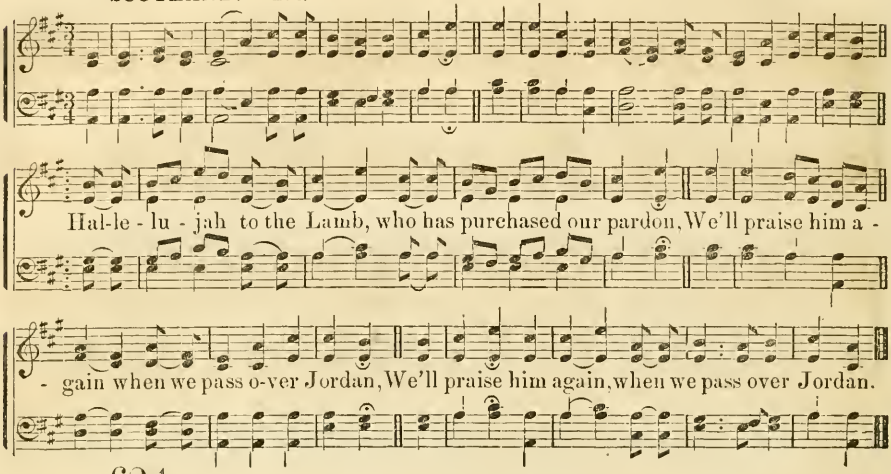
623. *"Restore such a one in the spirit."* [Tune ENON, page 216.] (975)

1 BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault;
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all;
Were that withdrawn, thou too wouldst swerve and halt.

2 Send back the wanderer to the Saviour's fold—
That were an action worthy of a saint;
But not in malice let the crime be told,
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

3 Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke;
Feel as one member in another's pain;
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,
And mighty and eternal is thy gain.

SCOTLAND. 12s.



624. (332)

1 The voice of free grace cries,—Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness. and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

625. *Farewell to a friend departed.* (1096)

1 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

Moderate.

1 How hap-py is the pil-grim's lot! How free from every anxious tho't, From worldly hope and fear! { Confined to neither court nor cell, His soul disdains on earth to dwell, } He on - ly so - journs here.

626. *"They desire a better country."* HEB. xi: 16. (1061)

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

627. *"That he may find mercy."* 2 TIM. i: 18. (1114)

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought—
What if my name should be left out
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace:
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this, the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among the saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

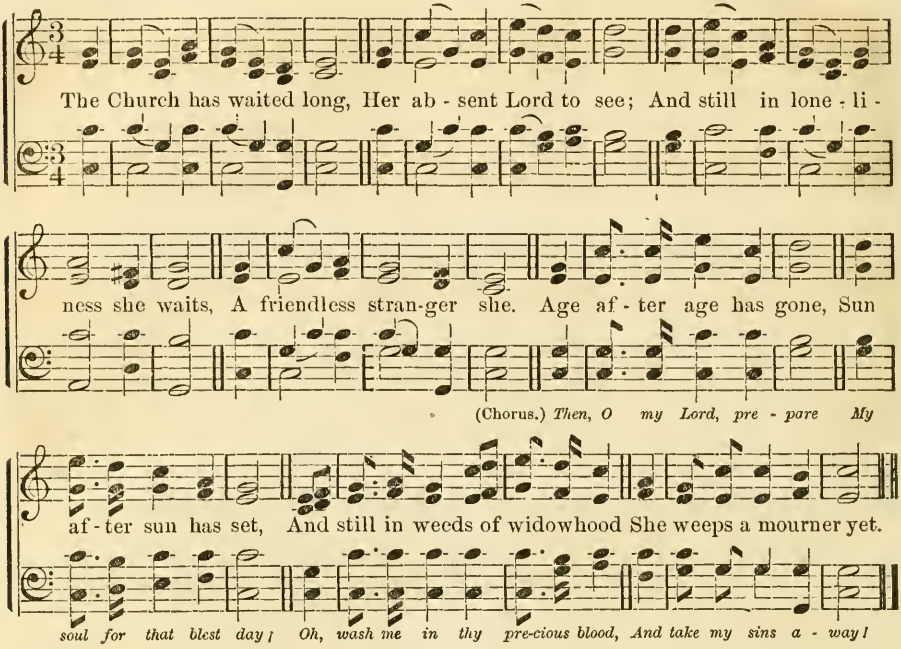
628. *"Thou art my trust from my youth."* PSALM lxxi: 5. (1225)

1 THY mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days;
Thy goodness watched my rip'ning youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

2 Then, e'en in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee.

3 Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG. S. M. double.



629. *"Come, Lord Jesus."* Rev. xxii: 20. (1100)

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

3 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

630. *"And to wait for his Son from heaven."* 1 Thess. 1: 10. (1109)

1 In expectation sweet,
We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds,—Awake!
Ye dead to judgment come!
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close
Upon its perfect bliss.

631. *"Awake and sing, you that dwell in dust."* Isaiah xxvi: 19. (1110)

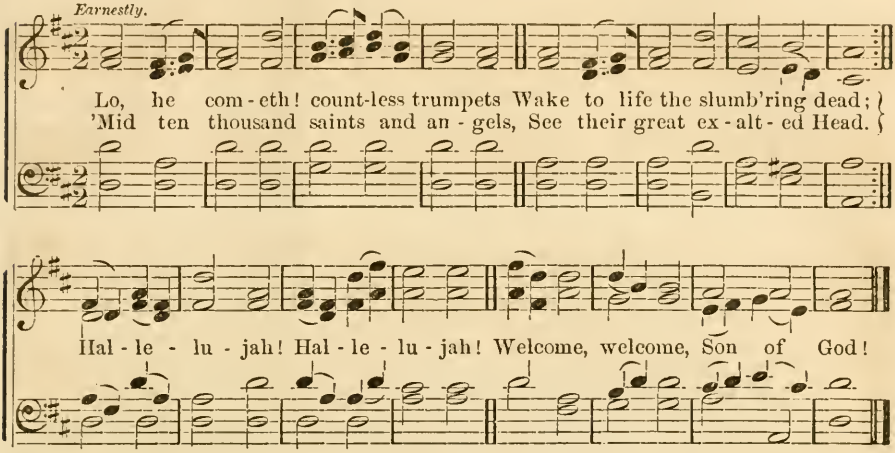
1 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now;

2 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

3 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

4 'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

MOLUCCA. 8s, 7s & 4s.



632. *"The Lord cometh."* JUDE xiv. (1103)

1 Lo! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exhalted Head.
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear;
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

3 "Come, ye blesséd of my Father!
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ;"
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

633. *"Behold he cometh with clouds."* REV. i: 7. (1104)

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty
Those who set at naught and sold him
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air,
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Lord, thy bride says by thy Spirit,
Hasten thou the gen'ral doom!
Promis'd glory to inherit,
Take thy weary pilgrims home!
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yes—Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thy own!
Oh! come quickly!
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

634. *"The voice of the archangel."* 1 THESS. iv: 16. (1116)

1 HARK, ye mortals, hear the trumpet
Sounding loud, the mighty roar!
Hark! the archangel's voice proclaiming,
Thou, old Time, shalt be no more.
Rolling ages,
Now your solemn close appears.

THE BETTER LAND. L. M. Double.

Earnest.

1 { There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis - ions of en-
{ So bright that all which spreads be-tween Is with its ra - diant

D. C. There those that meet shall part no more, And those long part - ed

FINE. D. C.

raptured tho't; } 2 { A land up - on whose bliss - ful shore }
glo - ry fraught. } { There rests no shad - ow, falls no stain: }
meet a - gain.

635.

"The former things are passed away." Rev. xxi: 4. (1119)

1 There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between,
Is with its radiant glory fraught;

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted, meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

636.

"In my Father's house," etc. John xiv: 2. (1123)

1 Thy Father's house! thine own bright home!
And hast thou there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

2 I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

3 I know that thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee,
And waitest to receive me there.

4 Thy love will there array my soul
In thine own robe of spotless hue;
And I shall gaze while ages roll,
On thee, with raptures ever new!

637.

Rev. xiv: 1-3. (1120)

1 On Zion's glorious summit stood
A numerous host redeemed by blood;
They hymned their King in strains divine;
I heard the song, and strove to join.

2 Here all who suffered sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

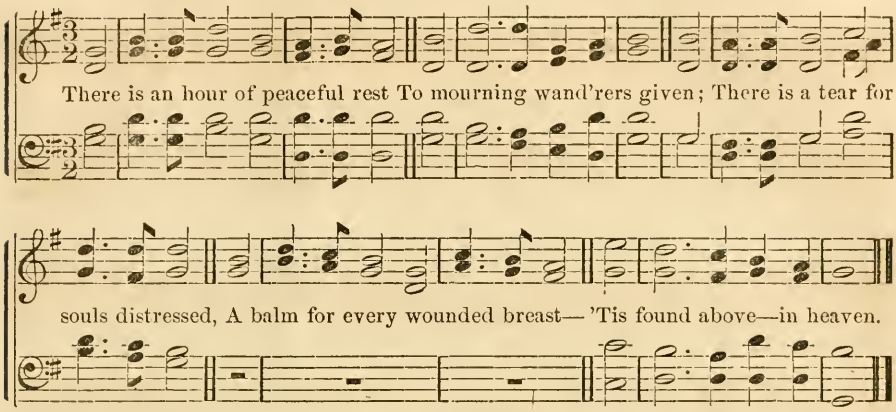
3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss forever new
Rise in succession to their view.

4 O sweet employ, to sing and trace
Th'amazing hights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!

5 O what a sweet, exalted song,
When every tribe and every tongue,
Redeemed by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there!

6 My soul anticipates the day—
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And praise my great Redeemer there.

WOODLAND. 86.886. Or, C. M.



638. "*The hope—laid up for you in heaven.*" COL. i: 5. (1130)

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heav'n.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees ev'ning shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heav'n.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn—of heav'n.

639. "*Grieve not the Spirit.*" EPH. iv: 30. (945)

1 O SAVIOUR, lend a listening ear,
And answer my request!
Forgive, and wipe the falling tear,
Now with thy love my spirit cheer,
And set my heart at rest.

2 I mourn the hidings of thy face;
The absence of that smile,
Which led me to a throne of grace,
And gave my soul a resting-place,
From earthly care and toil.

3 'Tis sin that separates from thee
This poor benighted soul;
My folly and my guilt I see,
And now upon the bended knee,
I yield to thy control.

4 Up to the place of thine abode
I lift my waiting eye;
To thee, O holy Lamb of God!
Whose blood for me so freely flowed,
I raise my ardent cry.

640. "*At the hour of prayer.*" ACTS iii: 1. (712)

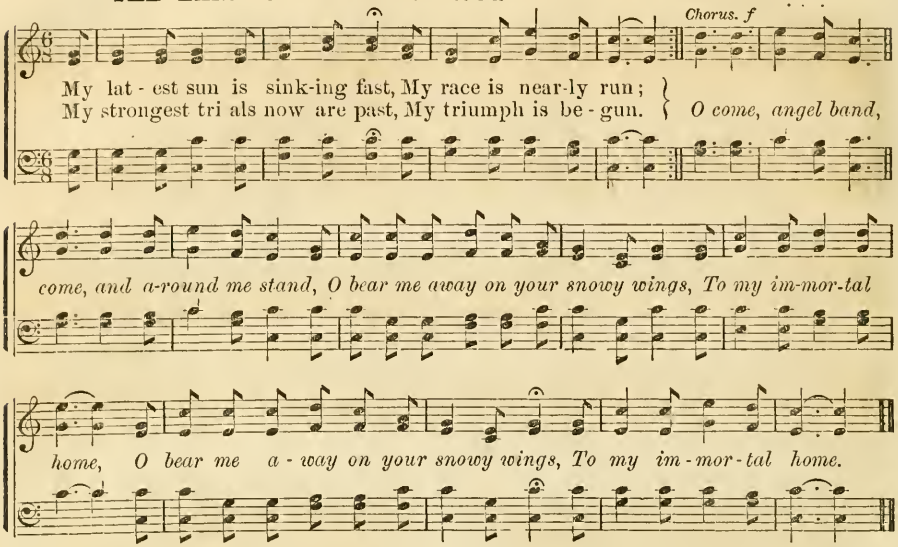
1 BLEST is the hour when cares depart,
And earthly scenes are far—
When tears of woe forget to start,
And gently dawns upon the heart
Devotion's holy star.

2 Blest is the place where angels bend
To hear our worship rise,
Where kindred hearts their musings blend,
And all the soul's affections tend
Beyond the veiling skies.

2 Blest are the hallowed vows that bind
Man to his work of love—
Bind him to cheer the humble mind,
Console the weeping, lead the blind,
And guide to joys above.

4 Sweet shall the song of glory swell,
Saviour divine, to thee,
When they, whose work is finished well,
In thy own courts of rest shall dwell,
Blest through eternity.

THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.



641.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 Oh, bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

642.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Psalm cxxvi: 5. (1126)

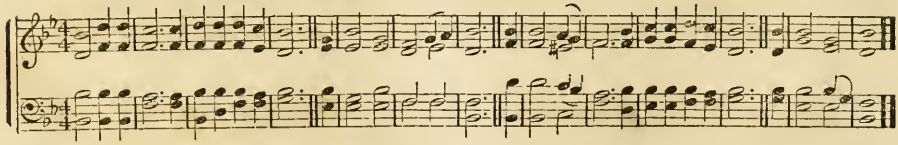
1 There is an hour of hallow'd peace
For those with care oppress'd,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hush'd to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 Their purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

THE BURIAL. P. M.



643.

The burial of the dead. (1093)

1 Thou God of love! beneath thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead,
To rest in hope! From this world's suffer-
Their souls have fled!

2 Oh! when our souls are burdened with the weight
Of life and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close!

ENON'S ISLE. 8s & 9s. Or 8s, double.

Glowing. FINE.

1 Weep not for the saint that as - cends To par - take of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the ser - aph that bends With the worship-ing cho - rus on high;
D. C. Oh, weep not for him; he has found His re - ward and his ref - uge in heaven.

D. C.

2 Weep not for the spir - it now crown'd With the garland to mar - tyr - dom given:

644.

Death of a missionary. (1083)

3 But weep for their sorrows, who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave—
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave.

4 And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of praise never swell,
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.

5 Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high;

6 But weep for the mourners who stand
By the grave of their brother, in tears,
And weep for the people whose land
Still must wait till the day-spring appears.

IOWA. 8s.

Animated.

1 We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair, And oft are its

p *f*

glories confessed, But what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!

645.

What must it be to be there? (1150)

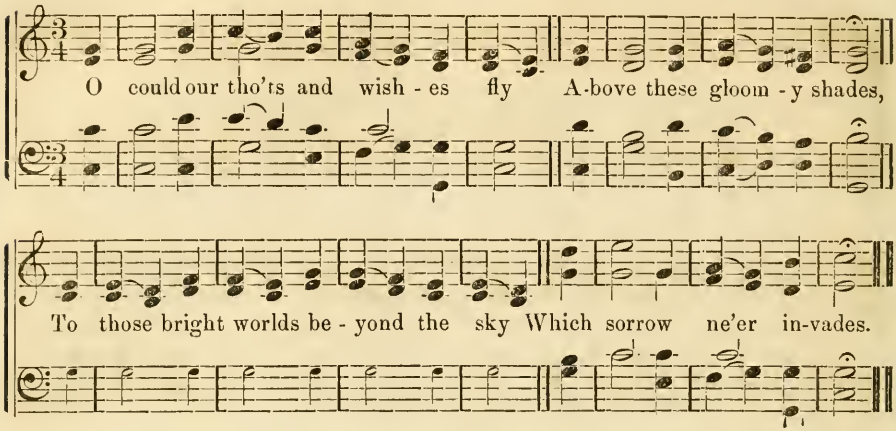
2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service and love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare,
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

COVENTRY. C. M.



646.

"Earnestly desiring." 2 Cor. v: 2. (1128)

1 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures [spring
Immortal to the skies.

647.

There is a land, a happy land. (1129)

1 There is a land, a happy land,
Where tears are wiped away
From every eye, by God's own hand,
And night is turned to day.

2 There is a home, a happy home,
Where way-worn travelers rest,
Where toil and languor never come,
And every mourner's blest.

3 There is a port, a peaceful port,
A safe and quiet shore,
Where weary mariners resort,
And fear the storms no more.

4 There is a crown, a dazzling crown,
Bedecked with jewels fair;
And priests and kings of high renown,
That crown of glory wear.

5 That land be mine, that calm retreat,
That crown of glory bright;
Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet,
And every burden light.

648.

Far up the everlasting hills. (1132)

1 There is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dominion fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul shall lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee—
My Saviour, this is life!

MT. BLANC. 7s. & 6s.

1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around his throne,

When he makes his people one, In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

649.

"*He hath prepared for them a city.*" HEB. 11 : 16. (1141)

2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a luster flushes keen
From the new Jerusalem.

3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting Sun!
O trembling morning star!
Our journey's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.

4 O holy! heavenly home!
O, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see:
O Lord! thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee
To the new Jerusalem.

I'M A PILGRIM.

FINE.

1. I'm a pil grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;

D. C.

Do not de- tain me, for I am go-ing To where the fountains are ever flowing.

650.

2 There the glory is ever shining!
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered, forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c

3 There's the city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL. 7s & 6s.

There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands; Be

side its an - cient por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands;
D. S. mor - tals who pass through it, Are mor - tals nev - er - more.

FINE.

D. S.

He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door; And

651.

The beautiful of lands. (1145)

1 THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blesséd in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die.

652.

Strangers and pilgrims. HEB. xi: 13. (1155)

1 WE have no home but heaven;
A pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is marked by changes,
And strewed with many a care;
Surrounded with temptation;
By varied ills oppressed;
Each day's experience warns us
That this is not our rest.

2 We have no home but heaven;
Then, wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privation,
Or grieve when trouble's near?
It is but for a season
That we as strangers roam,
And strangers must not look for
The comforts of a home.

3 We have a home in heaven:
How cheering is the thought!
How bright the expectations
Which God's own word has taught!
With eager hearts we hasten
The promised bliss to share,
We have no home but heaven;
O, would that we were there!

THE REAPERS. P. M.

With feeling.

The time for toil is past, and night has come, The last and saddest of the harvest eves; Worn out with labor, long and wearisome, The reapers, happy now, are hast'ning home, Each laden with his sheaves.

The Reapers.

653.

2 Last of the reapers, yet thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves,
Lest I am burdened, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves.

3 Few, light, and worthless, yet their trifling weight,
In all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For though I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late.
Yet these are all my sheaves!

4 Full well I know there are more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,
Therefore I silent weep, as at thy feet
I kneel me down and rev'rently repeat—
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

5 Thus do I gather strength and hope anew,
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did but what I strove to do.
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves!

654.

"At peace with all the world." (1208)

1 THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
||: Father forgive my trespasses and keep :||
This little life of mine.

2 With loving kindness curtain thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
||: Thy pardon be the pillow for my head— :||
So shall my sleep be sweet.

3 At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
||: All's well, whichever side the grave for me :||
The morning light may break!

ONE DAY NEARER HOME. 6s & 4.

1 A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see In yonder realms of

Chorus.

light Prepared for me. *I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer my home to-*

day: Yes! nearer my home in heav'n to-day, Than ever I've been be-fore.

655.

2 O, may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.
Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

A SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT. 6s & 7.

1 A sweetly solemn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to-day, Than e'er I've been before.

656. *"Now is our salvation nearer," etc.* Rom. xiii: 11. (1195)

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
I'm nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where falls my burden down;
Nearer to leave my cross,
And where I gain my crown.

4 Saviour, confirm my trust,
Complete my faith in thee.
Let me feel as if I stood
Close on eternity.

5 Feel as if now my feet
Were slipping o'er the brink;
For I may be nearer home,
Much nearer than I think.

THE HEAVENLY MANSION. L. M. Peculiar.

1st. 2d. Chorus.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair, *We'll be gathered home;*
Nor death nor sighing vis - it there, *We'll be gath-* (omit) *ered home.* } *We'll wait till*

Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

657. *The heavenly mansion.* (1124)

2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

3 My Father's house is built on high,
Above the arched and starry sky.

4 When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

5 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam.

6 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow.

7 Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

8 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine.

9 All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

UNITY. 8s, 6 & 4. or C. M.

In chanting style.

1 Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His tender last farewell, A Guide, a

Comforter bequeathed, A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed With us, with us to dwell.

658. *The Holy Spirit, the Comforter.* (422)

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue.
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE. 8s & 7s.

When we hear the music ringing In the bright celestial dome, When sweet angel voices, singing,

Gladly bid us welcome home To the land of ancient story, Where the spirit knows no care,

CHORUS.

In that land of light and glo-ry, Shall we know each other there? *Shall we know each oth - er*

Shall we know each oth-er, Shall we know each oth- er, Shall we know each oth-er there?

659. *Shall we know each other there?* (1151)

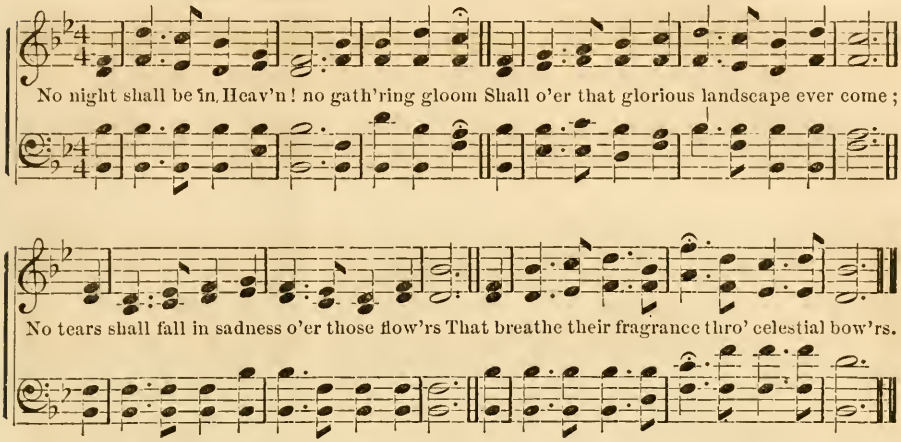
1 When we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices, singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?
Shall we know, &c.

2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?
Shall we know, &c.

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the sweet and cheerful voices,
And the forms so pure and bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.
Shall we know, &c.

4 O, ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.
We shall know, &c.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN. 10s.



660.

"And there shall be no night there."
REV. xxii: 4.

(1169)

1 No night shall be in Heaven! no gath'ring gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come:
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er these flowers,
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

2 No night shall be in Heaven! no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness or the tempter's power,
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

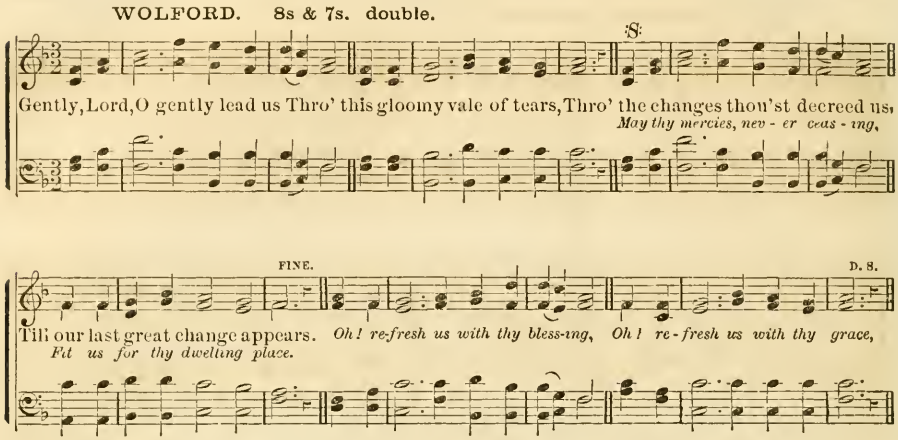
3 No night shall be in heaven. Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

4 No night shall be in heaven—no sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

5 No night shall be in heaven—but endless noon;
No fast declining sun, nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

6 No night shall be in Heaven—no darkened room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb;
But breezes, ever fresh with love and truth,
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

7 No night shall be in heaven! Oh had I faith
To rest in what the faithful witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.



661.

"For thy name's sake lead me." PSALM xxxi: 3. (1175)

1 GENTLY, Lord, Oh gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
Oh! refresh us with thy blessing,
Oh! refresh us with thy grace,
May thy mercies, never ceasing.
Fit us for thy dwelling place.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel hands attended,
We awake among the blest.

5 Then, Oh! crown us with thy blessing
Through the triumphs of the grace,
Then shall praises never ceasing,
Echo through thy dwelling place.

662

Oh thou Fount of every blessing. (660)

1 O THOU Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love,

3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from thy fold, O God!
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee!

6 Never let me wander from thee;
Never leave thee whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

663.

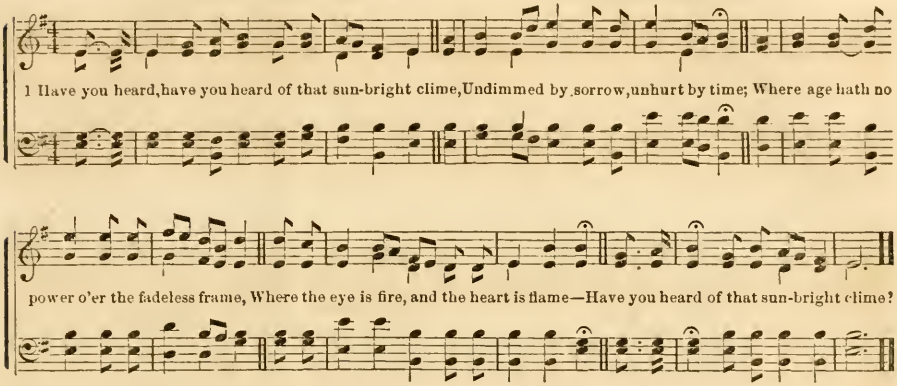
Night. (1321)

1 HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Great my sins are, but thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in thy help alone.

3 Keep me through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade:
Take me to thy rest, I pray thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.



664. *The sun-bright clime.* (1162)

2 A RIVER of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er,
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

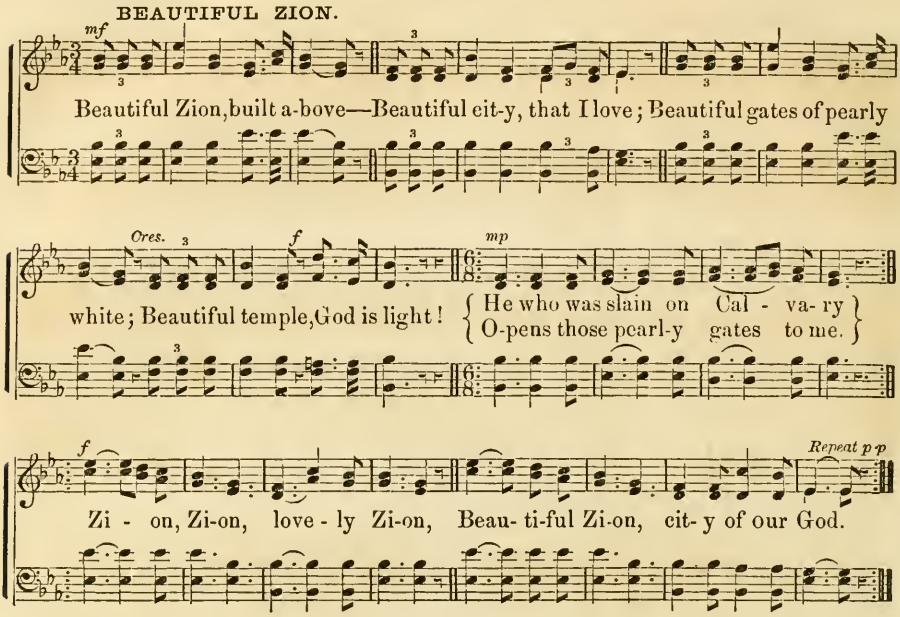
3 Millions of forms, all clothed in white,
In garments of beauty, clear and bright,
There dwell in their own immortal bowers.
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers.
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs, and their changeless sheen;
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

5 But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where, amid all things bright and fair, is given,
The home of the just, and its name is heaven—
The name of that sun-bright clime.

6 Friends I have there who have gone on before,
They are tuning their harps on that golden shore
They are standing around the great white throne,
They are looking out for me to come.
To dwell in that sun-bright clime.

7 Happy the time when we all shall meet,
To sing and kneel at the Saviour's feet,
To praise his name forever more,
And forever range that blissful shore—
The shore of that sun-bright clime.



665.

Beautiful Zion.
PSALM 50: 2. (1157)

1 BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above—
Beautiful city, that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple—God is light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir:
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease—
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

[Tune CLARKSVILLE, page 237.]

666.

Excellency of Christ. (1324)

1 O YOU immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make our Saviour known:
On earth you knew his wondrous grace;
In heaven you view his bounteous face.

2 You saw the heavenly child
In human flesh arrayed,
All innocent and mild,
While in a manger laid;
And praise to God, and peace on earth,
Proclaimed aloud, for such a birth.

3 You in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoiled,
Well known in ev'ry dress,
In every combat foiled:
And joyed to crown the Victor's head,
Before his frown when Satan fled.

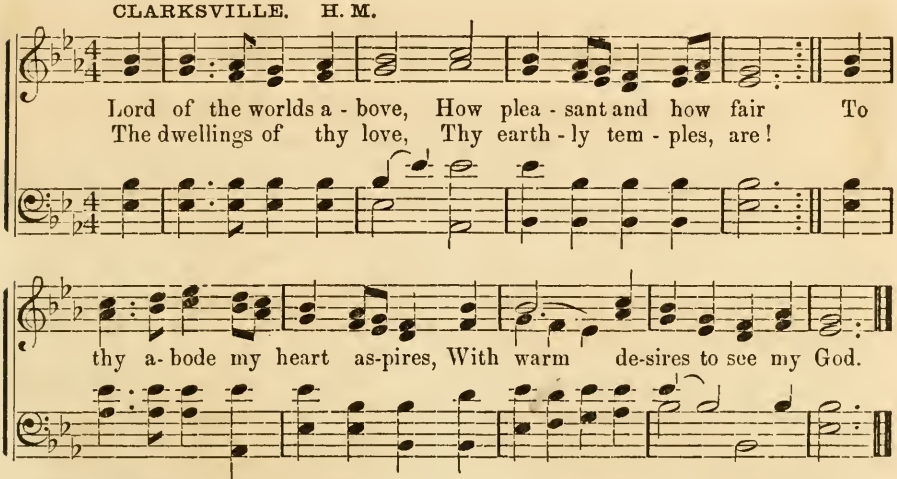
4 Around the bloody tree
You pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see—
The Lord of Life expire!
And could your eyes have known a tear,
In sad surprise had dropped it there.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch you keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then rolled the stone, and all adored
With joy unknown, our rising Lord.

6 When, all arrayed in light,
The shining Conqueror rode,
You hailed his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
Your golden wings you waved around,
And struck your strings of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise,
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise.
And you, my heart, with equal flame,
Perform your part with joy the same.

CLARKSVILLE. H. M.



667. *Longing for the house of God.* (714)

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thy abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O, happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O, happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

668. *A birthday hymn.* (1174)

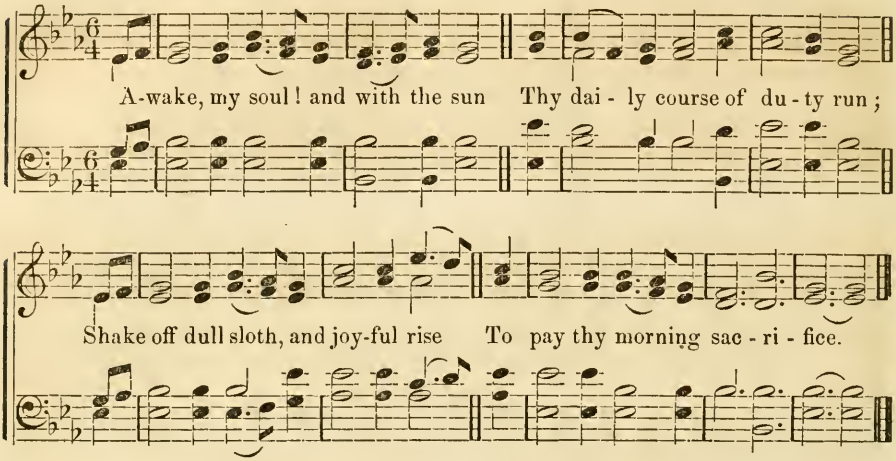
1 God of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise,
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 Though but a child of earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whence alone my birth,
And all my blessing came;
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live,
To thee my every breath
In thanks and blessings give;
Me to thine image, Lord, restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore

WOODWORTH. L. M.



669.

A Morning invocation. (1181)

1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, while I slept:
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall [wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

670.

"I have set the Lord always before me." PSALM XVI: 8. (1178)

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord! I go,
My daily labors to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

3 For thee delightfully employ [given,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with constant joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

671.

"Be thou in the fear of the Lord." PROV. 23: 17. (1179)

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies!

2 O, like the sun, may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

672.

"Burn thereon sweet incense." EXODUS 30: 7. (1180)

1 I PRAISE thy name, O God of Light,
For rest and safety through the night;
Beneath thy wing securely kept,
I closed my eyes and sweetly slept.

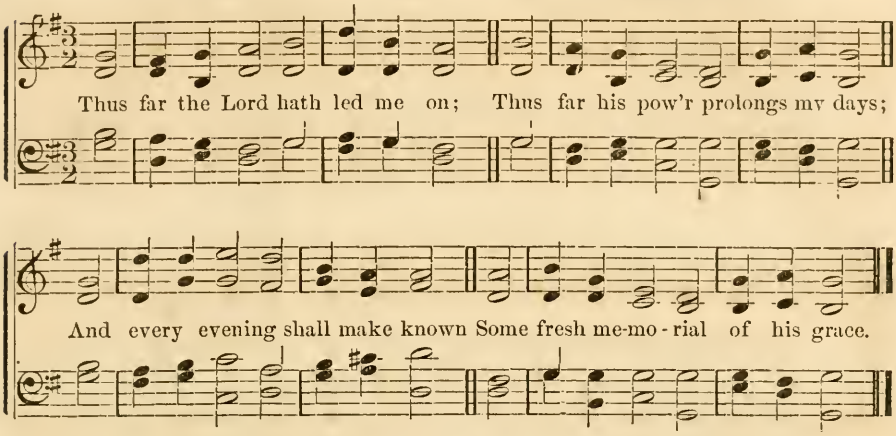
2 Redeemed from weariness, I rise
To greet the light with cheerful eyes,
And with the birds on joyful wing,
My soul would rise, and sweetly sing.

3 I thank thee, Lord, for all thy care,
For all the blessings that I share—
Life, reason, health, and home, and friends,
And every gift thy goodness sends.

4 O let me never, never cease
To cherish trust and thankfulness:
From thee, thou Maker of my frame,
Each undeservéd blessing came.

5 As numberless as stars of heaven,
Are the rich bounties thou hast given;
And fresh as dews, and sweet as flowers,
The love that smiles on all my hours.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



673. *"I will lay me down in peace."* PSALM iv: 8. (1190)

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

674. *"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."* PSALM xvii: 8. (1189)

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, Oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at thy judgment-day.

4 Oh let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

675. *"The mercies of God."* ROM. xii: 2. (1306)

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

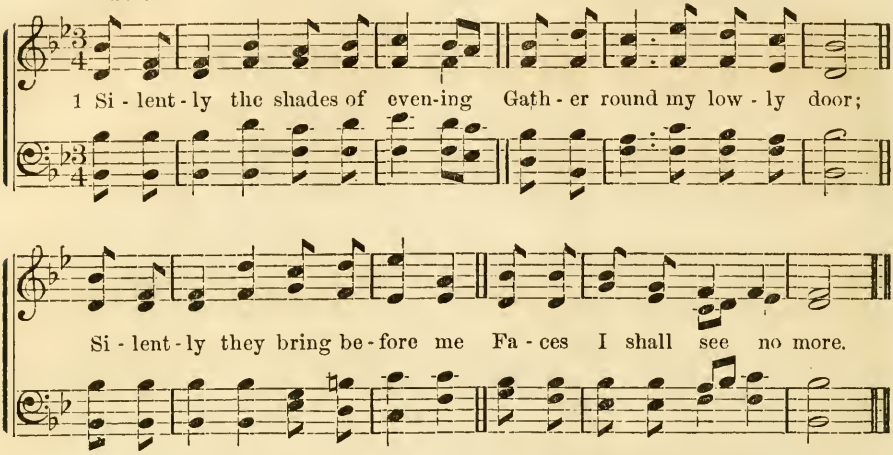
676. *"They are new every morning."* LAM. iii: 23. (1176)

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove:
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



677. *"While I was musing."* PSALM XXXIX: 3. (1204)

2 OH! the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh! the shrouded and the lonely—
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

678. *"Abide with us."* (1203)

1 TARRY with me, Oh my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Many friends were gathered round me
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here at last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness!
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, Oh my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

679. *Saviour! breathe an evening blessing.* (1202)

1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walks around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us—
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee:
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

680. *Apostolic benediction.* (752)

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

681.

A child's prayer. (1207)

1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 May my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

682.

"*From my youth up.*" MATT.: xix 20. (1218)

1 LORD, a little band, and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Oh how solemn should we be!

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

683

"*Give me thy heart.*" (1219)

1 TAKE my heart, Oh Father! mold it
In obedience to thy will;
And as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it true and childlike still.

2 Father, keep it pure and lowly,
Strong and brave, yet free from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of a vain or sinful life.

3 Ever let thy might surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine;
Till thy cords of love have bound it,
Father, wholly unto thine.

684.

"*Teach me to number my days.*"

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 "Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
When like him, ye blighted fell,
Hear the lesson we are reading,
'Tis alas! the truth we tell.

3 Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

4 Though as yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let no cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 Yearly in our course appearing,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach in mortal hearing—
Ye, like us, shall pass away."

6 On the tree of life eternal,
Oh, let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

685.

Quit you like men: be strong. TUNE, WILMOT. pg. 22. 1 COR. xvi: 13. (1277)

1 WE are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time
In an age on ages telling:
To be living is sublime.

2 Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up! O, up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On! right onward for the right.

4 On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad:
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

686.

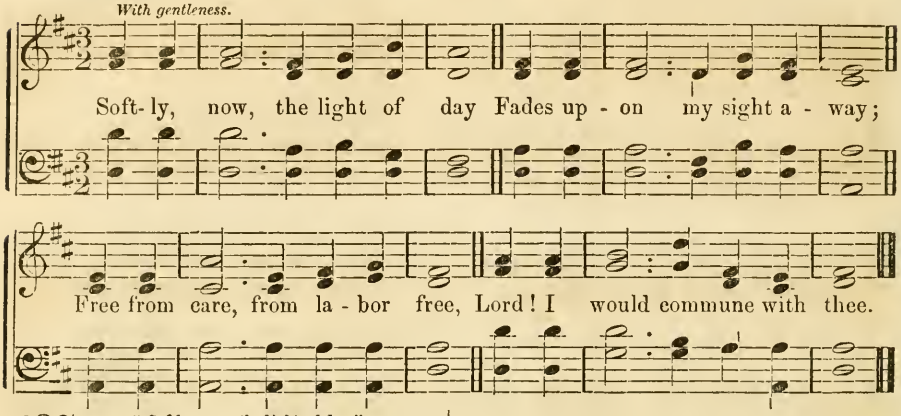
The salutation of peace. (750)

1 PEACE be to this congregation!
Peace to every heart therein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;

2 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace to worldly minds unknown,
Peace, that floweth, as a river,
From the eternal Source alone.

KENAN. 7s.

With gentleness.



687.

"Softly, now, the light of day." (1199)

1 SOFTLY, now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee!

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Now from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

4 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

688.

PSALM 3: 5. (1187)

1 THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful let my offerings rise
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

689.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning." PSALM 5: 3. (1186)

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound—
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from every sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
O! receive me then at last!
When I reach the heavenly shore,
Night of sin will be no more.

690

"Hymn for thanksgiving." (1244)

1 FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear!

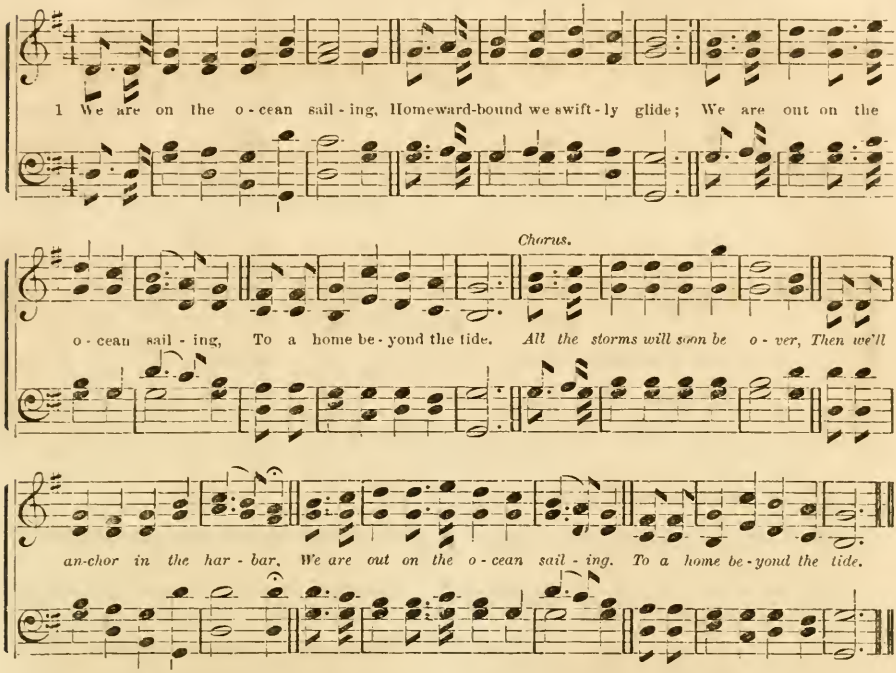
2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be thou our stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way!

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With thy rod and staff, O God!
Comfort thou his dying head!

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own!
Help! O help us to endure!
Fit us for the promised crown!

5 So, within thy palace gate,
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of Lords, and King of kings

HOMEWARD BOUND. 8s & 7s, with chorus.



691.

We are on the ocean sailing. (313)

2 MILLIONS now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Come on board. Oh ship for glory,
Be in haste make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor—
You will soon be left behind.

4 You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore;
By and by we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

5 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing;
Free salvation is the song.

6 When we all are safely landed,
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.

All the storms of life are over.
Landed in the port of glory:
Now no more on the ocean sailing—
Safe at home beyond the tide.

692.

Shall we meet beyond the river.

1 SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor;
With our stormy voyage o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor,
By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus.
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

SILOAM. C. M.

With gentleness

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!

693. *By cool Siloam's shady rill.* (1211)

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.

5 Oh, thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

694. *Death of a child.* (1062)

1 She was the music of our home,
A day that knew no night,
The fragrance of our garden bower,
A thing all smiles and light.

2 Above the couch we bent and prayed
In the half-lighted room,
As the bright hues of infant life
Sank slowly into gloom.

3 The form remained; but there was now
No soul our love to share;
Farewell, with weeping hearts we said,
Child of our love and care.

4 But years are moving quickly past,
And time will soon be o'er;
Death shall be swallowed up of life
On the immortal shore.

695. Psalm xc: 12. (1240)

1 And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I can not long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again:
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

696. *A child's prayer.* (1212)

1 DEAR Jesus! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven, to guard
A little child like me.

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice,
I am too deaf to hear.

3 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did
When I was but a child.

4 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

5 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

6 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

697. *"Restore such a one."* GAL. 6: 1. (490)

1 THINK gently of the erring one!
O, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may be:
Deal gently with the erring heart
As God hath dealt with thee.

698. *Speak gently.*

1 SPEAK gently! it is better far,
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar,
The good we might do here.

2 Speak gently! love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

3 Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

4 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

5 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

6 Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without one unkind word.

7 Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perhaps unkindness made them so;
Oh win them back again.

8 Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity may tell.

699. *Hope in the promise.*

1 MY Father! to thy mercy-seat,
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Proctector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
Before thy mercy-seat.

[These hymns may be sung to ORIOLA. Page 112.]

TEMPERANCE. 8s & 7s. double.

Earnestly.

1 On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle lon - ger grown;
On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown;
D. C. Till the stars of heaven are breaking Thro' the twi - light soft and gray.

D. C.

Till the night of earth is fad - ed From the heart once full of day;

700. *Only waiting.* (1226)

2 ONLY waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers. gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

701. *"Suffer little children to come unto me."* MATT. xix : 14. (1074)

1 THEY are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

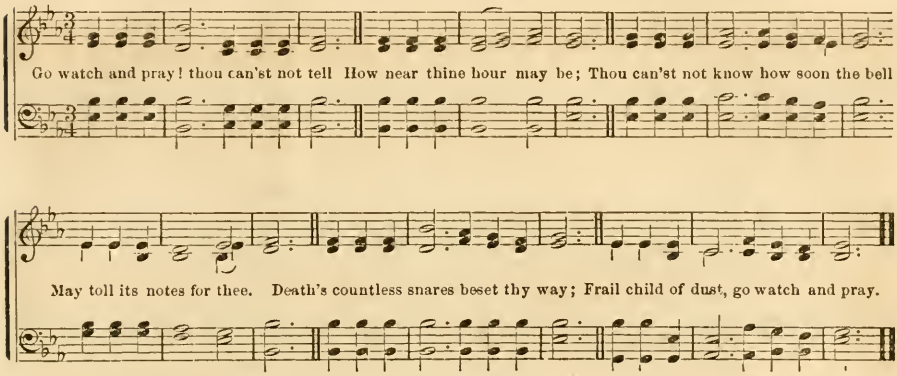
2 They are going—only going—
When with summer earth is dressed,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast like falling leaves.

3 All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serener clime.
Where the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadow dim,
To the brightness of his presence
Who has called them unto him.

4 They are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss—
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them:
Jesus called them unto him.

5 Little hearts for ever stainless—
Little hands as pure as they—
Little feet by angels guided
Never a forbidden way!
They are going—ever going—
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them—
Suffer and forbid them not.

GO, WATCH AND PRAY. C. H. M.



702.

"Watch and pray." (1224)

1 Go watch and pray; thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change, and pass away;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Thou aged man, life's wintry storm
Hath seared thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs, and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er thy tomb:
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath:
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns, dark with death,
Before you open lie:
The heavenly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

703.

Come, let us pray. (569)

1 Come, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear:
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace—let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer,
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
Oh, glorious thought, come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
Oh, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us; let us pray.

[Tune, Temperance, 246.]

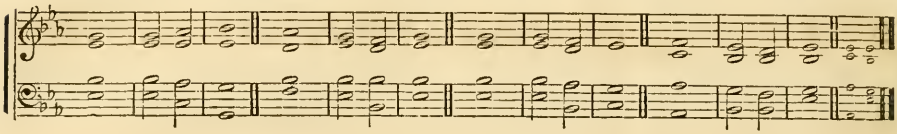
704.

"I have led thee in right paths." Prov. iv: 11. (922)

1 Oh how kindly thou hast led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day!
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way!
Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,
With thy smile, or with thy rod,
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

2 Oh how slowly have I often
Followed where thy hand would draw!
How thy kindness failed to soften!
How thy chastening failed to awe!
Make me for thy rest more ready
As thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in thy friendship steady,
Till thou call me home, my God!

EVENING HYMN.



705.

" *Abide with me.*

(1227)

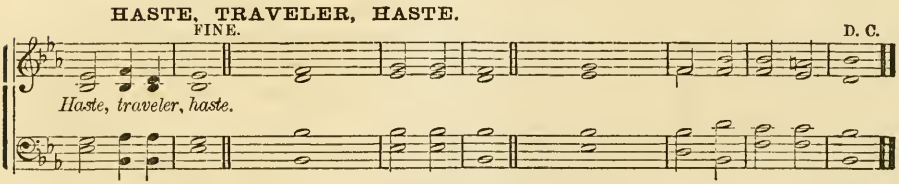
1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the | even- | tide;
The darkness thickens; Lord! with | me a- | bide!
When other helpers fail, and | comforts | flee,
Help of the helpless! O a- | bide with | me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's | little | day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories | pass a- | way;
Change and decay in all a- | round I | see;
O thou who changest not! a- | bide with | me.

3 I need thy presence every | passing | hour;
What but thy grace can foil the | tempter's | power?
Who like thyself my guide and | stay can | be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O a- | bide with | me!

4 Hold thou thy cross before my | closing | eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me | to the | skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain | shadows | flee;
In life, in death, O Lord! a- | bide with | me.—Amen.

HASTE, TRAVELER, HASTE.



706.

(276)

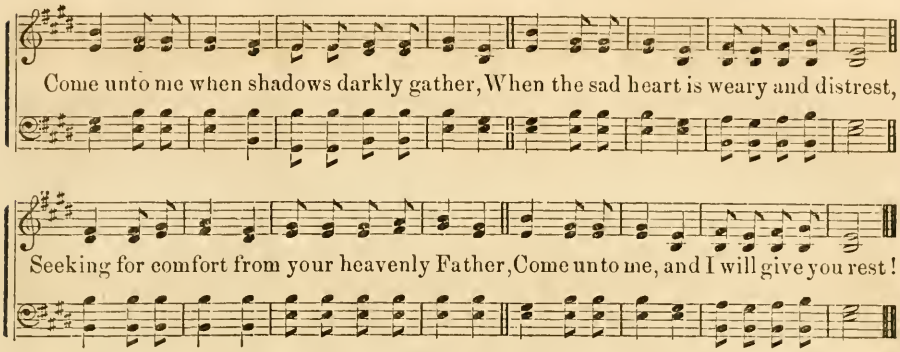
1 HASTE, traveler, haste! | the night comes on,
And many a shining | hour is | gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art | far from | home and | rest.

2 Haste, traveler, haste! | the rising tempest sweeps the sky,
The rains descend, the | winds are | high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy | path—no | refuge | near.

3 Haste, traveler, haste! | O yes, a shelter you may gain—
A covert from the | wind and | rain,
A hiding place, a rest, a home—
A refuge | from the | wrath to | come.

4 Haste, traveler, haste! | then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the | mountain | gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O, speed thee, | speed thee | on thy | way.

HENLEY. 11s & 10s.



707.

"Come unto me."

(1228)

1 Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken;
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

708.

"Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

(1031)

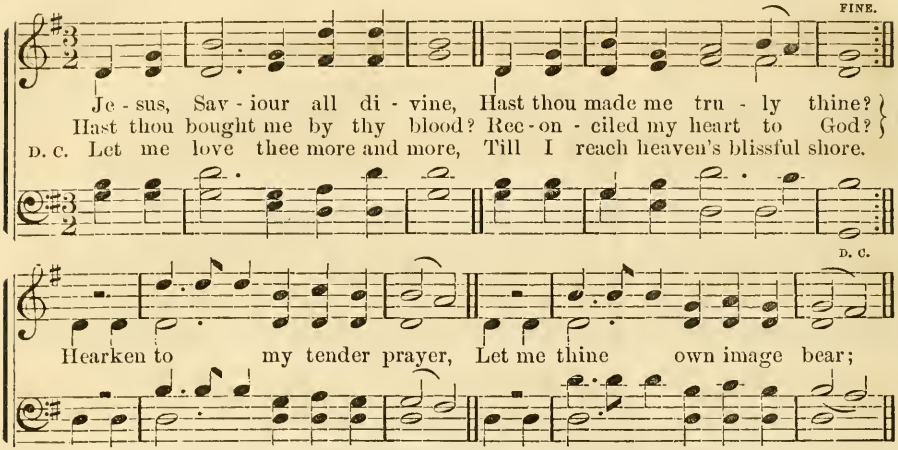
1 We will not weep, for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blesséd sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us;
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

2 We will not faint, if heavy burdens bend us;
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us;
We shall be braver for the past despair.

3 O not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin with its fears, shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us more when death is past.

4 Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

ELTHAM. 7s. double.



709.

"That I may win Christ." PHIL. iii: 8. (990)

1 JESUS, Saviour all divine,
Hast thou made me truly thine?
Hast thou bought me by blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me thine own image bear;
Let me love thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see,
Thou art all in all to me.

710.

"They rest from their labors." REV. xiv: 13. (1138)

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Once they knew, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

2 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow—in eternal rest.

711.

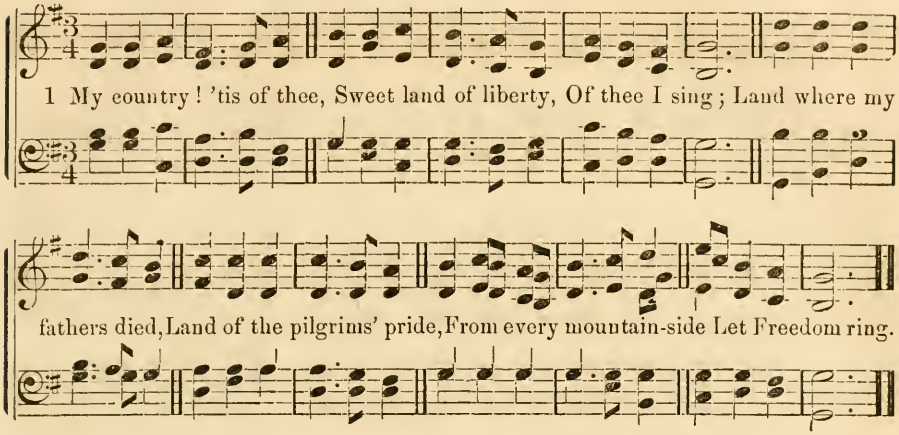
All below is but a dream. (1243)

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below,
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind.
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



712.

National hymn. (1251)

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

713.

"*He shall bless thee in the land.*" Deut. xxviii: 8. (1250)

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

714.

Rev. v: 12, 13. (668)

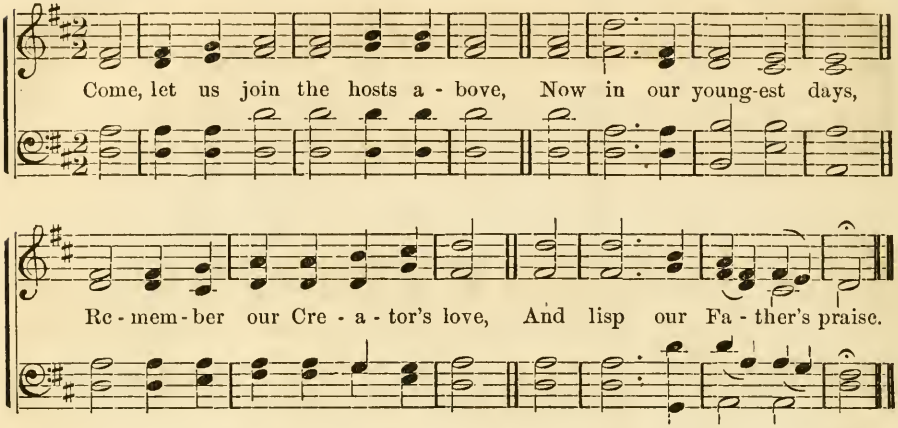
1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And sing for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name;
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

SIDNEY. C. M.



715. *"Out of the mouth of babes."* PSALM viii: 2. (1213)

1 COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days,
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

2 His Majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3 He loves to be remember'd thus,
And honor'd for his grace;
Out of the mouth of babes like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise, and pow'r,
Honor and thanks be giv'n!
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heav'n.

716. *"The Lamb upon the throne shall lead them."*

1 OH spirit freed from earthly care
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world is 'neath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun!

2 Awake and breathe the living air
Of our celestial clime!
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou, who hast done with time!

3 Awake! ascend! Thou art not now
With those of mortal birth:
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!

717. *"Turn us again, O God of hosts."* PSALM lxxx: 7. (1263)

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Dark, frowning judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful powers display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy convincing grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

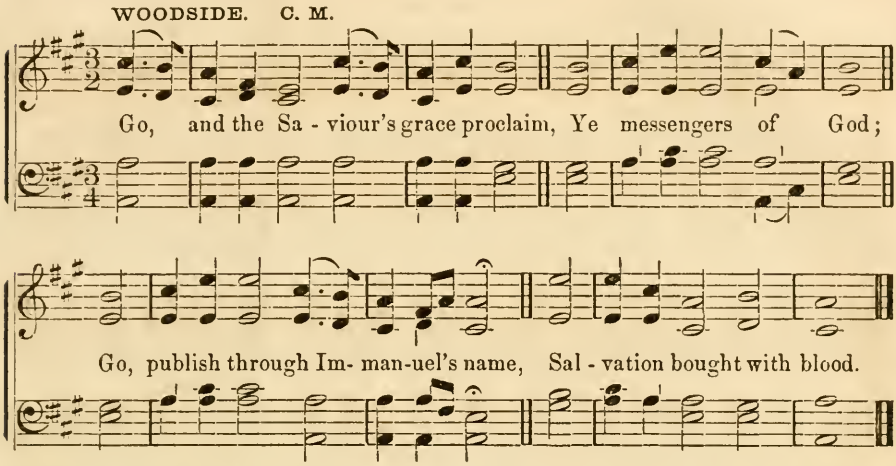
718. *Our land.* (1265)

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of ev'ry clime and coast,
Oh hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 Oh guard our shores from ev'ry foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosp'rous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.



719. *"Go unto all the world."* MARK 16: 15. (1270)

1 Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path!

3 Yet, with determined courage, go;
And armed with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

4 He who has called you to the war
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

720. *"Blessed is the people that know."* PSALM 89; 15. (1279)

1 How sweet the gospel trumpet sounds!
Its notes are grace and love;
Its echo through the world resounds,
From Jesus' throne above.

2 It tells the weary soul of rest,
The poor of heavenly wealth,
Of joy to heal the mourning breast;
It brings the sin-sick health.

3 Its words announce a heavenly feast,
Of water, milk, and wine,
And manna in the wilderness,
Provisions all divine.

4 It speaks of boundless grace, by which
The vilest are forgiven;
To Christians it proclaims a rich
Inheritance in heaven.

5 To men of high and low degree,
Its message is addressed;
The Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Are with its blessings blessed.

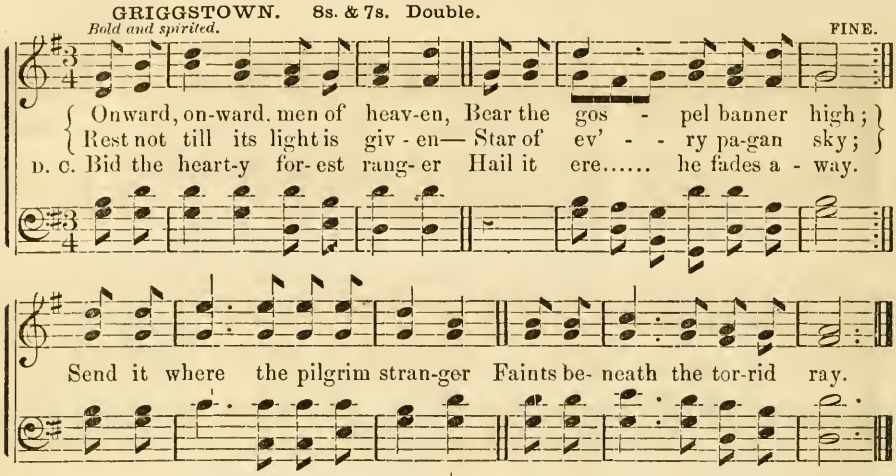
721. *"In his temple we speak of his glory"* PSALM 29: 9. (1303)

1 O THOU whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.



722.

Onward! (1275)

1 ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of every pagan sky;
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hearty forest ranger
Hail it ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow;
India marks its luster stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

723.

"*Forgetting the things that are behind.*" PHIL. 3. 13. (885)

1 ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone,
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee—press thou on!

2 Listen, Christian, their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee—"God is love,"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever, heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it—press thou on!

4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
O, for their sake, press thou on!

5 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

6 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus—"Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done.

724.

Shout the tidings of salvation. (1276)

1 SHOUT the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young;
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the prairies on the west;
Till each gathering congregation,
With the gospel sound is blest.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea;
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. double.

FINE.

1 Hark! the voice of Je - sus, cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?
D. C. Who will answer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"

D. C.

Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers free;

725.

Your mission.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door:
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all;
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

726.

"*All thy waves and thy billows.*" PSALM. xlii: 7. (1024)

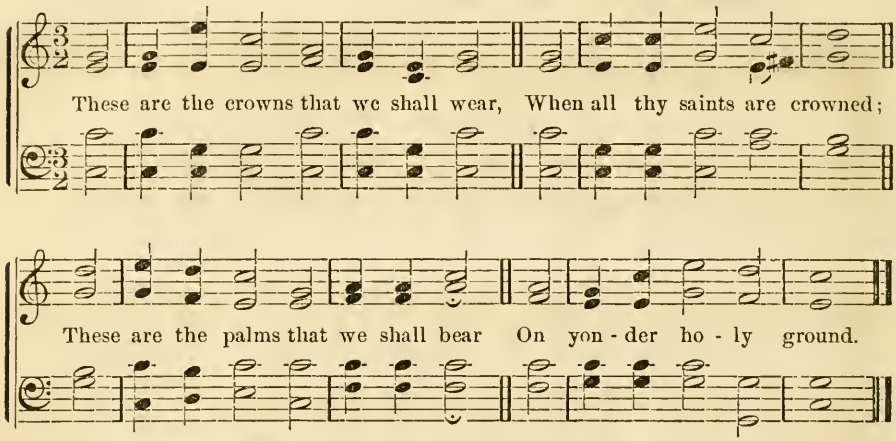
1 Full of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, Satanic hour;
By thy last, mysterious passion.
Screen me from the adverse power.
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

4 By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs, remember me!
By thy pangs of crucifixion,
My weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient in affliction,
Keep me faithful to the end.

DURAND. C. M.



727. "*There is laid up for me a crown.*"

1 THESE are the crowns that we shall wear,
When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit around the throne.

3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert tents,
And quit this desert land.

4 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

5 Come, crown and throne, come robe and palm;
Burst forth glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

728. PSALM CXXXII:

1 ARISE! O King of grace, arise!
And enter to thy rest;
Thy church here waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

729. "*Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.*" 1 PET. iii: 15. (987)

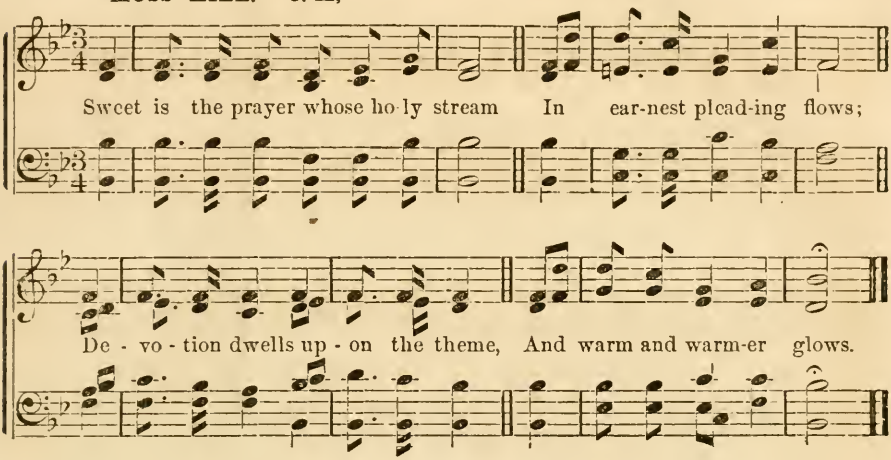
1 OH! could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make we wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

MOSS HILL. C. M.



730.

"Joy unspeakable." 1 Pet. i: 8. (984)

1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, untrembling love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Heard by the human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

731.

Communion with God in retirement." (985)

1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God!

4 There, like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

732.

Secret prayer. Matt. vi: 6. (986)

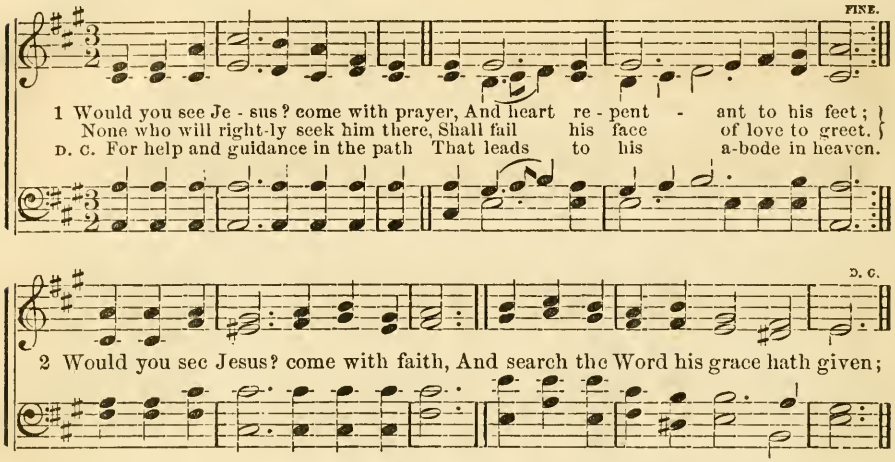
1 Father divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray
And every evening's shade.

3 Oh let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

HARMAN. L. M.



733. *"We would see Jesus."*

3 Would you see Jesus? day by day
Let thought and converse be on high,
And hastening on the heavenward way,
With Jesus live, with Jesus die,

734. *"Wherewith shall I appear before God."*

1 WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How, in thy purer eyes, appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Can gifts avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

3 Ev'n though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

4 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just,—but Oh, thy Son hath died!

735. *"Forgive as we forgive."*

1 FORGIVE us, Lord! to thee we cry,
Forgive us through thy matchless grace;
On thee alone our souls rely,
Be thou our strength and righteousness.

2 Forgive thou us, as we forgive
The ills we suffer from our foes;
Restore us Lord! and bid us live;
Oh! let us in thine arms repose.

3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great,
Our wretched souls no merit claim;
For sovereign mercy still we wait,
And ask but in the Saviour's name.

4 Forgive us,—O thou bleeding Lamb!
Thou risen—thou exalted Lord!
Thou great High-Priest! our souls redeem,
And speak the pardon-sealing word.

736. *"Search me, and see."*

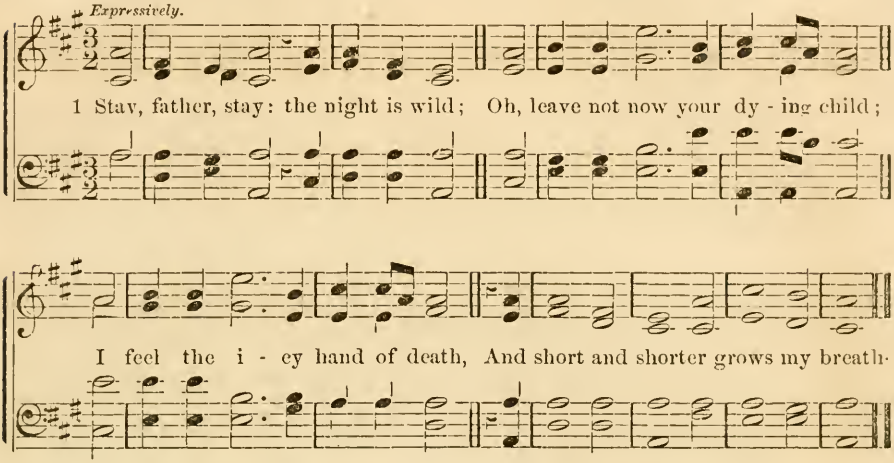
1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

THE APPEAL. L. M.



737. *The dying child's appeal.*

2 Stay, father, stay: ere morning's light,
My soul may wing her upward flight,
And Oh! I cannot, cannot die,
While thou, my father, art not by.

3 Stay, father, stay: my mother's gone,
And thou and I are left alone;
And from her starlit home on high
She'll weep, that I alone should die.

4 Stay, father, stay; Oh! leave this night
The maddening bowl, whose withering blight
Hath cast so dark a shade around
The home where joy alone was found.

5 Stay, father, stay: alone—alone—
With none to cheer, and none to mourn;
How can I leave this world of woe,
And to the land of spirits go?

6 Stay, father, stay: once more I ask;
Oh! count it not a heavy task
To stay with me till life shall end,
My last, my only earthly friend.

738. *"Here we have no continuing city."* Heb. xiii: 14. (1305)

1 We've no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here;
Sad truth were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here;
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name; we'll soon be there;
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Oh sweet abode of peace and love!
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine
And his to fix my time of rest.

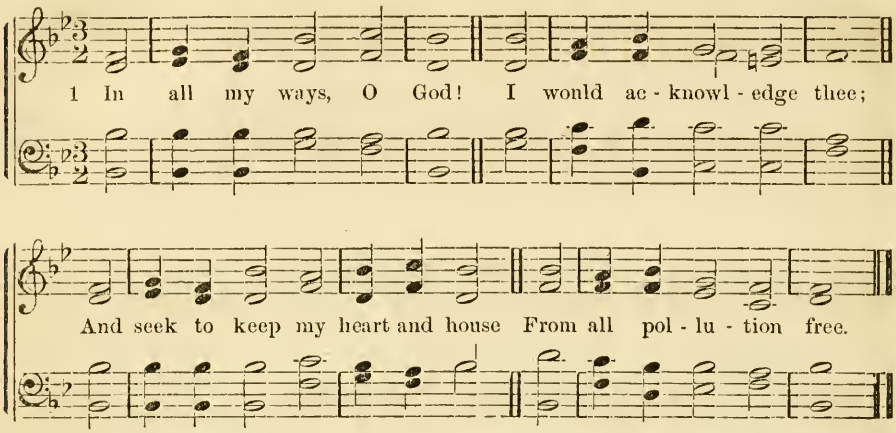
739. *"Behold I stand at the door and knock."* Rev. iii. 20.

1 Behold a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh! lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands:
Oh! matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 Oh! welcome him, the Prince of Peace!
Now may his gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be his empire all mankind.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



740. *"As for me and my house."* Josh. xxiv: 15. (1173)

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

741. *"I will sing of thy mercy in the morning."* Psalm, lix: 16. (1185)

1 The morning light returns,
The sun begins to shine;
Now let our souls in haste arise,
To run the race divine.

2 We praise the Father's love.
Who kept us through the night;
Oh may his kindness be our song.
His pleasure our delight.

3 While passing through this day,
Lord, we implore thy care,
To guide us on the heavenly way,
And guard from every snare.

4 And when our life shall close,
Oh may it be in peace;
May we lie down in sweet repose,
And wake in endless bliss.

742. *"He that keepeth Israel shall not sleep."* Psalm cxxi: 4. (1196)

1 Another day is past,
The hours forever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they,
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

743. *"The day is past and gone."* (1197)

1 The day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
Oh may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

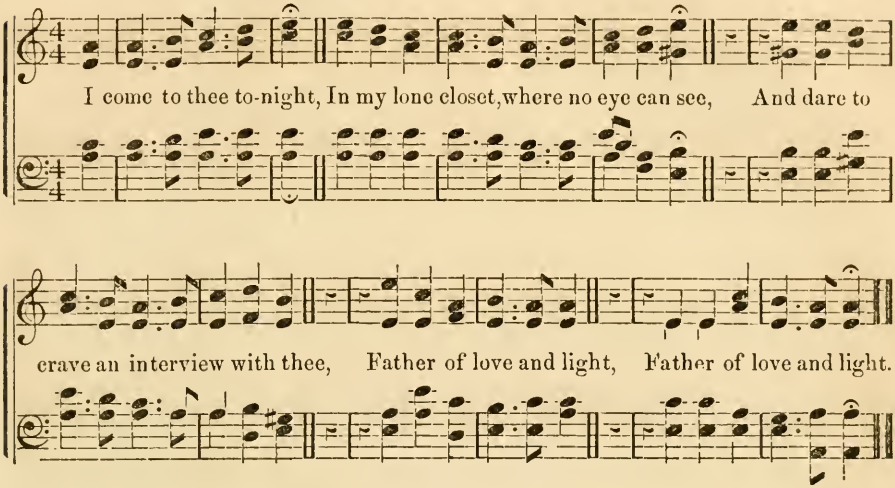
2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we now possess.

3 Lord keep us safe this night,
Secure from every fear,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appear.

4 And when we early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

EVENING PRAYER. P. M.



744.

Evening Prayer. (1317)

1 I Come to thee to-night
In my lone closet, where no eye can see,
And dare to crave an interview with thee,
Father of love and light.

2 Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

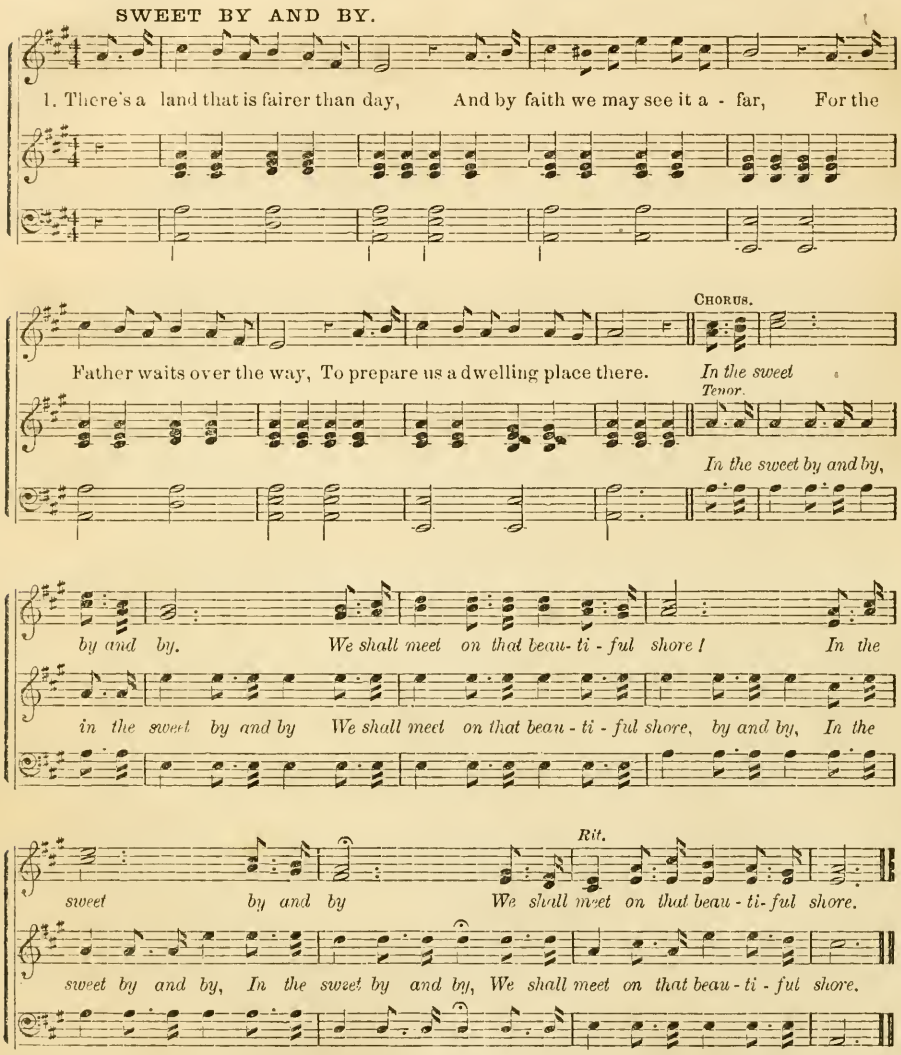
3 Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all; the air, the birds the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

4 Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew—
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to thee.

5 Not for myself alone
Would I the blessings of thy love implore;
But for each penitent the wide earth o'er
Whom thou hast called thine own.

6 And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched, to soothe affliction's grief and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

7 And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.



745.

1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore!

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall sing on that beautiful shore!

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days!
In the sweet by and by
We shall praise on that beautiful shore!

SONG OF THE ANGEL REAPERS. 10s.

Con amina.

Oh! we are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;

With sick-les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

CHORUS.

We are the reapers! oh, who will come, And share in the glo-ry of the "harvest home."

Oh, who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin!

746.

"And the reapers are the angels."
MAT. 13: 39.

1 OH, we are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
We are the reapers, &c.

2 Go out in the by-ways, and search them all;
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall
Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high.
We are the reapers, &c.

3 The fields are rip'ning, and far and wide
The world is now waiting the harvest tide:
But reapers are few and the work is great,
And much would be lost should the harvest wait.
We are the reapers, &c.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain:
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.
We are the reapers, &c.

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— Married —

On March 21st 1885

at Foundry M.E. Church

Washington D.C. by the

Rev French S. Evans. —

French S. Evans to Miss

Frank De Monbray —

Friends of the family are

respectfully invited to

attend No flowers — No

Childrens —

— Notice —

The marriage as above mentioned did occur. The bride seemed more than pleased

She was attired in a

Hale 2nd June 1925